

SIR WILLIAM JONES KN.T

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THE

WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.



WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

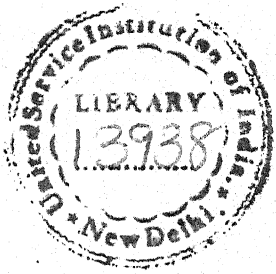
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VOLUME I.

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MEMOIRS

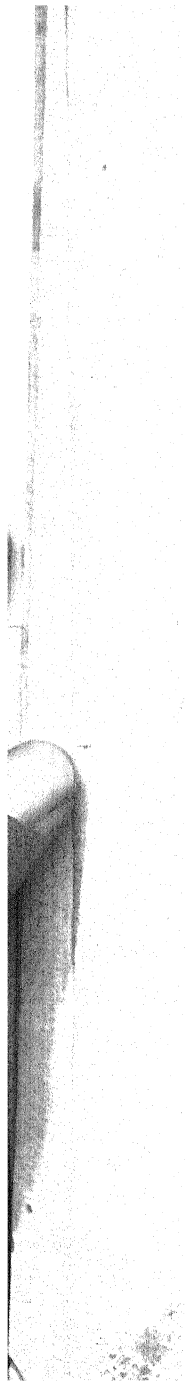
OF

THE LIFE,

WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.



TO LADY JONES.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to preſent to your Ladyſhip, the MEMOIRS of the LIFE of Sir WILLIAM JONES; and it will afford me the ſincereſt pleaſure to know, that the expectations which induced you to requeſt me to undertake this work, have not been diſappointed by the peruſal of it.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient

humble Servant,

TEIGNMOUTH.

CLAPHAM,
June 20, 1804.



PREFACE.

IN preſenting the public with an account of the Life of SIR WILLIAM JONES, I feel a particular anxiety, to guard againſt the charge of preſumption for an undertaking, which may be thought to require a more than ordinary ſhare of learning and abilities. I hope therefore, to have credit for a declaration, that nothing but the earneſt ſolicitation of Lady Jones, who knew my affection for her Huſband when living, and my unabated regard for his memory, and who conceived that theſe qualifications might ſupply the deficiency of more eſſential talents, could have prevailed upon me, to enter upon a literary career, ſo foreign to the habits of a

life, of which more than fifty years are now elapſed.

It may be proper to notice the materials, which I have uſed in this compilation, and to explain the plan which I have adopted in the arrangement of them. The firſt, is a ſingle ſheet written by Sir William Jones, containing ſhort notices of his ſituation and occupations during every year of his life; it is indeed extended beyond the date of his exiſtence, to the 50th year, oppoſite to which the words συν Θεῷ, *if God pleaſes*, are inſerted; it appears to have been haſtily written, a few months only before his death, and although the dates are ſometimes inaccurate, and the notices too brief to ſupply more than a reference, it ſuggeſted enquiries which have ſometimes terminated ſatisfactorily, though more frequently in diſappointment. This paper however dictated the plan of the work, and I have endeavoured, as far as my materials permitted, to trace the life of Sir William Jones, year by year.

For the firſt twenty-two years of it, my

authorities are ample and ſatisfactory; they conſiſt principally of memoranda written by Sir William himſelf, and in deſcribing the occurrences of this period, I have frequently availed myſelf of his own words. I wiſh indeed that I could have uſed them excluſively, but the paper is not altogether in a form to admit of publication.

The account of the laſt twelve years of his life in India, is chiefly ſupplied by my own recollection, aſſiſted by information collected from his writings and correſpondence.

Of the events of his life between 1768, his twenty-ſecond year, and the date of his embarkation for India in 1783, my information is leſs complete, although I have ſpared no diligence in endeavouring to collect all that could be obtained. I was in hopes that the recollection of his contemporaries at Oxford, where he occaſionally reſided until he left England, might have ſupplied ſome material anecdotes, and that farther information might have been procured from his companions in Weſtminſter Hall, or on the Circuit, but my

reſearches have had little ſucceſs, and I am chiefly indebted to his correſpondence for the information which I have been able to communicate.

In the arrangement of theſe materials, it was my wiſh, as far as poſſible, to make Sir William Jones deſcribe himſelf; and with this view, I have introduced his letters into the body of the Memoirs. They develop his occupations, hopes, purſuits, and feelings; and although the narrative, from the introduction of them, may loſe ſomething in point of connection, this inconvenience, I flatter myſelf, will be more than compenſated by the letters themſelves. By this mode they will excite an intereſt, which they might have failed to produce, if the ſubſtance or ſubjects of them only had been interwoven into the narrative, with a reference to the letters themſelves in the Appendix.

This arrangement has however impoſed upon me the neceſſity of tranſlating many of the letters of Sir William Jones and his learned correſpondents, from the Latin or

French, and I have endeavoured to give the ſenſe of them in a plain familiar ſtyle. But I muſt warn the reader, that he is to expect nothing more in theſe tranſlations, and that thoſe who are qualified to peruſe the original letters of Sir William Jones, will find in them an elegance which I do not pretend to transfuſe into my verſion of them. Some few ſentences of the original letters have been purpoſely omitted in the tranſlation, and many paſſages of the originals themſelves have been ſuppreſſed.

The Latin letters of Sir William Jones are printed in the Appendix, and with reſpect to them it is further proper to obſerve, that in conſequence of interlineations, corrections, eraſures, and mutilation from time, I could not always aſcertain the exact words which he ultimately adopted. In ſuch caſes I have been compelled to exerciſe my own judgment, and I deſire the reader to notice this remark, leſt any inaccuracy of mine ſhould be imputed to a man, who was equally qua-

lified to guide the taſte of the elegant, and correct the errors of the learned.

To elucidate the life, occupations, and opinions of Sir William Jones, was the principal object which I had in view, in the ſelection of the letters now preſented to the public; ſome have been inſerted, as calculated in my opinion to afford entertainment to the reader. I am very ſenſible that many of theſe letters relate to topics not generally intereſting; engaged in literary purſuits from his earlieſt youth, extending and cultivating them with ardour during his life, and never loſing ſight of them under any accumulation of buſineſs, the letters of Sir William Jones neceſſarily refer to habits ſo dear to him, and ſo long eſtabliſhed; and I muſt requeſt the reader to carry this remark with him to the peruſal of his correſpondence throughout, and particularly of the letters written by him in Bengal, which frequently relate to Indian literature, as well as to ſubjects and occupations peculiar to that country.

The Memoirs and Appendix contain ſome original compoſitions of Sir William Jones, which have not hitherto been publiſhed; they are not of equal importance with thoſe of which the public are in poſſeſſion; there are ſtill more, which I have not ventured to print.

It would have been eaſy to have enlarged the ſize of theſe volumes, but having no ambition to extend them beyond their proper limits, I have confined them as cloſely as I could to the object of them, that of elucidating the life and opinions of Sir William Jones. With this rule conſtantly in my recollection, I have avoided diſſertations on the events of the times; the notice which I have taken of characters incidentally mentioned, is brief and explanatory only; and I have ſuppreſſed many obſervations, which would have added more to the bulk of the Memoirs, than to the information or entertainment of the reader.

I have now given ſuch explanation on the ſubject of the Memoirs, as appeared to me

neceſſary; but I cannot conclude the Preface, without mentioning ſome information which materially affects an important paſſage in theſe Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 249, and which I received from Bengal, long after it had been printed.

The paſſage alluded to, is ſtated to be an exact tranſlation from one of the mythological books of the Hindûs; it firſt appeared in a note annexed by Sir William Jones, to an *Eſſay on Egypt and the Nile*, in the 3d vol. of the Aſiatic Reſearches, by Lieutenant (now Captain) Wilford, and relates to *Noah* (under the deſignation of *Satyavrata*) and his three ſons.

Captain Wilford has ſince had the mortification and regret to diſcover, that he was impoſed upon by a learned Hindû, who aſſiſted his inveſtigations, that the *Purana*, in which he *actually* and *carefully* read the paſſage which he communicated to Sir William Jones, as an extract from it, does *not* contain it, and that it was interpolated by the dextrous introduction of a forged ſheet, diſco-

loured, and prepared for the purpoſe of deception, and which having ſerved this purpoſe, was afterwards withdrawn.

The uncommon anxiety of Captain Wilford to re-examine all the authorities quoted in his eſſay, led to the detection of the impoſition, and he immediately determined to publiſh it to the world, in another eſſay which he was then preparing, and which I underſtand to be now printing in Bengal. To guard againſt the effects of any accident which might prevent the execution of this determination, he communicated the circumſtance to his friends, that it might eventually be made known to the public, and in the explanation now ſubmitted to them, I only anticipate the ſolicitude of Captain Wilford, to expoſe the impoſition which has been practiſed on him *.

* The particulars of the imposition practised upon him by the *pandit*, whom he employed in making extracts from the books of the Hindûs, are detailed by Captain Wilford, in the introduction to a work now printing in Bengal, under the title of *An* ESSAY *on the*

In vol. ii. p. 175, of the Memoirs, the reader will find mention of an unſucceſsful

SACRED ISLES *in the West, with other Essays connected with that Work.*

In the course of collating the Sanscrit authorities quoted or referred to, in this *Essay*, he discovered some discolorations in the manuscripts, which led to suspicions of deception, which examination fully verified. The discovery naturally excited an apprehension, that a similar imposition had been practised upon him, with respect to his former *Essay on Egypt and the Nile*, and he had the mortification to find it well grounded. His first step was to inform his friends of it, either verbally, or by letters, that he might secure at least the credit of the first disclosure.

" The forgeries of the pandit, (Captain Wilford ob-
" serves,) were of three kinds: in the first, a word or
" two only was altered. In the second, were such le-
" gends, as had undergone a more material alteration;
" and in the third, all those which he had written from
" memory.

" With regard to those of the first class, when he
" found that I was resolved to make a collation of the
" manuscript, he began to adulterate and disfigure his
" own manuscript, mine, and the manuscripts of the
" college, by erasing the original name of the country,
" and putting that of *Egypt* or of *Swetam* in its place.

" To prevent my detecting those of the second class,
" which were not numerous, but of the greatest import-
" ance in their nature, (and as books in India are not
" bound as in Europe, and every leaf is loose,) he took
" out one or two leaves, and substituted others with an

attempt of the Hindûs, to impoſe upon Sir William Jones, a forged Sanſcrit book on oaths.

The ſame ſagacity which detected the

" adulterous legend. In books of some antiquity, it is " not uncommon to see a few new leaves inserted in the " room of others that were wanting.

" To conceal the more numerous impositions of the " third class, he had the patience to write two voluminous sections, supposed to belong, one to the *Scanda-* " *Purana*, and the other to the *Bramánda*, in which " he connected all the legends together, in the usual " style of the Puranas. These two sections, as he wrote " them, consist of no less than 12,000 *slocas* or lines, " the title of which he borrowed."

The above is an extract from Mr. Wilford's Essay, and affords a remarkable though not a singular instance of industry and ingenuity in literary forgeries. I shall only add, from the same Essay, the following lines immediately applicable to the passage which has occasioned my remarks.

" A few instances of the impositions of my pandit, " will exemplify his mode of proceeding. The first is a " legend of the greatest importance, and is said to be " extracted from the *Padma*. It contains the history " of *Noah* and his three sons, and is written in a masterly style. But unfortunately there is not a word " of it to be found in *that Purana*. It is however " mentioned, though in less explicit terms, in many " Puranas, and the pandit took particular care in pointing out to me several passages, which more or less " confirmed this interesting legend."

fraud in this inſtance, might have diſcovered the forgery of the pundit employed by Mr. Wilford, if the original document had been ſubmitted to the inſpection of Sir William Jones. In this country the fabrications of a Chatterton, eſcaped for a ſeaſon, the penetration of the learned and acute.

In the Poſtſcript to the Memoirs, I have omitted to mention in its proper place, that a monument was erected at Oxford to the memory of Sir William Jones, by a ſubſcription of the gentlemen reſiding in Bengal, who had received their education at the univerſity there and at Cambridge. The inſcription on the elegant monument executed by Flaxman, at the expenſe of Lady Jones, and placed in the anti-chamber to the Chapel of Univerſity College, Oxford, is annexed to the Preface.

It has frequently been remarked, that the characters of very eminent men cannot be cloſely examined without a conſiderable diminution of the reſpect, which their general fame has excited.

From whatever ſource this remark may have proceeded, or to whatever degree of truth it may be entitled, I cannot but expreſs a ſolicitude, that it may derive no confirmation from the work now preſented to the public. Impreſſed with admiration, reſpect, and eſteem for the memory of Sir William Jones, whether I contemplate his genius, his learning, or his virtues, I wiſh to transfer my own feelings to the minds of my readers; but whilſt I diſtruſt my own efforts, I am equally anxious to guard againſt extravagant expectations in them, and any want of diſcernment in myſelf.

TEIGNMOUTH.

M. S.

GVLIELMI . JONES . EQVITIS . AVRATI,
QVI . CLARVM . IN . LITERIS . NOMEN . A . PATRE . ACCEPTVM,
MAGNA . CVMVLAVIT . GLORIA.
INGENIVM . IN . ILLO . ERAT . SCIENTIARVM . OMNIVM . CAPAX,
DISCIPLINISQVE . OPTIMIS . DILIGENTISSIME . EXCVLTVM.
ERAT . INDOLES . AD . VIRTVTEM . EXIMIA,
ET . IN . IVSTITIA . LIBERTATE . RELIGIONE . VINDICANDA,
MAXIME . PROBATA.
QVICQVID . AVTEM . VTILE . VEL . HONESTVM
CONSILIIS . EXEMPLO . AVCTORITATE . VIVVS . PROMOVERAT,
ID . OMNE . SCRIPTIS . SVIS . IMMORTALIBVS,
ETIAM . NVNC . TVETVR . ATQVE . ORNAT.
PRÆSTANTISSIMVM . HVNC . VIRVM,
CVM . A . PROVINCIA . BENGALA,
UBI . IVDICIS . INTEGERRIMI . MVNVS
PER . DECENNIVM . OBIERAT,
REDITVM . IN . PATRIAM . MEDITARETVR,
INGRVENTIS . MORBI . VIS . OPPRESSIT,
IX . KAL . IVN . . A . C . . MDCCLXXXXIII . . ÆT . . XLVIII.
VT . QVIBVS . IN . ÆDIBVS,
IPSE . OLIM . SOCIVS . INCLARVISSET,
IN . IISDEM . MEMORIA . EIVS . POTISSIMVM . CONSERVARETVR,
HONORARIVM . HOC . MONVMENTVM,
ANNA . MARIA . FILIA . JONATHAN . SHIPLEY . EPIS . . ASAPH.
CONIVGI . SVO . B . . M.
P . . C.

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NOTE.—The originals of the Latin and French letters, of which translations are inserted in the Memoirs, will be found in the Appendix, by referring to the number annexed to the translation.

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IN consequence of the two volumes of the Memoirs being prefixed to the Works of Sir WILLIAM JONES, the 1st, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11th volumes, become now the 3d, 4, 5, &c. two volumes onward. The Binder will therefore be very careful to place the plates in the following order:

All the Plates *marked* with Volume	I.	to be *placed* in Volume	III.
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The etched head of Sir WILLIAM JONES to be placed opposite the title-page of volume I. of the Memoirs; the fac-simile of his writing at p. 513 of volume II. of the Memoirs; and the engraved head of Sir WILLIAM JONES to be placed opposite the title to volume III.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE origin of the family of Sir WILLIAM JONES on the maternal ſide, has been traced, by the induſtry of Lewis Morris, a learned Britiſh antiquary, to the ancient Princes and Chieftains of North Wales. With whatever delight, however, the Cambrian genealogiſt might purſue the line of his anceſtry, a barren catalogue of uncouth names would furniſh no entertainment to the reader. I ſhall only tranſcribe from the liſt a ſingle and remarkable name in one of the collateral branches, that of William o Dregaian, who died in one thouſand five hundred and eighty

one, at the age of one hundred and five years; with the note annexed to it, that by three wives he had thirty-ſix children, ſeven more by two concubines, and that eighty of his iſſue, during his life, were living in the pariſh of Tregaian, in Angleſey.

But I inſert, without apology for the anticipation, a letter addreſſed by Mr. Morris to the father of Sir William Jones, as an intereſting memorial of an ancient cuſtom which is daily falling into diſuſe, and a pleaſing ſpecimen of the mind and talents of the writer.

To WILLIAM JONES, Eſquire.

SIR; *January* 1, 1748.

It was a cuſtom among the Ancient Britons (and ſtill retained in Angleſey) for the moſt knowing among them in the deſcent of families, to ſend their friends of the ſame ſtock or family, *a dydd calan Ionawr a calennig*, a preſent of their pedigree; which was in order, I preſume, to keep up a friendſhip among relations, which theſe people

preſerved ſurpriſingly, and do to this day among the meaneſt of them, to the ſixth and ſeventh degree.

Some writers take notice that the Gauls alſo were noted for this affection and regard for their own people, though ever ſo diſtantly related. Theſe things, to be ſure, are trifles: but all other things in the world are trifles too.

I take men's bodies in the ſame ſenſe as I take vegetables. Young trees propagated by ſeed or grafts, from a good old tree, certainly owe ſome regard to their primitive ſtock, provided trees could act and think; and as for my part, the very thought of thoſe brave people, who ſtruggled ſo long with a ſuperior power for their liberty, inſpires me with ſuch an idea of them, that I almoſt adore their memories. Therefore, to keep up that old laudable cuſtom, I herewith ſend you a *calennig* of the ſame kind as that above mentioned; which I deſire you will accept of.

I have reaſon to know, it is founded on good authority; for both my father and mo-

ther were related to your mother, and came from the ſame ſtock mentioned in the incloſed; which is the reaſon I am ſo well acquainted with your mother's deſcent; and on the ſame account, till further enquiry, an utter ſtranger to your father's family.

As you were young when you left the country, it cannot be ſuppoſed that you could know much of theſe things. I have had too much time there; I wiſh I had not; for I might have applied it to better uſe than I have. If this gives you any pleaſure, I ſhall be glad of it; if not, commit it to the flames: and believe me to be, with truth and ſincerity, &c.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Leaving the genealogical ſplendour of the family of Sir William Jones to the contemplation of the antiquary, it may be remarked with pleaſure, that its lateſt deſcendants have a claim to reputation, founded upon the honourable and unambiguous teſtimony of perſonal merit. His father was the celebrated philoſopher and mathematician who ſo emi-

nently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the commencement of the laſt century: and a ſhort, but more accurate ſketch of his life than has hitherto appeared, which I am enabled to give from the authority of his ſon, may be acceptable to the lovers of ſcience.

Mr. William Jones was born in the year 1680, in Angleſey; his parents were yeomen, or little farmers, on that iſland; and he there received the beſt education which they were able to afford: but the induſtrious exertion of vigorous intellectual powers, ſupplied the defects of inadequate inſtruction, and laid the foundation of his future fame and fortune. From his earlieſt years, Mr. Jones diſcovered a propenſity to mathematical ſtudies, and, having cultivated them with aſſiduity, he began his career in life, by teaching mathematics on-board a man of war: and in this ſituation he attracted the notice, and obtained the friendſhip, of Lord Anſon. In his twenty-ſecond year, Mr. Jones publiſhed a Treatiſe on the Art of Navigation; which was received with great approbation. He was

preſent at the capture of Vigo, in 1702; and, having joined his comrades in queſt of pillage, he eagerly fixed upon a bookſeller's ſhop as the object of his depredation; but finding in it no literary treaſures, which were the ſole plunder that he coveted, he contented himſelf with a pair of ſciſſars, which he frequently exhibited to his friends as a trophy of his military ſucceſs, relating the anecdote by which he gained it. He returned with the fleet to England, and immediately afterwards eſtabliſhed himſelf as a teacher of mathematics, in London; where, at the age of twenty-ſix, he publiſhed his *Synopſis palmariorum Matheſeos*; a deciſive proof of his early and conſummate proficiency in his favourite ſcience.

The private character of Mr. Jones was reſpectable, his manners were agreeable and inviting; and theſe qualities not only contributed to enlarge the circle of his friends, whom his eſtabliſhed reputation for science had attracted, but alſo to ſecure their attachment to him.

Amongſt others who honoured him with their eſteem, I am authorized to mention the great and virtuous Lord Hardwicke. Mr. Jones attended him as a companion on the circuit when he was chief juſtice; and this nobleman, when he afterwards held the great ſeal, availed himſelf of the opportunity to teſtify his regard for the merit and character of his friend, by conferring upon him the office of ſecretary for the peace. He was alſo introduced to the friendſhip of Lord Parker (afterwards preſident of the Royal Society), which terminated only with his death; and, amongſt other diſtinguiſhed characters in the annals of ſcience and literature, the names of Sir Iſaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Samuel Johnſon, may be enumerated as the intimate friends of Mr. Jones. By Sir Iſaac Newton, he was treated with particular regard and confidence, and prepared, with his aſſent, the very elegant edition of ſmall tracts on the higher mathematics, in a mode which obtained the approbation, and increaſed the eſteem, of the author for him.

After the retirement of Lord Macclesfield to Sherborne Caſtle, Mr. Jones reſided with his lordſhip as a member of his family, and inſtructed him in the ſciences. In this ſituation, he had the misfortune to loſe the greateſt part of his property, the accumulation of induſtry and economy, by the failure of a banker: but the friendſhip of Lord Macclesfield diminiſhed the weight of the loſs, by procuring for him a ſinecure place of conſiderable emolument. The ſame nobleman, who was then Teller of the Exchequer, made him an offer of a more lucrative ſituation; but he declined the acceptance of it, as it would have impoſed on him the obligation of more official attendance, than was agreeable to his temper, or compatible with his attachment to ſcientific purſuits.

In this retreat, he became acquainted with Miſs Mary Nix, the youngeſt daughter of George Nix, a cabinet-maker in London, who, although of low extraction, had raiſed himſelf to eminence in his profeſſion, and, from the honeſt and pleaſant frankneſs of

his converſation, was admitted to the tables of the great, and to the intimacy of Lord Macclesfield. The acquaintance of Mr. Jones with Miſs Nix, terminated in marriage; and, from this union, ſprang three children, the laſt of whom, the late Sir William Jones, was born in London, on the eve of the feſtival of Saint Michael, in the year 1746; and a few days after his birth was baptized by the chriſtian name of his father. The firſt ſon, George, died in his infancy; and the ſecond child, a daughter, Mary, who was born in 1736, married Mr. Rainsford, a merchant retired from buſineſs in opulent circumſtances. This lady periſhed miſerably, during the year 1802, in conſequence of an accident from her clothes catching fire.

Mr. Jones ſurvived the birth of his ſon William but three years; he was attacked with a diſorder, which the ſagacity of Dr. Mead, who attended him with the anxiety of an affectionate friend, immediately diſcovered to be a polypus in the heart, and wholly

incurable. This alarming ſecret was communicated to Mrs. Jones, who, from an affectionate but miſtaken motive, could never be induced to diſcover it to her huſband; and, on one occaſion, diſplayed a remarkable inſtance of ſelf-command and addreſs in the concealment of it.

A well-meaning friend, who knew his dangerous ſituation, had written to him a long letter of condolence, replete with philoſophic axioms on the brevity of life; Mrs. Jones, who opened the letter, diſcovered the purport of it at a glance, and, being deſired by her huſband to read it, compoſed in the moment another lecture ſo clearly and rapidly, that he had no ſuſpicion of the deception; and this ſhe did in a ſtyle ſo cheerful and entertaining, that it greatly exhilarated him. He died ſoon after, in July 1749, leaving behind him a great reputation and moderate property.

The hiſtory of men of letters is too often a melancholy detail of human miſery, exhibiting the unavailing ſtruggles of genius and

learning againſt penury, and life conſumed in fruitleſs expectation of patronage and reward. We contemplate with ſatisfaction the reverſe of this picture in the hiſtory of Mr. Jones, as we trace him in his progreſs from obſcurity to diſtinction, and in his participation of the friendſhip and beneficence of the firſt characters of the times. Nor is it leſs grateful to remark that the attachment of his profeſſed friends did not expire with his life; after a proper interval, they viſited his widow, and vied in their offers of ſervice to her; amongſt others to whom ſhe was particularly obliged, I mention with reſpect, Mr. Baker, author of a Treatiſe on the Improved Microſcope, who afforded her important aſſiſtance, in arranging the collection of ſhells, foſſils, and other curioſities, left by her deceaſed huſband, and in diſpoſing of them to the beſt advantage. The library of Mr. Jones, by a bequeſt in his will, became the property of Lord Macclesfield.

The compilers of the Biographical Dictionary, in their account of Mr. Jones, have

aſſerted, that he had completed a mathematical work of the firſt importance, and had ſent the firſt ſheet of it to the preſs, when the indiſpoſition, which terminated in his death, obliged him to diſcontinue the impreſſion; that, a few days before his demiſe, he entruſted the manuſcript, fairly tranſcribed by an amanuenſis, to the care of Lord Macclesfield, who promiſed to publiſh it, as well for the honour of the author, as for the benefit of the family, to whom the property of the work belonged. The Earl ſurvived his friend many years; but *The Introduction to the Mathematics* (the alleged title of the work) was forgotten, and, after his death, the manuſcript was not to be found. There is no evidence in the memoranda left by Sir William Jones, to confirm or diſprove theſe aſſertions. Such of the mathematical works of Mr. Jones as have been publiſhed, are much admired for neatneſs, brevity, and accuracy *.

* In Hutton's Philosophical Dictionary, we have the following enumeration of the works of Mr. Jones:—

A New

The care of the education of William now devolved upon his mother, who, in many

A New Compendium of the whole Art of Navigation, small 8vo. 1702.

Synopsis palmariorum Matheseos; or a new Introduction to the Mathematics, containing the principles of arithmetic and geometry, demonstrated in a short and easy method; 8vo. 1706.

In the Philosophical Transactions:—

A Compendious Disposition of Equations for exhibiting the Relations of Geometrical Lines.

A Tract of Logarithms.

Account of a Person killed by Lightning in Tottenham-court Chapel, and its Effects on the Building.

Properties of Conic Sections, deduced by a compendious method.

He was also the editor of some mathematical works of Sir Isaac Newton, under the title of "Analysis, per quantitatum series, fluxiones, ac differentias: cum enumeratione linearum tertii ordinis."

In the library of Trinity-college, Cambridge, some letters from Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes, who was at that time engaged in giving lectures at the college, are preserved. They do not contain any material information: but having, with the permission of the college, obtained copies of them, by the polite assistance of Mr. Brown, I annex them to this note, together with one from Mr. Cotes to Mr. Jones.

Letter from Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes.

Sir; *London, September 17th*, 1711.

The paper concerning Sir Isaac Newton's method of interpolation, which you have been pleased to

reſpects, was eminently qualified for the taſk. Her character, as delineated by her huſband with ſomewhat of mathematical preciſion, is this: "that ſhe was virtuous without

ſend me, being done ſo very neat, that it will be an injury to the curious in these things to be kept any longer without it; therefore must desire that you would grant me leave to publish it in the Philosophical Transactions. You may be assured that I do not move this to you without Sir Isaac's approbation, who I find is no less willing to have it done. The new edition of the *Principia* is what we wait for with great impatience, though at the same time I believe the book will be far more valuable than if it had been done in a hurry, since I find the interruptions are necessary, and such as will render it complete. We have nothing considerable in hand here at present, only Mr. Demoire's Treatise on Chances, which makes a whole transaction. He is very fond of it, and we may expect it well done. Mr. Raphson has printed off four or five sheets of his history of Fluxions, but being shewed Sir Isaac Newton's (who it seems would rather have them write against him, than have a piece done in that manner in his favour) he got a stop put to it, for some time at least. Dr. Halley has almost finished the printing of the Greenwich Observations, which will be a work of good use, especially as it is now freed from the trifles it was loaded with. Sir, I have one thing which I would trouble you with further, and that is, to let me know what lectures, or other papers of Sir Isaac Newton's, remain in your University unpublished. This may be done at your leisure. It would be a great satisfaction to me, if I could be any way service-

" blemish, generous without extravagance,
" frugal but not niggard, cheerful but not

able to you here at London; and should readily embrace any opportunity to approve and express myself, what I am exceedingly obliged to be,

Your most affectionate friend,
And faithful servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR, *London, Oct.* 25, 1711.

The favour of your account of Sir Isaac's papers left at Cambridge, I return you my hearty thanks for; and, as you have some further considerations about the Doctrine of Differences, I am assured that they cannot but be valuable; and if a few instances of the application were given, perhaps it would not be amiss. Having tarried some time for a convenient opportunity, I was obliged to send you at last Moreton's book by the carrier, though it will only satisfy you that Dr. Gregory had but a very slender notion of the design, extent, and use of lib. 3d of the *Principia*. I hope it will not be long before you find leisure to send me what you have further done on this curious subject. No excuse must be made against the publishing of them, since with respect to reputation, I dare say it will be no way to your disadvantage. I have nothing of news to send you, only the Germans and French have in a violent manner attacked the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, and seem resolved to stand by Des Cartes. Mr. Keil, as a person concerned, has undertaken to defend and answer some things, as Dr. Friend and Dr. Mead do in their way, the rest. I would have sent you the whole controversy, was I not

" giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious but " not conceited, of spirit but not passionate,

sure that you know those only are most capable of objecting against his writings, that least understand them. However, in a little time, you will see some of them in the Philosophical Transactions.

I am, Sir,
Very much your friend and servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

Answer to the foregoing, by Mr. COTES.

DEAR SIR,

I have received Moreton's book. I thank you for the favour you did me in sending it. I have looked over what relates to his way of interpolation; but I find no cause from thence to make any alteration. The controversy concerning Sir Isaac's philosophy is a piece of news that I had not heard of. I think that philosophy needs no defence, especially when attacked by Cartesians. One Mr. Green, a fellow of Clare-Hall, seems to have nearly the same design with those German and French objectants, whom you mention. His book is now in our press, and almost finished I am told; he will add an Appendix, in which he undertakes also to square the circle. I need not recommend his performance any further to you.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend,
And humble servant,
R. C.

" of her company cautious, in her friendſhip " truſty, to her parents dutiful, and to her

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 11, 1711-12.

I have sent you here enclosed the copy of a letter, that I found among Mr. Collins's papers, from Sir Isaac Newton to one Mr. Smith. The contents thereof seem in a great measure to have relation to what you are about, as being the application of the Doctrine of Differences to the making of tables; and for that reason I thought it might be of use to you, so far as to see what has been done already. I shewed this to Sir Isaac: he remembers that he applied it to all sorts of tables. I have more papers of Mr. Mercator's, and others, upon this subject; though I think none so material to your purpose as this. I should be very glad to see what you have done upon this subject all published; and I must confess, that unless you design a large volume, it were much better to put them into the Philosophical Transactions, for that would sufficiently preserve them from being lost, which is the common fate of small single tracts, and at the same time, to save the trouble and expense of printing them, since the subject is too curious to expect any profit from it; and besides now, as the Royal Society having done themselves the honour of choosing you a member, something from you cannot but be acceptable to them. Sir Isaac himself expects these things of you, that I formerly mentioned to him as your promise.

I am, Sir, your much obliged friend,
and humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

"husband ever faithful, loving, and obedi-
"ent." She had by nature a strong under-

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

SIR; *London, Feb. 6th*, 1712-13.

The Royal Society having ordered one of their books for you, and another for Mr. Saunderson, also one for Trinity-College library, and one for the University library; I would not lose the opportunity of paying you my respects, by sending them. I need not tell you the occasion and design of that collection. You will see readily, that it affords such light concerning what it relates to, as could not easily have been discovered any other way; it also shews, that your great predecessor, whose illustrious example I don't doubt but you follow, never employed his time about things ordinary. I have no mathematical intelligence to send you. Mr. Keil thinks he has discovered a very easy and practical solution of the Keplerean problem. If Moreton's book is of no use to you, please to send it to me, though I fear it will yield me but small assistance, having occasion for variety of modern solstitial meridian altitudes of the Sun, such as may be depended upon. Helvetius, Flamstead, and the French observations, seem defective. I should be glad to be informed where I can be supplied best. I am extremely pleased to find that Sir Isaac's book is so near being finished; and it is not less agreeable to me to hear, that your own book is in such forwardness. You are much in the right of it to print your lectures and other papers, in a book by itself: it is better than to have them lie up and down among other things. What I formerly proposed as to the putting of things in the Philosophical Transactions, is only fit for a sheet or two, but not exceeding that. I very much long to see those

ſtanding, which was improved by his converſation and inſtruction. Under his tuition

valuable pieces, and hope you will let me know in what time I may expect them.—Do me the justice to believe, that I am, with all sincerity,

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR, *London, April 29th*, 1713.

Ever since I received your very kind letter, and Moreton's book, I waited for an opportunity of sending you some old manuscripts I had by me, and at last am obliged to venture them by the carrier. They relate, in some measure, to the method of Differences: the folio one, I find, was written by one Nath. Torperly, a Shropshire man, who, when young, was amanuensis to Vieta, but afterwards writ against him. He was cotemporary with Briggs. The book, I think, can be of no other use to you than in what relates to the history of that method, and in having the satisfaction of seeing what has been formerly done on that subject. I am mightily pleased to see the end of the *Principia*, and return you many thanks for the instructive index, that you have taken the pains to add, and hope it will not be long before we shall see the beginning of that noble book. I shall be in some pain till I hear that you have received my old manuscript, it being a favourite purely on account of some extravagancies in it; but I shall think it safe in your hands.

I am, Sir,

You affectionate friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

ſhe became a conſiderable proficient in Algebra, and with a view to qualify herſelf for the office of preceptor to her ſiſter's ſon, who was deſtined to a maritime profeſſion, made herſelf perfect in Trigonometry, and the Theory of Navigation. Mrs. Jones, after

From the SAME to the SAME.

DEAR SIR, *London, July 11th*, 1713.

It is impossible to represent to you, with what pleasure I received your inestimable present of the *Principia*, and am much concerned to find myself so deeply charged with obligations to you, and such I fear as all my future endeavours will never be able to requite. This edition is indeed exceedingly beautiful, and interspersed with great variety of admirable discoveries so very natural to its great author; but it is more so from the additional advantage of your excellent preface, which I wish much to get published in some of the foreign journals; and since a better account of this book cannot be given, I suppose it will not be difficult to get it done. Now, this great task being done, I hope you will think of publishing your papers, and not let such valuable pieces lie by. As to what you mentioned in your last, concerning my old manuscripts, though for my part I know of nothing worth your notice publicly in them, but, if you do find any, the end of my sending them is the better answered; and you know that you may do as you please.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

the death of her huſband, was urgently and repeatedly ſolicited, by the Counteſs of Macclesfield, to remain at Sherborne Caſtle; but having formed a plan for the education of her ſon, with an unalterable determination to purſue it, and being apprehenſive that her reſidence at Sherborne might interfere with the execution of it, ſhe declined accepting the friendly invitation of the Counteſs, who never ceaſed to retain the moſt affectionate regard for her.

In the plan adopted by Mrs. Jones for the inſtruction of her ſon, ſhe propoſed to reject the ſeverity of diſcipline, and to lead his mind inſenſibly to knowledge and exertion, by exciting his curioſity, and directing it to uſeful objects. To his inceſſant importunities for information on caſual topics of converſation, which ſhe watchfully ſtimulated, ſhe conſtantly replied, *read, and you will know*; a maxim, to the obſervance of which he always acknowledged himſelf indebted for his future attainments. By this method, his deſire to learn became as eager as her

wiſh to teach; and ſuch was her talent of inſtruction, and his facility of retaining it, that in his fourth year he was able to read, diſtinctly and rapidly, any Engliſh book. She particularly attended at the ſame time to the cultivation of his memory, by making him learn and repeat ſome of the popular ſpeeches in Shakeſpeare, and the beſt of Gay's Fables.

If, from the ſubſequent eminence of Sir William Jones, any general concluſion ſhould be eagerly drawn in favour of early tuition, we muſt not forget to advert to the uncommon talents both of the pupil and the teacher.

In common caſes, premature inſtruction has often been found to retard, rather than accelerate, the progreſs of the intellectual faculties; and the ſucceſs of it ſo much depends upon the judgment of the tutor, and the capacity of the ſcholar, upon the ſkill of the one, as well as upon the diſpoſition and powers of the other, that it is impoſſible to preſcribe a general rule, when inſtruction ought to begin, or a general mode, by which

it ſhould be conveyed; the determination in both caſes muſt be left to the diſcretion of parents, who ought to be the moſt competent to decide.

In this year of his life, Jones providentially eſcaped from two accidents, one of which had nearly proved fatal to his ſight, the other to his life. Being left alone in a room, in attempting to ſcrape ſome ſoot from the chimney, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were inſtantly in flames: his cries brought the ſervants to his aſſiſtance, and he was preſerved with ſome difficulty; but his face, neck, and arms, were much burnt. A ſhort time afterwards, when his attendants were putting on his clothes, which were imprudently faſtened with hooks, he ſtruggled, either in play, or in ſome childiſh pet, and a hook was fixed in his right eye. By due care, under the directions of Dr. Mead, whoſe friendſhip with his family continued unabated after his father's death, the wound was healed; but the eye was ſo much weak-

ened, that the ſight of it ever remained imperfect.

His propenſity to reading, which had begun to diſplay itſelf, was for a time checked by theſe accidents; but the habit was acquired, and after his recovery he indulged it without reſtraint, by peruſing eagerly any books that came in his way, and with an attention proportioned to his ability to comprehend them. In his fifth year, as he was one morning turning over the leaves of a Bible in his mother's cloſet, his attention was forcibly arreſted by the ſublime deſcription of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypſe, and the impreſſion which his imagination received from it was never effaced. At a period of mature judgment, he conſidered the paſſage as equal in ſublimity to any in the inſpired writers, and far ſuperior to any that could be produced from mere human compoſitions; and he was fond of retracing and mentioning the rapture which he felt, when he firſt read it. In his

ſixth year, by the aſſiſtance of a friend, he was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin grammar, and he committed ſome paſſages of it to memory; but the dull elements of a new language having nothing to captivate his childiſh attention, he made little progreſs in it; nor was he encouraged to perſeverance by his mother, who, intending him for a public education, was unwilling to perplex his mind with the ſtudy of a dead language, before he had acquired a competent knowledge of his native tongue.

At Michaelmas 1753, in the cloſe of his ſeventh year, he was placed at Harrow School, of which the worthy and amiable Dr. Thackeray was then head maſter. The amuſements and occupations of a ſchool-boy are of little importance to the public; yet it cannot be unintereſting, or uninſtructive, to trace the progreſs of a youth of genius and abilities, from his earlieſt efforts to that proficiency in univerſal literature which he afterwards attained. During the two firſt years of his reſidence at Harrow, he was rather remarked

for diligence and application, than for the ſuperiority of his talents, or the extent of his acquiſitions; and his attention was almoſt equally divided between his books and a little garden, the cultivation and embelliſhment of which occupied all his leiſure hours. His faculties however neceſſarily gained ſtrength by exerciſe; and during his ſchool vacations, the ſedulity of a fond parent was without intermiſſion exerted to improve his knowledge of his own language. She alſo taught him the rudiments of drawing, in which ſhe excelled.

In his ninth year, he had the misfortune to break his thigh-bone in a ſcramble with his ſchool-fellows, and this accident detained him from ſchool twelve months. After his relief from pain, however, the period of his confinement was not ſuffered to paſs in indolence; his mother was his conſtant companion, and amuſed him daily with the peruſal of ſuch Engliſh books, as ſhe deemed adapted to his taſte and capacity. The juvenile poems of Pope, and Dryden's Tranſ-

lation of the Æneid, afforded him inceſſant delight, and excited his poetical talents, which diſplayed themſelves in the compoſition of verſes in imitation of his favourite authors. But his progreſs in claſſical learning, during this interval, was altogether ſuſpended; for although he might have availed himſelf of the proffered inſtruction of a friend, in whoſe houſe he reſided, to acquire the rudiments of Latin, he was then ſo unable to comprehend its utility, and had ſo little reliſh for it, that he was left unreſtrained to purſue his juvenile occupations and amuſements, and the little which he had gained in his two firſt years, was nearly loſt in the third.

On his return to ſchool, he was however placed in the ſame claſs which he would have attained, if the progreſs of his ſtudies had not been interrupted. He was of courſe far behind his fellow-labourers of the ſame ſtanding, who erroneouſly aſcribed his inſufficiency to lazineſs or dulneſs, while the maſter who had raiſed him to a ſituation above his powers, required exertions of which he was

incapable, and corporal puniſhment and degradation were applied, for the non-performance of taſks, which he had never been inſtructed to furniſh. But in truth he far excelled his ſchool-fellows in general, both in diligence and quickneſs of apprehenſion; nor was he of a temper to ſubmit to imputations, which he knew to be unmerited. Puniſhment failed to produce the intended effect; but his emulation was roufed. He devoted himſelf inceſſantly to the peruſal of various elementary treatiſes, which had never been explained nor even recommended to him; and having thus acquired principles, he applied them with ſuch ſkill and ſucceſs, that in a few months he not only recovered the ſtation from which he had been degraded, but was at the head of his claſs: his compoſitions were correct, his analyſis accurate, and he uniformly gained every prize offered for the beſt exerciſe. He voluntarily extended his ſtudies beyond the preſcribed limits, and, by ſolitary labour, having acquired a competent knowledge of the rules of proſody, he com-

poſed verſes in imitation of Ovid; a taſk, which had never been required from any of the ſtudents in the lower ſchool at Harrow.

The behaviour of the maſter to Jones, made an impreſſion on his mind, which he ever remembered with abhorrence. Little doubt can be entertained, that he might have been ſtimulated to equal exertions, if encouragement had been ſubſtituted for ſeverity, and inſtruction for diſgrace. The accumulation of puniſhment for his inability to ſoar, before he had been taught to fly, (I uſe his own expreſſion) might have rendered the feelings callous; and a ſenſe of the injuſtice attending the infliction of it, was calculated to deſtroy the reſpect due to magiſterial authority, and its influence over the ſcholar. It is a material and perhaps unavoidable defect in the ſyſtem of education at public ſchools, that the neceſſity of regulating inſtruction by general rules, muſt often preclude that attention to the tempers and capacities of individuals, by which their attainments might be eſſentially promoted.

In his twelth year, Jones was moved into the upper ſchool. Of the retentive powers of his memory at this period, the following anecdote is a remarkable inſtance. His ſchool-fellows propoſed to amuſe themſelves with the repreſentation of a play; and at his recommendation they fixed upon the Tempeſt: as it was not readily to be procured, he wrote it for them ſo correctly from memory, that they acted it with great ſatisfaction to themſelves, and with conſiderable entertainment to the ſpectators. He performed the character of Proſpero.

His diligence increaſed with his advancement in the ſchool: he now entered upon the ſtudy of the Greek tongue, the characters of which he had already learned for his amuſement. His genius and aſſiduity were alſo diſplayed in various compoſitions, not required by the diſcipline of the ſchool. He tranſlated into Engliſh verſe ſeveral of the epiſtles of Ovid, all the paſtorals of Virgil, and compoſed a dramatic piece on the ſtory of Meleager, which he denominated a tragedy; and it was

acted during the vacation, by some of his school-fellows with whom he was most intimate. In his own play, he performed the part of the hero.

A copy of this little composition, inaccurately transcribed by a relation, has been preserved; and to gratify that curiosity which the mention of it may have excited, I select from it the following lines:

ATALANTA (speaks).

Still Discord raves, Bellona fiercely storms,
Mars calls, and Caledonians exclaim.
Althæa, fraught with ire, forgets her son,
And meditates fierce vengeance in her heart.
At Dian's sacred shrine a billet lies,
On which depends the life of Meleager.
This, stern Althæa spied,—then fury fir'd
Her furious mind,—she knew the fate's decree:
Thrice did she rave, and thrice repress'd her hand;
At length she threw the billet on the fire,
Which gently gather'd round its impious prey;
And now in absent flames the hero burns.
Wildly he stares; his glaring eye-balls sink
Beneath their sockets, and omit their light.
His shiver'd hair hangs dangling o'er his face;
He rends his silken vest, and wrings his hands,
And groans, possess'd with agonizing pain.

These juvenile efforts contributed to esta-

bliſh the influence and reputation of Jones in the ſchool; and the ſucceſs with which his ſtudies had latterly been purſued, left him no reaſon to regret the diſadvantages under which he had at firſt laboured. His improvement in the knowledge of proſody was truly extraordinary; he ſoon acquired a proficiency in all the varieties of Roman metre, ſo that he was able to ſcan the trochaic and iambic verſes of Terence, before his companions even ſuſpected that they were any thing but mere proſe. He alſo learned to taſte the elegance of that writer, and was frequently heard to repeat with particular ſatisfaction the rule in the Andria:

Facile omnes perferre et pati,
Nunquam præponens se aliis.

Such was the extent of his attainments, and ſuch his facility of compoſition, that for two years he wrote the exerciſes of many boys in the two ſuperior claſſes, who often obtained credit for performances to which they had no title, whilſt the ſtudents in the ſame claſs with himſelf were happy to become his pu-

pils. During the holidays, his ſtudies were varied, but not relaxed; in these intervals, he learned the rudiments of French and arithmetic, and was particularly gratified with an invitation to attend the meetings of learned and ingenious men, at the houſe of that amiable philoſopher, Mr. Baker, and his friend, Mr. Pond. As an introduction to the knowledge of the ſubjects diſcuſſed in this literary ſociety, by the particular recommendation of his mother, he read the *Spectacle de la Nature:* he acknowledged, however, that he was more entertained with the Arabian Tales, and Shakeſpeare, whoſe poems and plays he repeatedly peruſed with increaſed delight.

In the uſual recreations of his ſchool-fellows at Harrow, Jones was rarely a partaker; and the hours which they allotted to amuſement, he generally devoted to improvement. The following anecdote ſtrongly indicates the turn of his mind, and the impreſſion made by his ſtudies. He invented a political play,

in which Dr. William Bennet*, Biſhop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal aſſociates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into ſtates and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and aſſumed an ancient name. Some of their ſchool-fellows conſented to be ſtyled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and

* The Biſhop of Cloyne, in a letter to the Dean of St. Aſaph, dated November 1795, mentions Sir William Jones in terms of reſpect and affection:—"I knew him "(he writes) from the early age of eight or nine, and he "was always an *uncommon* boy. Great abilities, great "particularity of thinking, fondneſs for writing verſes "and plays of various kinds, and a degree of integrity "and manly courage, of which I remember many in-"ſtances, diſtinguiſhed him even at that period. I "loved him and revered him, and, though one or two "years older than he was, was always inſtructed by him "from my earlieſt age.

"In a word, I can only ſay of this amiable and won-"derful man, that he had more virtues, and leſs faults, "than I ever yet ſaw in any human being; and that the "goodneſs of his head, admirable as it was, was ex-"ceeded by that of his heart. I have never ceaſed to "admire him from the moment I firſt ſaw him; and my "eſteem for his great qualities, and regret for his loſs, "will only end with my life."

attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortreſſes. The chiefs vigorouſly defended their reſpective domains againſt the incurſions of the enemy; and in theſe imitative wars, the young ſtateſmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and compoſed memorials, all doubtleſs very boyiſh, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legiſlation and civil government. In theſe unuſual amuſements, Jones was ever thé leader; and he might juſtly have appropriated to himſelf the words of Catullus;

Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei.

Dr. Thackeray retired from the ſuperintendance of the ſchool at Harrow, when his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. It was a ſingular trait in the character of this good man and reſpectable tutor, that he never applauded the beſt compoſitions of his ſcholars, from a notion which he had adopted, that praiſe only tended to make them vain or idle. But the opinion which he gave of Jones in private was, that he was a boy of ſo active a

mind, that if he were left naked and friendleſs on Saliſbury Plain, he would nevertheleſs find the road to fame and riches.

Dr. Thackeray was ſucceeded by Dr. Sumner; and for his information of the courſe of ſtudy purſued at Harrow, a plan of the lectures and exerciſes in the upper ſchool was accurately delineated by Jones, at the ſuggeſtion of the principal aſſiſtant, who preſented it to the new maſter, with many encomiums on the talents of his favourite ſcholar. He annexed to it a collection of his compoſitions, including his tranſlation of the paſtorals of Virgil. Dr. Sumner quickly diſtinguiſhed him; and of the two complete years which he paſſed under that excellent inſtructor, it is ſufficient to ſay, that he employed them in reading and imitating the beſt ancient authors; nor did he confine himſelf merely to the compoſitions of Greece and Rome; he learned the Arabic characters, and ſtudied the Hebrew language ſufficiently to enable him to read ſome of the Pſalms in the original. His ardour for knowledge was ſo

unlimited, that he frequently devoted whole nights to ſtudy, taking coffee or tea as an antidote to drowſineſs; and his improvement by theſe extraordinary exertions was ſo rapid, that he ſoon became the prime favourite of his maſter, who with an excuſable partiality was heard to declare, that Jones knew more Greek than himſelf, and was a greater proficient in the idiom of that language. Nor was he leſs a favourite with his fellow-ſtudents than with his maſter. He acquired popularity with them, by the frequent holidays that rewarded the excellence of his compoſitions. His reputation at the ſame time was ſo extenſive, that he was often flattered by the enquiries of ſtrangers, under the title of the Great Scholar.

Of his juvenile compoſitions in proſe and verſe, the early fruits of rare talents and unbounded induſtry, ſome have been printed in the fragment of a work which he began at ſchool and entitled Limon *, in imitation of Cicero. During the laſt months of his reſi-

* Works of Sir William Jones, vol. vi. p. 385.

dence at Harrow, Dr. Sumner not only diſpenſed with his attendance at ſchool, but was obliged to interdict his application, in conſequence of a weakneſs of ſight contracted by it. His compoſitions were not however diſcontinued; and he obtained the aſſiſtance of the youger ſtudents to write them from his dictation. He employed the intervals of ſuſpended duty, which he was reluctantly compelled to admit, in learning cheſs, by practiſing the games of Philidor.

During the vacations, his application was directed to improve his knowledge of French and arithmetic, to which he alſo added the ſtudy of the Italian. Books he had always at command; for his mother, who contemplated with delight the progreſs of her ſon, with a wiſe liberality allowed him unlimited credit on her purſe. But of this indulgence, as he knew that her finances were reſtricted, he availed himſelf no further than to purchaſe ſuch books as were eſſential to his improvement.

I ſhall here tranſcribe, without alteration or

omiſſion, a letter which the young ſtudent, at the age of fourteen, wrote to his ſiſter, to conſole her for the death of a friend.

DEAR SISTER,

When I received your letter, I was very concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I conſider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any perſonal acquaintance with him, yet (as you obſerve) we ought to regret the loſs of every honourable man; and if I had the pleaſure of your converſation, I would certainly give you any conſolatory advice that lay in my power, and make it my buſineſs to convince you what a real ſhare I take in your chagrin. And yet to reaſon philoſophically, I cannot help thinking any grief upon a perſon's death very ſuperfluous, and inconſiſtent with ſenſe; for what is the cauſe of our ſorrow? Is it becauſe we hate the perſon deceaſed? that were to imply ſtrange contradiction, to

expreſs our joy by the common ſigns of ſorrow. If, on the other hand, we grieve for one who was dear to us, I ſhould reply that we ſhould, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a ſtate ſo perilous and uncertain as life is. The common ſtrain is; "'Tis pity ſo virtuous a man ſhould die:"—but I aſſert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a perſon of merit, I cannot help reflecting, how happy he muſt be who now takes the reward of his excellencies, without the poſſibility of falling away from them and loſing the virtue which he profeſſed, on whoſe character death has fixed a kind of ſeal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy! for death only cloſes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilſt any one is liable to alteration, we may poſſibly be forced to retract our eſteem for him, and ſome time or other he may appear to us, as under a different light than what he does at preſent; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miſerable, virtuous or abandoned,

before the concluſion of it. It was upon this reflection, that Solon, being aſked by Crœſus, a monarch of immenſe riches, who was the happieſt man? anſwered, After your death I ſhall be able to determine. Beſides, though a man ſhould purſue a conſtant and determinate courſe of virtue, though he were to keep a regular ſymmetry and uniformity in his actions, and preſerve the beauty of his reputation to the laſt, yet (while he lives) his very virtue may incur ſome evil imputation, and provoke a thouſand murmurs of detraction; for, believe me, my dear ſiſter, there is no inſtance of any virtue, or ſocial excellence, which has not excited the envy of innumerable aſſailants, whoſe acrimony is raiſed barely by ſeeing others pleaſed, and by hearing commendation which another enjoys. It is not eaſy in this life for any man to eſcape cenſure; and infamy requires very little labour to aſſiſt its circulation. But there is a kind of ſanction in the characters of the dead, which gives due force and reward to their merits, and defends them from the ſuggeſ-

tions of calumny. But to return to the point; what reaſon is there to diſturb yourſelf on this melancholy occaſion? do but reflect that thouſands die every moment of time, that even while we ſpeak, ſome unhappy wretch or other is either pining with hunger, or pinched with poverty, ſometimes giving up his life to the point of the ſword, torn with convulſive agonies, and undergoing many miſeries which it were ſuperfluous to mention. We ſhould therefore compare our afflictions with thoſe who are more miſerable, and not with thoſe who are more happy. I am aſhamed to add more, leſt I ſhould ſeem to miſtruſt your prudence; but next week, when I underſtand your mind is more compoſed, I ſhall write you word how all things go here. I deſigned to write you this letter in French, but I thought I could expreſs my thoughts with more energy, in my own language.

I come now, after a long interval, to mention ſome more private circumſtances. Pray give my duty to my Mamma, and thank her for my ſhirts. They ſit, in my opinion, very

well; though Biddy ſays they are too little in the arms. You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home; for Mrs. Biſcoe has deſired it, and has given me ſome franks. When you ſee her, you may tell her that her little boy ſends his duty to her, and Mr. Biſcoe his love to his ſiſter, and deſires to be remembered to Miſs Cleeve: he alſo ſends his compliments to my Mamma and you. Upon my word I never thought our bleak air would have ſo good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was ſallow and pale, and he is indeed much grown: but I now ſpeak of trifles, I mean in compariſon of his learning; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteneſs; beſides, his exceſſive high ſpirits increaſe mine, and give me comfort, ſince, after Parnell's departure, he is almoſt the only company I keep. As for news; the only article I know is, that Mrs. Par is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter

from your old acquaintance, and the former has made me an elegant preſent. I am now very much taken up with ſtudy; am to ſpeak Antony's ſpeech in Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar (which play I will read to you when I come to town), and am this week to make a declamation. I add no more than the ſincere well-wiſhes of your faithful friend,

And affectionate brother,

WILLIAM JONES.

If I am not deceived by my partiality for the memory of Sir William Jones, this letter will be peruſed with intereſt by the public. The topics ſelected for the conſolation of his ſiſter, are not indeed of the moſt novel nature, nor the beſt adapted to afford it; and we may ſmile at the gravity of the young moraliſt, contraſted with the familiarity of the circumſtances detailed in the latter part of the epiſtle, which I found no diſpoſition to reject; but the letter, as it ſtands, will furniſh no contemptible proof of his talents and frater-

nal affection, and may ſerve as a ſtandard of compariſon to parents, for eſtimating the abilities of their own children.

The period of tuition under Dr. Sumner paſſed rapidly, to the mutual ſatisfaction of the maſter and ſcholar, until Jones had reached his ſeventeenth year; when it was determined to remove him to one of the Univerſities. This determination was not adopted without much heſitation; for it had been ſtrongly recommended to his mother, by Sergeant Prime, and other Lawyers, to place him, at the age of ſixteen, in the office of ſome eminent ſpecial pleader: and they ſupported their recommendation by an obſervation, equally flattering to him and tempting to his mother, that his talents, united with ſuch indefatigable induſtry, muſt enſure the moſt brilliant ſucceſs, and conſequently the acquiſition of wealth and reputation. It is a ſingular proof of his curioſity to explore unuſual tracks of learning, that, at this early age, he had peruſed the Abridgement of Coke's Inſtitutes, by Ireland, with ſo much

attention, that he frequently amuſed the legal friends of his mother, by reaſoning with them on old caſes, which were ſuppoſed to be confined to the learned in the profeſſion. The law, however, at that time, had little attraction for him; and he felt no inclination to renounce his Demoſthenes and Cicero for the pleadings in Weſtminſter-Hall. His diſguſt to the ſtudy of the law had alſo been particularly excited, by the peruſal of ſome old and inaccurate abridgement of law-caſes in barbarous Latin. This diſinclination on his part, the ſolicitude of Dr. Sumner, that he ſhould devote ſome years to the completion of his ſtudies at the Univerſity, and the objections of his mother, founded on reaſons of economy, to a profeſſion which could not be purſued without conſiderable expenſe, fixed her deciſion againſt the advice of her legal friends. The choice of an Univerſity was alſo the occaſion of ſome diſcuſſion. Cambridge was recommended by Dr. Sumner, who had received his education there: but Dr. Glaſſe, who had private pupils at

Harrow, and had always diſtinguiſhed Jones by the kindeſt attention, recommended Oxford. His choice was adopted by Mrs. Jones, who, in compliance with the wiſhes of her ſon, had determined to reſide at the Univerſity with him, and greatly preferred the ſituation of Oxford.

In the Spring of 1764, he went to the Univerſity for the purpoſe of being matriculated and entered at College *: but he returned to Harrow for a few months, that he might finiſh a courſe of lectures, which he had juſt begun, and in which he had been highly intereſted by the learning, eloquence, taſte, and ſagacity of his excellent inſtructor. They ſeparated ſoon after with mutual regret, and in the following term he fixed himſelf at Oxford.

The name of Jones was long remembered at Harrow, with the reſpect due to his ſupe-

* The following is the form of his admission into University College, copied from his own writing:—Ego Gulielmus Jones, filius unicus Gulielmi Jones, Armigeri, de civitate Lond. lubens subscribo sub tutamine Magistri Betts, et Magistri Coulson, annos natus septendecim.

rior talents and unrivalled erudition; and he was frequently quoted by Dr. Sumner, as the ornament of his ſchool, and as an example for imitation. He had not only diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the extent of his claſſical attainments, and his poetical compoſitions, but by the eloquence of his declamations, and the maſterly manner in which they were delivered. In the varied talents which conſtitute an orator, Dr. Sumner himſelf excelled; and his pupil had equally benefited by his example and inſtruction. In the behaviour of Jones towards his ſchool-fellows, he never exhibited that tyranny, which in the larger ſeminaries of learning is ſometimes practiſed by the ſenior, over the younger ſtudents. His diſpoſition equally revolted at the exerciſe or ſufferance of oppreſſion; and he early exhibited a mind, ſtrongly impreſſed with thoſe moral diſtinctions which he ever retained. Of the friendſhips which he contracted at ſchool, many were afterwards cultivated with reciprocal affection; and among the friends of his early years, ſome ſtill ſurvive, who re-

member his virtues with delight, and deplore his loſs.

His friend Parnell, whoſe departure from ſchool he laments in the letter to his ſiſter, was the late Sir John Parnell, who held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Ireland. His teſtimony of the merits, capacity, and proficiency of his friend and fellow-ſtudent, at Harrow, extracted from a memorandum, which he gave to Lady Jones, will confirm my own account of him:—

"The early period of life is not uſually "marked by extraordinary anecdote: but "ſmall circumſtances become intereſting, "when we can trace in them the firſt prin- "ciples of virtue, and the firſt ſymptoms of "thoſe talents which afterwards ſo eminently "diſtinguiſhed the character of Sir William "Jones. He gave very early proofs of his "poſſeſſing very extraordinary abilities. His "induſtry was very great, and his love of li- "terature was the reſult of diſpoſition, and "not of ſubmiſſion to control. He excelled "principally in his knowledge of the Greek "language. His compoſitions were diſ-

" tinguiſhed by his preciſe application of
" every word, agreeably to the moſt ſtrict
" claſſical authority. He imitated the cho-
" ruſes of Sophocles ſo ſucceſsfully, that his
" writings ſeemed to be original Greek com-
" poſitions; and he was attentive even in
" writing the Greek characters with great
" correctneſs. His time being employed in
" ſtudy, prevented his joining in thoſe plays
" and amuſements which occupied the time
" of his other ſchoolfellows: but it induced
" no other ſingularity in his manners; they
" were mild, conciliating, and cheerful. When
" I firſt knew him, about the year 1761, he
" amuſed himſelf with the ſtudy of botany,
" and in collecting foſſils. In general, the
" ſame purſuits which gave employment to
" his mature underſtanding, were the firſt
" objects of his youthful attention. The
" ſame diſpoſition formed the moſt diſtin-
" guiſhed features at an early, and at a late
" period of his life. A deciſion of mind,
" and a ſtrict attachment to virtue, an en-
" thuſiaſtic love of liberty, an uniform ſpirit
" of philanthropy, were the characteriſtics of

" his youth, and of his manhood: he did no " act, he uſed no expreſſion, which did not " juſtify theſe aſſertions."

A collection of Engliſh poems, compoſed by Mr. Jones, at Harrow, was preſented by him to his friend Parnell, in 1763. The firſt and longeſt of the collection, containing more than three hundred and thirty lines, is entitled Proluſions, and is a critique on the various ſtyles of paſtoral writers. This was written by Mr. Jones, at the age of fifteen, and is the original of the poem, which he afterwards publiſhed under the title of Arcadia *.

The variations between his firſt attempt and ſubſequent publication are very conſiderable. In his earlieſt compoſition, he makes Menalcas, who repreſents Theocritus, the father of paſtoral poetry, adopt the language of Chaucer, as the only model he could take for a ſpecimen of the Engliſh Doric. Spenſer ſpeaks in his own dialect, and, as the poet ſays,

Masks in the roughest veil the sweeteſt song.

* Works, vol. x. p. 283.

In the original eſſay, Mr. Jones gives the prize to Tityrus, or Virgil: but, in the latter, Theocritus divides the kingdom of Arcadia between Virgil and Spenſer, and aſſigns to them his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, by whom he underſtands the two ſorts of paſtoral poetry; the one elegant and poliſhed, the other ſimple and unadorned, in both which Theocritus excels.

The remaining poems in the collection, conſiſt of tranſlations and imitations of Horace, Sophocles, and Theocritus; Saul and David, an Ode; and a Satire on the inordinate Love of Novelty.

A manuſcript of theſe poems, in the handwriting of Mr. Jones, was preſented to Lady Jones, by Sir John Parnell, a few weeks only before his death. I ſelect as a ſpecimen of Mr. Jones's poetical talents, at the age of fourteen, the ſhorteſt in the collection, in imitation of a well-known Ode of Horace *, and addreſſed to his friend Parnell;—

* Ode 14. lib. ii.

How quickly fades the vital flow'r!
Alas, my friend! each silent hour
Steals unperceiv'd away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,
Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal, drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; tho' an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas;
In vain we fly from wars;
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast;
(The slow Cocytus must be pass'd;)
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of Cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign
The num'rous casks of sparkling wine,
Which, frugal, now we store;
With them a more deserving heir,
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
Shall stain the stucco floor.

The new ſituation of Mr. Jones, at the Univerſity, did not at firſt correſpond with his expectations. Under the tuition of a maſter, who ſaw with admiration his capacity and application, who was anxious to aſſiſt his exertions, and rewarded their ſucceſs with unlimited applauſe, his ardour for learning had been raiſed to a degree of enthuſiaſm: at the Univerſity, he expected to find a Sumner or Aſkew, in every maſter of arts, and generally the ſame paſſion for literature, which he had himſelf imbibed. It was evident that ſuch extravagant expectations muſt be diſappointed; and from the public lectures, he derived little gratification or inſtruction; they were much below the ſtandard of his attainments, and, in fact, were conſidered as merely formal; and, inſtead of pure principles on ſubjects of taſte, on rhetoric, poetry, and practical morals, *he complained* that he was required to attend dull comments on artificial ethics, and logic detailed in ſuch barbarous Latin, that he profeſſed to know as little of it as he then knew of Arabic. The only logic

then in faſhion was that of the ſchools; and in a memorandum written by himſelf, which is my authority for theſe remarks, I find an anecdote related of one of the fellows, who was reading Locke with his own pupils, that he carefully paſſed over every paſſage in which that great metaphyſician derides the old ſyſtem.

With the advice of Dr. Sumner, he was preparing for the preſs his Greek and Latin compoſitions, including a Comedy, written in the language and meaſures of Ariſtophanes. But his ſolicitude to appear as an author, was perhaps prudently checked by the advice of other friends; and the propoſed publication from which he expected an increaſe of reputation, was reluctantly poſtponed. This comedy, which bears the title of Mormo, ſtill exiſts, but in a ſtate of ſuch mutilation, from the depredations of worms and time, that it cannot be publiſhed without very copious conjectural emendations.

After the reſidence of a few months at the Univerſity, on the 31ſt of October, 1764,

Mr. Jones was unanimouſly elected one of the four ſcholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, to whoſe munificence he was ever proud to acknowledge his obligations. The proſpect of a fellowſhip, to which he looked with natural impatience, was however remote, as he had three ſeniors.

His partiality for Oriental literature now began to diſplay itſelf in the ſtudy of the Arabic, to which he was ſtrongly incited by the example and encouragement of a fellow-ſtudent, of great worth and abilities, who had acquired ſome knowledge in that celebrated language, and offered him the uſe of the beſt books, with which he was well provided. In acquiring the pronunciation, he was aſſiſted by a native of Aleppo, who ſpoke and wrote the vulgar Arabic fluently, but was without any pretenſions to the character of a ſcholar. Mr. Jones accidentally diſcovered him in London, where he uſually paſſed his vacations, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to Oxford, under a promiſe of maintaining him there. This promiſe he was obliged

excluſively to fulfil for ſeveral months, at an expenſe which his finances could ill afford, being diſappointed in the hopes which he had entertained, that ſome of his brother collegians might be inclined to avail themſelves of the aſſiſtance of the Syrian, and participate with him in the expenſe of his maintenance.

The diſguſt expreſſed by Mr. Jones after his firſt introduction into the Univerſity ſoon ſubſided, and his time now paſſed with great ſatisfaction to himſelf. He found in it, all the means and opportunity of inſtruction which he could wiſh; and adopted that reſpectful attachment to it, which he ever after retained. His college tutors, who ſaw that all his hours were devoted to improvement, diſpenſed with his attendance on their lectures, alleging with equal truth and civility, that he could employ his time to more advantage. Their expectations were not diſappointed: he peruſed with great aſſiduity all the Greek poets and hiſtorians of note, and the entire works of Plato and Lucian, with a vaſt apparatus of commentaries on them; con-

ſtantly reading with a pen in his hand, making remarks, and compoſing in imitation of his favourite authors. Some portion of every morning he allotted to Mirza, whom he employed in tranſlating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, writing himſelf the tranſlation from the mouth of the Syrian. He afterwards corrected the grammatical inaccuracies of the verſion, by the help of Erpenius and Golius. In the courſe of his application to this ancient language, he diſcovered, what he never before ſuſpected, a near connection between the modern Perſic and Arabic, and he immediately determined to acquire the former. He accordingly ſtudied it with attention in the only Perſian grammar then extant; and having laboured diligently at the Guliſtan of Sadi, aſſiſted by the accurate but inelegant verſion of Gentius, and at the well choſen praxis at the cloſe of Meninski's grammar, he found his exertions rewarded with rapid ſucceſs.

His vacations were paſſed in London, where he daily attended the ſchools of An-

gelo, for the purpoſe of acquiring the elegant accompliſhments of riding and fencing. He was always a ſtrenuous advocate for the practice of bodily exerciſes, as no leſs uſeful to invigorate his frame, than as a neceſſary qualification for any active exertions to which he might eventually be called. At home, his attention was directed to the modern languages; and he read the beſt authors in Italian, Spaniſh, and Portugueſe, following in all reſpects the plan of education recommended by Milton, which he had by heart; and thus, to tranſcribe an obſervation of his own, with the fortune of a peaſant, giving himſelf the education of a prince.

If the literary acquiſitions of Mr. Jones at this period be compared with his years, few inſtances will be found, in the annals of biography, of a more ſucceſsful application of time and talents, than he exhibits; and it is worthy of obſervation, that he was no leſs indebted to his uncommon induſtry and method for his attainments, than to his ſuperior capacity.

A mind thus occupied in the purſuit of univerſal literature, was little ſuſceptible of the paſſions of avarice or ambition: but, as he was ſenſible that the charges attending his education, notwithſtanding his habitual attention to economy, muſt occaſion a conſiderable deduction from the moderate income which his mother poſſeſſed, he anxiouſly wiſhed for a fellowſhip, that he might relieve her from a burden which ſhe could ill ſupport. If the proſpect of acquiring that advantage had not been remote, no temptation would have ſeduced him from the Univerſity; but at the period when he began to deſpair of obtaining it, he received through Mr. Arden, whoſe ſiſter was married to his friend Sumner, an offer to be the private tutor of Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer. He had been recommended to the family of this nobleman by Dr. Shipley, to whom he was not then perſonally known, but who had ſeen and approved his compoſitions at Harrow, and particularly a Greek oration in praiſe of Lyon, an honeſt yeomen, who founded the

ſchool at that place in the reign of Elizabeth. The propoſal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones; and in his nineteenth year he went to London, and was ſo delighted with the manners of his pupil, then juſt ſeven years old, that he abandoned all thoughts of a profeſſion, and reſolved to devote himſelf to the faithful diſcharge of the important duties of his new ſituation. He had the ſatisfaction to find that this determination would probably reſtore him to the ſociety of his beſt and moſt reſpected friend, Dr. Sumner, as he underſtood from Mr. Arden, that his pupil, after ſome preliminary inſtruction, would be fixed at Harrow.

He returned for the preſent to Oxford, where he remained for a few months, and in the ſummer of 1765, went for the firſt time, as had been propoſed, to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himſelf the charge of his pupil's education.

He was now placed in a ſphere perfectly new to him.—If he quitted the Univerſity with a regret proportioned to his increaſing

attachment to it, his change of ſituation offered other advantages, amongſt which he juſtly eſteemed his introduction into the firſt ranks of ſociety, and a reſidence in one of the moſt agreeable places in the kingdom. He had new objects to engage his obſervation, and an intereſting occupation, from the diſcharge of which he derived great ſatisfaction; his application to literature was purſued without intermiſſion, for, although he reſided at Wimbledon until the approach of the winter only, he found ſufficient leiſure to compoſe many of his Engliſh poems, and to read the greateſt part of the Old Teſtament in Hebrew, particularly the Book of Job, and the Prophets, which he ſtudied with great attention.

In the courſe of the following ſummer, by an unexpected concurrence of circumſtances, a fellowſhip, which, in his eſtimation, gave him abſolute independence, was beſtowed upon him, and he went for a ſhort time to Oxford, that he might go through the regular forms of election and admiſſion. He was

accordingly elected fellow on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, on the 7th of Auguſt, 1766.

The idea of deriving an abſolute independence from an annual income, not exceeding, upon an average, one hundred pounds, may appear ridiculous when contraſted with the enlarged eſtimate of a competence in theſe times. But this ſum, in fact, was more than the wiſe economy of a college life then made neceſſary for a ſingle man, whoſe habits of prudence were formed, and Mr. Jones conſidered his fellowſhip as a freehold, in a place for which he had now contracted an enthuſiaſtic fondneſs, where he had acceſs to extenſive libraries, rare manuſcripts, the company of learned men, and all, as he expreſſed himſelf, that his heart could wiſh; and if he had obtained it a year ſooner, he would probably have been induced to decline the delicate and reſponſible taſk of education.

On his return to Wimbledon, he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the Treaſury, of the place

of Interpreter for Eaſtern languages: but, although the acceptance of it might not have interfered with his other purſuits, or engagements, he declined it politely, but without heſitation, earneſtly requeſting that it might be conferred upon Mirza, whoſe character he wrote. This diſintereſted ſolicitation was unnoticed; and his diſappointment made him regret his ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, under a reſolution to conſign the entire emoluments of it to his Syrian friend.

During his ſummer reſidence at Wimbledon, he formed an acquaintance to which he owed the future happineſs of his life. He there ſaw, for the firſt time, Anna Maria, the eldeſt daughter of Dr. Shipley, then Dean of Wincheſter: but whatever impreſſions her perſon and converſation made upon the heart of Mr. Jones, *his fixed ideas of an honourable independence*, and a determined reſolution never to owe his fortune to a wife, or her kindred, excluded all ideas of a matrimonial connection. In different circumſtances, he might

perhaps have then ſolicited an alliance, which he afterwards courted and obtained.

The family of Lord Spencer removed late in Autumn to London; and Mr. Jones, with his uſual avidity to acquire the accompliſhments of a gentleman, as well as thoſe of a ſcholar, privately arranged a plan with Gallini, who attended the younger part of the family, for receiving inſtructions from him in dancing; at the ſame time he continued his morning attendance, without intermiſſion, at the two ſchools of Angelo, with whoſe manners he was extremely pleaſed. Before he left London, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of learning the uſe of the broad-ſword, from an old penſioner at Chelſea, who had been active, as his ſcars proved, in many engagements, and whoſe narrative propenſity frequently amuſed him.

The acquiſition of his new accompliſhment, by Gallini's aſſiſtance, had been made with ſecrecy; and the diſplay of it enabled him to participate with much ſatisfaction, in the evening amuſements at Althorp, where he

paſſed the winter with his pupil. But his greateſt delight was furniſhed by an excellent library, in which he found intellectual treaſures of the higheſt value in his eſtimation; ſcarcely a ſingle book eſcaped his inſpection; and ſome of the moſt rare he peruſed with indefatigable application. It was at this period, in the twenty-firſt year of his age, that he began his Commentaries on Aſiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Louth's Prelections at Oxford, on the ſacred poetry of the Hebrews.

The ſummer of 1767, opened a new ſcene to him; the indiſpoſition of Lord Spencer rendered a journey to Spa advisable for the reſtoration of his health, and Mr. Jones attended the family: but his reſidence on the Continent was too ſhort to gratify his curioſity. At Spa he remained only three weeks, part of which he dedicated to the leſſons of Janſon, of Aix-la-Chapelle, a moſt incomparable dancing-maſter, and part to the acquiſition of the German language, in which he ſo far ſucceeded, as to be able to read Gesner with delight, aſſiſted only by an excellent German

Grammar and Dictionary; the pronunciation he had formerly learnt from a fellow collegian, who had paſſed ſome years at Brunſwick. He would gladly have availed himſelf of the inſtruction of a German maſter; but none was to be found at Spa, and his finances were unequal to the expenſe of procuring that aſſiſtance from Aix-la-Chapelle. Notwithſtanding theſe occupations, he found leiſure to participate in all the amuſements of the place.

In the winter of 1767, Mr. Jones reſided with his pupil at Althorp: the attention of Lord Spencer's family was then much occupied in the conteſted election at Northampton; but as he had neither inclination nor inducement to take any part in it, he confined himſelf chiefly to the library, which never failed to ſupply him with increaſing ſources of entertainment and improvement. His excurſions into the regions of literature were unlimited, and as his application was directed with his uſual perſeverance, he nearly completed his Commentaries, tranſcribed

an Arabic manuſcript on Egypt and the Nile, borrowed from Dr. Ruſſel, and copied the keys of the Chineſe language, which he wiſhed to learn.

The cloſe of this year is marked with an occurrence, which probably had a material influence on the determination of his future purſuits. From a motive of mere curioſity, he was prompted to peruſe the little treatiſe of Forteſcue, in praiſe of the Laws of England; and, although he was more diverted with the ſimplicity of the Latin ſtyle, than attracted by the ſubject, he felt ſo much intereſt in the work, as to ſtudy it with conſiderable attention. In the courſe of the reflections which it excited, he was naturally led to a compariſon of the laws of England with thoſe of other countries, and he marked with delight their uncontroverted claim to ſuperiority over the laws of every other ſtate, ancient or modern. Of this fact he acknowledged that he had never before entertained an idea. He was now qualified to appreciate with more accuracy, the merits and de-

fects of the republican ſyſtem of Greece and Rome, for which he had adopted a ſtrong partiality, natural to an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the orators and poets of thoſe celebrated nations; and to examine their juriſprudence by a ſtandard of compariſon, which impreſſed his mind with a decided reverence for the inſtitutions of his own country. He was not, however, regardleſs of the deviations in practice from the theoretical perfection of the conſtitution in the conteſted election, of which he was an unwilling ſpectator.

From Althorp he removed, in the ſpring of 1768, to Wimbledon, where he received a propoſal from Mr. Sutton, then Under-Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, the account of which I ſhall relate nearly in his own words*.

The King of Denmark, then upon a viſit to this country, had brought with him an eaſtern manuſcript, containing the life of Na-

* Introduction to the History of the Life of Nadir Shah. Works, vol. xii. p. 311.

dir Shah, which he was deſirous of having tranſlated in England. The Secretary of State with whom the Daniſh miniſter had converſed upon the ſubject, ſent the volume to Mr. Jones, requeſting him to give a literal tranſlation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the taſk, alleging for his excuſe, the dryneſs of the ſubject, the difficulty of the ſtyle, and chiefly his want both of leiſure and ability, to enter upon an undertaking ſo fruitleſs and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the tranſlation of a Perſian hiſtory, and ſome popular tales from the Perſic, as capable of gratifying the wiſhes of his Daniſh Majeſty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excuſed himſelf on account of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance would be of no ſmall advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him ſome mark of diſtinction, which would be pleaſing

to him; and, above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king ſhould be obliged to carry the manuſcript into France. Incited by theſe motives, and principally the laſt, unwilling to be thought churliſh or moroſe, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and ſent a ſpecimen of it to his Daniſh Majeſty, who returned his approbation of the ſtyle and method, but deſired that the whole tranſlation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preſerved. The taſk would have been far eaſier to him, if he had been directed to finiſh it in Latin; for the acquiſition of a French ſtyle was infinitely more tedious, and it was neceſſary to have every chapter corrected, by a native of France, before it could be offered to the diſcerning eye of the public, ſince in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice ſhades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleaſant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's

office, that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark. The tranſlation was not, however, publiſhed until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were ſent to Copenhagen; one of them bound with uncommon elegance, for the king himſelf; and the others, as preſents to his courtiers.

Such were the circumſtances which induced him, (as he modeſtly obſerved,) againſt his inclinations, to deſcribe the life of a conqueror; and to appear in public as an author, before a maturity of judgment had made him ſee the danger of the ſtep. If, (to quote his own words) he had reflected on the little ſolid glory which a man reaps from acquiring a name in literature, on the jealouſy and envy which attend ſuch an acquiſition, on the diſtant reſerve which a writer is ſure to meet with from the generality of mankind, and on the obſtruction which a contemplative habit gives to our hopes of being diſtinguiſhed in active life; if all, or any of theſe reflections had occurred to him, he would not

have been tempted by any conſideration to enter upon ſo invidious and thankleſs a career: *but*, as Tully ſays, *he would have conſidered, before he embarked, the nature and extent of his voyage; now, ſince the ſails are ſpread, the veſſel muſt take its courſe.*

What marks of diſtinction he received, or what fruits he reaped from his labours, he thought it would ill become him to mention at the head of a work, in which he profeſſed to be the hiſtorian of others, and not of himſelf: but, to repel the falſe aſſertions which appeared in an advertiſement on this ſubject in the public papers, containing a moſt unjuſt reflection on the King of Denmark, he conſidered it a duty impoſed upon him, by the laws of juſtice and gratitude, to print, at the beginning of his tranſlation, the honourable teſtimony of regard which his Majeſty Chriſtian VII. ſent publicly to London, a few months after the receipt of the work, together with the letter of thanks which he returned for ſo ſignal a token of his favour *.

* See Works, vol. xi. Preface.

From theſe documents, it appears that his Daniſh Majeſty ſent to him a diploma, conſtituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommended him, in the ſtrongeſt terms, to the favour and benevolence of his own ſovereign.

To the hiſtory of Nadir Shah, he added a Treatiſe on Oriental Poetry, in the language of the tranſlation: and I may venture to aſſert, that Mr. Jones was the only perſon in England, at that time, capable of producing a work, which required a critical knowledge of two foreign languages, one of which was ſcarcely known in Europe. Indeed, when we conſider the accuracy of the tranſlation, which has been acknowledged by the moſt competent judges; the extreme difficulty attending a literal verſion of Oriental imagery and idioms; the errors common to all manuſcripts, which he had no means of amending by the collation of different copies; and the elegance and correctneſs of his French ſtyle; we cannot but expreſs our aſtoniſhment at the perfection of his performance, and the

rapidity with which it was completed. The annexed treatiſe on Oriental poetry is inſtructive and elegant, intereſting from its novelty, and entertaining from its ſubject and variety, and exhibits the combined powers of taſte and erudition. This work was executed by a young man in his twenty-third year; and the motives which induced him to undertake it, had an equal influence on his exertions to render it as perfect as poſſible.

In detailing the circumſtances attending the firſt publication of Mr. Jones, I have carried the narrative to its concluſion, with ſome anticipation of the order of time. Part of the ſummer of 1768 he paſſed at Tunbridge, where his private ſtudies formed his chief occupation, and the winter of that year in London. He availed himſelf of the opportunity, which his ſituation there afforded, of beginning to learn muſic; and, having made choice of the Welch harp, for which he had a national partiality, he received leſſons from Evans, as long as he remained in town; but, as he was then ignorant of the theory of

muſic, the mere practice, without a knowledge of the principles of the art, gave him little delight. I know not that he ever afterwards reſumed the practice of the harp, nor is it to be regretted that he employed the time, which muſt have been dedicated to the attainment of any degree of perfection on this inſtrument, in more important purſuits.

In the beginning of this year, Mr. Jones formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial miniſter at Warſaw, and Ambaſſador at the Court of England, with the title of Count. This learned and accompliſhed nobleman was deeply captivated with the charms of Oriental literature; and the ruputation of Mr. Jones as an Oriental ſcholar attracted his advances towards an intimacy, which were eagerly received.

After their ſeparation, they commenced a correſpondence, which was cultivated with attention for many years. Of this correſpondence, much has been loſt, and many of the remaining letters are defaced and mutilated. They generally wrote in Latin, occaſionally

in French, on literary ſubjects chiefly, but more particularly on Oriental literature. From that part of the correſpondence, which took place in 1768, I ſelect ſuch letters as ſeem to fall within my plan, and now preſent a familiar tranſlation of them to my readers.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

How pleaſing was that half hour to me, in which we converſed on Perſian poetry, our mutual delight. I conſidered it the commencement of a moſt agreeable friendſhip and intercourſe between us; but my expectations are diſappointed by the circumſtances in which we are unavoidably placed; for, my buſineſs will confine me to the country longer than I wiſh; and you, as I am informed, are preparing to return immediately to Germany. I have, therefore, to lament that our intimacy is, as it were, nipped in the bud. I am not, however, without this conſolation, that if I cannot perſonally converſe with you, I can at leaſt correſpond with

* Appendix, No. 1.

you, and thus enjoy the ſatisfaction ariſing from a communication of our ſentiments and ſtudies. In mentioning *our friendſhip*, I ſhall not, I truſt, be deemed guilty of an improper freedom. Similarity of ſtudies, fondneſs for polite literature, congenial purſuits, and conformity of ſentiments, are the great bonds of intimacy amongſt mankind. Our ſtudies and purſuits are the ſame, with this difference indeed, that you are already deeply verſed in Oriental learning, whilſt I am inceſſantly labouring with all my might to obtain a proficiency in it. But I will not allow you to excel me in partiality for thoſe ſtudies, ſince nothing can exceed my delight in them. From my earlieſt years, I was charmed with the poetry of the Greeks; nothing, I then thought, could be more ſublime than the Odes of Pindar, nothing ſweeter than Anacreon, nothing more poliſhed or elegant than the golden remains of Sappho, Archilochus, Alcæus, and Simonides: but when I had taſted the poetry of the Arabs and Perſians * * * * * * *

The remainder of this letter is loſt: but from the context, and the anſwer of Reviczki, we may conclude that it contained an elaborate panegyric on Eaſtern poetry, expreſſed with all the rapture which novelty inſpires, and in terms degrading to the Muſes of Greece and Rome.

C. REVICZKI to W. JONES, Eſquire.*

London, Feb. 19, 1768.

SIR,

I am highly gratified by your recollection of me, as well as by the repeated compliments which you pay me, in your letters to Madame de Vaucluſe. I muſt acknowledge, that I feel not a little proud of them; but ſtill more, that an interview of a quarter of an hour has procured me the honour of your friendſhip. I ſhould be moſt happy to cultivate it, if my plans allowed me to remain longer in this country, or if I could at leaſt ſee you at Oxford, which I

* Appendix, No. 2.

purpoſe viſiting before I leave England. I hear, with pleaſure, that you have undertaken to publiſh a Treatiſe on Oriental Proſody. As I am convinced that you will perform this taſk moſt ably and ſucceſsfully, I anticipate with ſatisfaction the mortification of all our European poets, who muſt bluſh at the poverty of their proſaic language, when they find that the Oriental dialects (independently of rhyme, which is of their invention) have true ſyllabic quantities as well as the Greek, and a greater variety of feet, and conſequently the true ſcience of metre and proſody.

I take the liberty of ſending you a rough ſketch of one of my lateſt tranſlations from Hafez, with whom I ſometimes amuſe myſelf in a leiſure hour. You are too well acquainted with the genius of the Perſian language, not to perceive the raſhneſs of my attempt; I do not indeed pretend to give the beauty of the original, but merely its ſenſe, ſimple and unornamented. I have added to it a very free paraphraſe in verſe, in which,

however, the greateſt deviation from the text conſiſts in the occaſional ſubſtitution of *miſtreſs* for *mignon*, either to give a connection to the ſtanzas, which in this kind of compoſition is never preſerved, or to make it more conformable to our European taſte. The Perſian poet indeed ſpeaks of his miſtreſs in the firſt verſe.

You will find in the margin ſeveral quotations from the Greek and Latin Poets, which occurred to my recollection, whilſt I was reading Hafez, expreſſing the ſame ſentiments with the Perſian. I hope to have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you here before I leave England, aſſuring you with truth, that I conſider the honour of your acquaintance among the greateſt advantages attending my viſit to this country.

I am, &c. ——

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, Feb. 24, 1768.

SIR,

I received your learned and obliging letter on the ſame day on which I wrote to you; and I read it with the greateſt pleaſure, though I could have wiſhed that it had been more juſt to your own merit, and leſs flattering to me. I will not however take your expreſſions literally; and notwithſtanding your declarations, the taſte and judgment which you have diſplayed in the paſſages quoted by you, evidently prove that you have advanced far in Oriental literature. I muſt however beg quarter for the Greek and Latin; for, admitting, what I am not diſpoſed to deny, the perfection, and even the ſuperiority of the Orientals, particularly the Perſians in ſome ſpecies of poetry, I would without heſitation renounce all knowledge of the three Eaſtern languages for that of the

* Appendix, No. 3.

Greek alone. I rejoice that you have made ſo much progreſs in your work, and that I may hope ſoon to ſee it publiſhed; but how to aſſiſt you with my advice I know not, as I have not with me a ſingle treatiſe upon the ſubject of Oriental proſody. It is in truth an ocean; and ſuch are the abundance and variety of meaſures uſed by the Orientals, that no memory can retain them.

I am very anxious to learn under what head you claſs the Kaſidah, a ſpecies of compoſition highly admired by the Arabs, and very ſucceſsfully cultivated by them; it has a nearer reſemblance than any other kind of poetry to the Latin elegy, but its conſtruction partakes of that of the *Gazel**, with this difference, that the latter is reſtricted to thirteen couplets, whilſt the number of thoſe in the *Kaſidah* is unlimited; and ſecondly, that in each diſtich of the *Gazel*, the ſenſe muſt be complete and finiſhed, whilſt in the *Kaſidah*,

* Amatory Poem; it is not restricted to thirteen couplets, as Reviczki writes, but to seventeen, and generally contains about seven or eight.

the ſentiment is continued through ſucceſſive lines.

Of this ſpecies of compoſition, I do not know a more perfect ſpecimen, than the poem on the death of Mohammed, ſo celebrated throughout the Eaſt, that every man of letters can repeat it. It is one continued allegory, but admirable and pathetic, and begins, if I rightly remember, thus:

Does memory recall the blissful bowers
Of Solyma, the seat of many a friend;
That thus, thy grief pours forth such copious showers,
And bursting sighs thy lab'ring bosom rend?

With reſpect to your doubts on the ſuppoſed allegory of Hafez, much may be ſaid. I am rather inclined to believe, that the myſtical expoſition of this great poet, by the Mohammedans, may be imputed to their veneration and reſpect for his memory, and that their object in it is to juſtify his conduct as a poet, by repreſenting him equally irreproachable in his morals and compoſitions. Moſt of the commentators, as Shemy, Surury, and others, labour to give a myſtical inter-

pretation of his verſes on wine, youths, pleaſures, and a contempt for religion, ſo diſcreditable to a good muſſulman; but the ableſt of them all, the learned Sudi, diſclaims this mode of illuſtration, and profeſſes to give a literal expoſition of the text of Hafez, in oppoſition to the opinions of other commentators, and without queſtioning the purity of their intentions. It may not be amiſs to communicate to you an anecdote, which I have read ſomewhere reſpecting Hafez *.

* This anecdote is quoted by Sir William Jones, in the ninth chapter of his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, where he states the respective arguments in support of a *literal* or *mystical* interpretation of it. Without pronouncing a positive decision, he gives an opinion in favour of a literal interpretation as the most probable.

In an essay on the mystical poetry of the Persians and Hindus, composed some years afterwards in India, (Works, vol. iv. p. 211.) he thus expresses himself on the subject: "It has been made a question, whether the "poems of Hafez must be taken in a literal or figurative "sense: but the question does not admit of a general "and direct answer; for, even the most enthusiastic of "his commentators allow, that some of them are to be "taken literally, and his editors ought to have distin-"guished them.—Hafez never pretended to more than "human virtues, and it is known that he had human "propensities;—after his juvenile passions had subsided,

After the death of this great man, ſome of the religious were diſpoſed to deny his body the right of ſepulture, alleging in objection, the licentiouſneſs of his poetry: after a long diſpute, they left the deciſion to a divination in uſe amongſt them, by opening his book at random, and taking the firſt couplet which occurred: It happened to be this:

Turn not away from Hafez' bier,
Nor ſcornful check the pitying tear;
For tho' immers'd in ſin he lies,
His ſoul forgiv'n to Heaven ſhall riſe.

This paſſage was deemed a divine deciſion; the religious withdrew their objections, and he was buried in Moſella, a place rendered famous by his own verſes. This anecdote, I think, is related by Kaleb Celebi. As to myſelf, although I am diſpoſed to believe, that when Hafez ſpeaks of love and wine, he has no recondite meaning, I am equally will-

" we may ſuppoſe, that his mind took that religious " bent, which appears in moſt of his compoſitions; for " there can be no doubt that the following diſtichs, col- " lected from different odes, relate to the myſtical theo- " logy of the Sufis;" &c.

ing to declare, that his writings are not diſgraced by thoſe obſcenities, nor thoſe groſs and filthy expreſſions, which ſo frequently occur in Sadi.

Nor can I avoid conſidering him a free thinker; and a hundred paſſages might be quoted, in which the poet ridicules the Prophet and his Coran; as for inſtance, when he ſays,

> Wine, that our sober Seer proclaims
> Parent of sin, and foul misnames,
> With purer joy my soul beguiles,
> Than beauty's bloom, or beauty's smiles.

As to the Turkiſh poets, I confeſs I do not read them with the ſame pleaſure, although I am willing to allow that ſome of them have merit. In my opinion, Ruhi, of Bagdad, is the moſt agreeable of them all; he has written ſome admirable ſatires. Perhaps you are not acquainted with him. The Turkiſh poets in general, are no better than ſlaviſh imitators of the Perſians, and often deficient in taſte and harmony.

I cannot comprehend how you have diſ-

covered an indelicate meaning in theſe beautiful lines of Meſihi:

> Send me not, O God, to the tomb, before I have embraced my friend:——

unleſs you annex an idea of obſcenity to the expreſſion of embracing a youth; a ſubject which perpetually occurs not only in Oriental poetry, but in Greek and Latin. I ſend you a recent tranſlation, with a requeſt that you will return it when you are tired with it, as I have no copy.

I am, with the greateſt eſteem
and veneration,
Sir, &c.

* REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 7, 1768.

I am at a loſs to determine whether your letter has afforded me moſt pleaſure or inſtruction; it is indeed ſo admirable, that I muſt point out the only fault which I find in it, that of brevity, although you ſeem apprehenſive of being thought tedious. I ſuſ-

* Appendix, No. 4.

pect that I am indebted to your partiality and politeneſs only, for the exceſſive encomiums which you have beſtowed upon my tranſlation of the two odes which I ſent to you, as well as for the favourable opinion which you entertain of my trifles. I am, however, ſeriouſly obliged to you for your animadverſions upon my inaccuracies, though when I conſider their number, I muſt impute it to your indulgence that you have been ſo ſparing in your corrections. Without wiſhing to leſſen my obligations to your kindneſs, I cannot avoid mentioning by way of apology, that it is only three months ſince I reſumed the taſk of writing verſes, which I renounced when I left ſchool; and not from any motive of vanity, or deſire of reputation, but merely as an amuſement of my leiſure hours. My relapſe has produced the tranſlation of about fifty odes of our learned Hafez,

For whom, each hour a growing fondness brings *,
As by degrees the vernal alder springs.

* These lines are taken from a juvenile translation of Sir William Jones.

But obſerving, in the progreſs of the work, the immenſe inferiority of my verſion to the original, I began to be diſguſted with it.

I recollect to have read ſomewhere with great pleaſure, the Prelections of the Biſhop of Oxford, of which you ſpeak ſo highly, and which you propoſe to imitate, but I remember nothing more of this work, than that I thought both the ſtyle and arrangement of it, equally admirable. The Grecian and Oriental flowers ſcattered throughout your letter, delighted me exceedingly, and your ſelection of them ſhews your judgment. I alſo approve your idea of viſiting the Eaſt; but previouſly to your undertaking it, I would recommend to you, to make yourſelf maſter of the common language of the Turks, or of the vulgar Arabic, not only as indiſpenſably neceſſary to your communications with the Mohammedans, but as a means of deriving pleaſure and profit from the journey.

I do not mean to apply my cenſures on the ſervile imitations of Turkiſh authors to every ſpecies of imitation; for in ſome inſtances the

imitation, as in the caſe of Virgil with reſpect to Heſiod, has ſurpaſſed the original. Nor can Hafez himſelf deny the imputation of plagiariſm, having actually tranſcribed whole lines from other poets; his collection of poems begins with an inſtance of this kind, for the very firſt hemiſtich is tranſcribed from one of Yezid*, the ſon of Mowavea, with an alteration only in the collocation of the words, not to mention nearly a complete ode in another place; but I am diſguſted with the flat and perpetual imitation of the many Turkiſh poets, to whom we may aptly apply the words of Horace:

O ſervile herd of imitators!——

Do you wiſh to know my opinion reſpecting the other Perſian poets, and whether I

* Yezid was the ſon of Mowavea, the firſt Caliph of the race of Ommiah, and being reproached by his father for excessive drinking, replied as follows:

Does this thy wrath inſpire, because I quaff'd
The grape's rich juice?—then doubly ſweet the draught.
Rage—I will drink unmoved, for to my ſoul,
Sweet is thy wrath, and ſweet the flowing bowl.

think Hafez alone elegant? far from it; for who can read without ecſtaſy the firſt page of Sadi? Indeed, my paſſion for Oriental literature was firſt excited by hearing the following lines of Sadi accidentally repeated by my teacher at Conſtantinople, who explained them to me:

All-bounteous Lord! whose providential care
E'en on thy proud rebellious sons descends;
How canst thou bid thy votaries despair,
Whose boundless mercy to thy foes extends?

But who can ſuppreſs his indignation, when he reads the wretched tranſlation of this elegant writer, by Gentius? I acknowledge however, that I am more delighted with Hafez, who unites fine morality with cheerfulneſs. With reſpect to Jami, whoſe works I do not at preſent poſſeſs, I remember enough of what I read at Conſtantinople to venture to aſſert, that he is the moſt ſucceſsful of the Perſian poets. In the judgment of Sudi, Hafez is unequal; ſome of his odes are excellent, others very inferior, and ſome very tame, whilſt Jami preſerves an equality

throughout. I have not tranſlated the ode of Hafez, "If that fair maid," &c. * into Latin verſe, as the ſenſe is ſo unconnected: but a proſe tranſlation of it with notes, if you wiſh to have it, is at your ſervice. In the mean time, I ſend you my lateſt production, not complete indeed, but a mere embryo. Farewel.

P. S. It is little to ſay, I approve your Arabic verſes; I really admire them, but dare not in this inſtance attempt to imitate you.

REVICZKI.

† REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 17th, 1768.

I was highly delighted with your letter, particularly with your various tranſlations, imitations, and compoſitions; they not only prove you have

> Made the Greek authors your ſupreme delight,
> Read them by day, and ſtudied them by night:
> (FRANCIS:)

* See a poetical translation of this ode, in Sir William Jones's Works, vol. v. p. 316.

† Appendix, No. 5.

but that you have attained all the peculiar elevation, as well as elegance of that language. Your Ode to Venus is as beautiful as Venus herſelf; and you have imitated with wonderful ſucceſs ſo divine an original.

Is it not melancholy to reflect, that not only ſo much of the compoſitions of this elegant writer ſhould be loſt, but that the little which remains is ſo mutilated and corrupted?

That the text of the ode ſelected by you, and even that preſerved by Dionyſius, and publiſhed by Upton, is preferable to that of Stephens, or whoever made the emendations (ſuch as they are), I freely admit; for the rules of dialect are not only better obſerved, but it contains ſtronger marks of being genuine: yet, after all, it is impoſſible to deny, that there are many chaſms in it, as well as errors, which cannot be ſatisfactorily amended by any explanation or twiſting of the ſenſe.

That Sappho wrote in the dialect of her own country, which cannot at this time be

perfectly underſtood, is ſufficiently probable; but it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe the Æolic dialect irreconcileable to metre and proſody; not to mention the evident corruption of the ſenſe in ſome paſſages.

* * * * * *

Your tranſlation of the Epigram on the Kiſs of Agatho, is very elegant, and the idea in it reſembles that of Hafez in the following lines:

Anxious thy blooming charms to see,
Quick to my lips my soul ascends;
Must it expire or live?—decree;—
For on thy voice my fate depends.

I ſend you, as I promiſed, a proſe tranſlation of the Perſian ode, together with an attempt at a poetical verſion of it, which I will hereafter improve. Pray inform me, whether there is any tranſlation of Hafez, printed or manuſcript, in Latin, or any other European language; for I know of no other attempt at a tranſlation of this poet, than that of the firſt ode, lately publiſhed in the Analecta of Profeſſor Hyde.

I requeſt likewiſe to be informed, where I am likely to find the firſt book of the Iliad of Homer, with an analyſis and notes, for the uſe of ſcholars, printed in England, which a friend of mine wiſhes to procure for his ſon.

The ode, of which you praiſe the concluding verſe, is elegant; I remember only the firſt couplet:—

> Bring wine, and scatter flow'rs around,
> Nor seek the depths of fate to sound:—
> Such was the morning rose's tale;—
> What say'st thou, warbler of the vale?

Although I have begun the preparations for my departure, and have packed up my books, if you wiſh to have a tranſlation of this ode, or if it will be of any uſe to you, I will undertake it before I go. I wait your commands. Farewel.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 29th, 1768.

That I have deferred longer than uſually my reply to your obliging letter, you

* Appendix, No. 6.

muſt impute to the novel, and ſtrange appearance of things here. You will not, I truſt, be diſpoſed to blame a delay, occaſioned by the attention of a foreigner to cuſtoms which are peculiar to your country, and which I never obſerved in any other; for I confeſs to you that I never ſaw any thing ſimilar to the mode here purſued of electing members of parliament, the novelty of it at firſt amuſed me, but the increaſing tumult ſickened and diſguſted me, and, by compelling me to remain at home, afforded me an opportunity of writing to you. I rejoice that my verſion of the Perſian ode pleaſes you, and that it has induced you to think me equal to the tranſlation of the whole collection. But highly as I am honoured by your opinion, I cannot but think your advice ſomewhat unmerciful, for what mortal, unleſs

> Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
> Around his daring bosom roll'd,
>
> (FRANCIS,)

would undertake a tranſlation in proſe and verſe of ſix hundred odes? The attempt

would not only require many years, but an entire exemption from all other occupations; which is not my caſe; I can only make theſe ſtudies my occaſional amuſement. I mean, however, ſome time or other, to publiſh as much as I can.

The perſon who applied to me for the firſt book of the Iliad, with a verbal analyſis, already poſſeſſes the key to Homer; but he thinks the other work better adapted to the uſe of boys, becauſe the notes in it are ſubjoined to the text, which is not the plan of the Clavis. If you have one at hand, oblige me by juſt looking into it; for, if my memory does not fail me, there is a catalogue prefixed, mentioning the work which I want, and the name of the printer.

Although your politeneſs has excuſed any further efforts, I nevertheleſs ſend the ode which you requeſted in your laſt letter but one, as I think it will pleaſe you. It is by no means one of the eaſieſt, either to underſtand, or tranſlate; and indeed, the force of the peculiar idioms of a foreign language

cannot be well conveyed by any circumlocution.

You aſk my opinion of the affinity between the Hebrew and Arabic, and of an idiom common to both, of uſing the future for the paſt. Though I ſeldom read Hebrew, or, to ſay the truth, though I conſider this ſacred language rather as an object of veneration than of delight, (for, excepting the Old Teſtament itſelf, and ſome rabbinical dreams about it, there is nothing in it worth peruſal,) I well remember, from the little of it which I have read, having remarked a cloſe connection between the grammar of the Hebrew and Arabic, the moods and tenſes in both are ſo few, as to require the frequent ſubſtitution of one for another; the Greek, however, which is ſo redundant in moods and tenſes, ſometimes does the ſame; for inſtance, when it uſes the infinitive for the imperative. With reſpect to the meaſures uſed in the two languages, I am of a different opinion, for I conſider the metrical art of the Arabs of much later invention, and to have

assumed its present form only a short time before Mohammed, there being no trace whatever among them of a more ancient poetry. If the Hebrew poetry had a similar construction, which may indeed be suspected from a similar use of the vowels, we might by this time have traced, without difficulty, the laws of Hebrew metre by the rules of analogy *.

If the text of the ode, which you mention to have read in the miscellaneous works of some anonymous author, had been correct, you would not have wanted my humble assistance: but it is so full of errors, that I must be an Œdipus to interpret it. Every one knows, that the mere irregularity of the diacritical points occasions infinite difficulty

* The probability that the metrical compositions of the Hebrews and Arabs were founded on the same rules of prosody, is intimated by Sir W. Jones, in his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry, and proposed to the investigation of the learned. This opinion is suggested, by the close affinity of the languages of those ancient people, whence he argues to a presumption that their poets used the same numbers, feet, and measures, in their compositions.

in the Oriental languages; but this is doubly increaſed by the caſual omiſſion or alteration of the letters themſelves. It is therefore abſolutely neceſſary in my opinion, as it is impoſſible to find manuſcripts without errors, to poſſeſs two copies of every one which you read, that the faults of the one may be corrected by the other; and this is my method.

* * * * * *

I have only to conclude by thanking you for your Italian ſonnet, and expreſſing the commendation to which it is entitled.—Farewel.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

April 1768.

Nothing can afford a ſtronger proof of your polite attention to me, than your laſt very friendly letter, which you contrived to write in the midſt of city buſtle, during the noiſe of riotous mobs, and the tumult of a parliamentary election, and to accompany

* Appendix, No. 7.

it with a moſt beautiful Perſian Ode, and a Latin tranſlation. Our favourite Hafez deſerves indeed to be fed with ambroſia, and I daily diſcover, with increaſing delight, new beauties and elegances in him. The principal difficulty attending the tranſlation and publication of his poems as you have begun, conſiſts in giving them a poetical dreſs; but this will prove eaſier than you imagine; for there are many of his odes, which I conclude you will not attempt to tranſlate, as containing expreſſions wholly foreign to our manners, lofty and daring figures, or abrupt unconnected lines; and this will in ſome meaſure alleviate the Herculean labour of the taſk.

* * * * * *

If I were not a ſincere lover of truth, and averſe from all diſſimulation, I ſhould lament that our capital has fallen under your inſpection in theſe times of turbulence and diſtraction, when the liberty of my country, ſo univerſally celebrated, has degenerated into unbridled licentiouſneſs, not to

ſay outrage. The original form of our conſtitution is almoſt divine;—to ſuch a degree, that no ſtate of Rome or Greece could ever boaſt one ſuperior to it; nor could Plato, Ariſtotle, nor any legiſlator, even conceive a more perfect model of a ſtate. The three parts which compoſe it are ſo harmoniouſly blended and incorporated, that neither the flute of Ariſtoxenus, nor the lyre of Timotheus, ever produced more perfect concord. What can be more difficult than to deviſe a conſtitution, which, while it guards the dignity of the ſovereign, and liberty of the people, from any encroachment by the influence and power of the nobility, preſerves the force and majeſty of the laws from violation, by the popular liberty? This was the caſe formerly in our iſland, and would be ſo ſtill, if the folly of ſome had not prompted them to ſpur on the populace, inſtead of holding them in. I cannot therefore reſtrain my indignation againſt *Wilkes*, a bold and able, but turbulent man, the very torch and firebrand of ſedition: but what can be ſaid in defence of the

honour and conſiſtency of ſome of our nobility, who, after having given him their countenance and ſupport, ſhamefully deſerted and betrayed him?

If you wiſh to obtain more accurate information reſpecting our laws and cuſtoms, I recommend to your peruſal Smith's Treatiſe on the Engliſh Conſtitution, and the Dialogue of Forteſcue in praiſe of the Laws of England. Thomas Smith was the Engliſh ambaſſador in France in the reign of Elizabeth, and his work is in Latin, and not inelegantly written. To Forteſcue's little tract, we may apply the words of Xenophon to the Teleboas; "it is not large, but beautiful." He was Chancellor of England under Henry the Sixth, and was compelled by the diſtractions of the times, to take refuge with his pupil Prince Edward in France, where, in an advanced age, he compoſed his little golden dialogue. Theſe books will convince you that our laws are framed with the greateſt wiſdom, and that as Pindar, quoted by Plato in his Gorgias, ſays,

Sov'reign o'er all, eternal law
On Gods and Men imposes awe,
And justice, strengthen'd by her hand,
O'er all exerts supreme command.

When I reflect on our conſtitution, I ſeem as it were to contemplate a game at cheſs, a recreation in which we both delight. For we have a king whoſe dignity we ſtrenuouſly defend, but whoſe power is very limited; the knights, and rooks, and other pieces, have ſome kind of reſemblance to the orders of nobility, who are employed in war, and in the management of public affairs; but the principal ſtrength is in the pawns, or people; if theſe are firmly united, they are ſure of victory, but if divided and ſeparated, the battle is loſt. The motions of all, as in the game of cheſs, are regulated by fixed laws: laſtly, when I conſider myſelf, I ſeem like a ſpectator, contemplating for his mere amuſement the two parties at the game; but if it ever ſhould be my lot to be concerned in the adminiſtration of affairs, I will renounce gain and popularity, and purſue one object,

and one only, to preſerve our beautiful conſtitution inviolate.

Contrary to my intention, I find I have been prolix; I will, therefore, turn to another ſubject. I read your laſt letter with an apprehenſion, that it might communicate the intelligence of your ſpeedy departure from England; but as you are ſilent on this head, as my buſineſs here will ſoon be concluded, and as I know the uncertainty of all human affairs, I am determined to embrace an opportunity, which, if I now neglect, may not again occur, of paying you a viſit in London about the middle of the month.—Farewel.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.—

No Date.—1768.

I have received your two letters replete with taſte and erudition: your kindneſs towards me is as conſpicuous in them, as the brilliancy of your genius. I now reply to both.

* Appendix, No. 8.

Your approbation of my intention to publiſh my work, gives me, as it ought, great pleaſure; for I cannot but rejoice, as Hector in the tragedy ſays, "in the praiſe of one, "who is himſelf entitled to praiſe." The peruſal of the two odes of the divine poet, afforded me infinite delight; they are very beautiful, but their beauties are more conſpicuous from your luminous interpretation. Your metrical imitation of them is elegant, and if you will allow me to publiſh it in my work, you will equally oblige me and my readers, who will be glad to hear the Perſian poet ſpeak Latin; if you object to this, copies of them ſhall be depoſited with my treaſures, and the originals reſtored to you as ſoon as poſſible. You bid me return the verſes to you when I am tired with them: this is as much as to ſay keep them for ever, for it is impoſſible that I can ever be tired with the peruſal.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Oxford, November 1768.

I cannot reſiſt the temptation of writing to you, although I fear you may have quitted this country before my letter arrives.

I have received your obliging letter, with an elegant ode of Hafez, which I read with the greateſt pleaſure, or rather devoured.

But what neceſſity is there to ſay more, ſince it is poſſible that what I write, may never reach you? Let me, again and again, intreat and beſeech your remembrance of me wherever you go, and that you will write to me as ſpeedily, and at as great a length as poſſible. Be aſſured that nothing has, or ever can, afford me greater pleaſure than your friendſhip.

* * * * * *

Theſe letters ſtrongly mark the enthuſiaſm of Mr. Jones, and his learned friend Reviczki, for Oriental literature; nor am I ſurpriſed to

* Appendix, No. 9.

find that the former ſhould have been led by it, to entertain an intention of viſiting the Eaſt: no one, however, will regret that it was at that period abandoned. Every reader will peruſe with pleaſure the enthuſiaſtic veneration expreſſed by Mr. Jones for the Britiſh conſtitution, and the ardour with which he pronounces himſelf its champion; they will alſo remark that his attachment to it was indelible, and acquired ſtrength from his increaſing knowledge of its laws and principles.

For an account of his occupations at Wimbledon, where he paſſed the Spring of 1769, I ſhall tranſcribe part of a letter which he wrote to an intimate friend, John Wilmot, Eſquire.

" My life is one unvaried ſcene of writing " letters, and attending the donzelle vezzoſe " e tenerolle, by whoſe beauties I confeſs " myſelf eaſily overcome.

" I have juſt read Robertſon's Life of " Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which

" is amuſing and inſtructive, and the ſtyle
" flowing and elegant: but the former wants
" that ſpirit and fire of genius, that alone
" can make a hiſtory animated, and leave
" great impreſſions on the mind and the
" latter has too great a fameneſs in the turn
" of the ſentences, and abounds with too
" many affected words.

" I have alſo given my favourite Petrarch
" a ſecond reading, and was ſo much pleaſed
" with his lamentations over Laura, that I
" ſelected the moſt beautiful paſſages, and
" threw them altogether in the form of an
" Elegy *, which I ſend you encloſed, but
" beg you will return it as ſoon as you can,
" as I have no other copy. I fear I ſhall not
" be at Oxford this Spring, but am not cer-
" tain. Give my compliments to Poore, and
" tell him, if he will deſcend from the ſtarry
" temple of philoſophy, and write to a very
" idle fellow, I ſhall be glad to hear from

* Works, vol. x. p. 261.

" him, eſpecially as I am deſirous of know-
" ing his ſentiments about my Treatiſe De
" Poëſi Aſiaticâ."

* * * * *

In the Summer of this year, Lord Althorp was ſettled at Harrow, and Mr. Jones, who accompanied him there, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing himſelf reſtored to the ſociety of Dr. Sumner. Their enthuſiaſm for literature was equal: the maſter contemplated, with delight unmixed with envy, a rival of his own erudition in his ſcholar, who acknowledged with gratitude his obligations to his preceptor. Their intercourſe, although interrupted, had never been diſcontinued; and Mr. Jones ſeldom ſuffered any conſiderable time to elapſe without viſiting Harrow. During his reſidence there at this period, he tranſcribed a Perſian Grammar, which he had three years before compoſed for the uſe of a ſchool-fellow who had been deſtined for India, but had ſince relinquiſhed that object for a commiſſion in the army.

I find alſo from his correſpondence, that

he had begun a Dictionary of the Perſian Language, in which the principal words were illuſtrated from the moſt celebrated authors of the Eaſt: but he expreſſed at the ſame time his determination not to continue the work, unleſs the India Company would purchaſe it at a conſiderable expenſe.

The ſerious reader has probably remarked, that, amidſt the attention of Mr. Jones to general literature, Religion has not been mentioned as an object of his ſtudy, and he may be ſolicitous to know his opinions on this important ſubject, and whether he had made any, and what, progreſs in that knowledge, in compariſon of which all erudition is trifling, and human ſcience vain. Notwithſtanding the anxiety of Mrs. Jones for the improvement of her ſon, and her indefatigable exertions to promote it in his early years, ſhe had initiated him no further in the principles of our holy faith, than to teach him the Lord's Prayer and Apoſtles' Creed. During his reſidence at Harrow, at the earneſt recommendation of Dr. Glaſſe, whoſe name I men-

tion with reverence, Mr. Jones was induced to peruſe a work, intitled, "Private Thoughts on Religion," by Biſhop Beveridge, with conſiderable attention; and he was particularly ſtruck with a paſſage, in which the pious author argues, that a profeſſion of Chriſtianity merely becauſe our countrymen profeſs it, without a candid enquiry and ſincere conviction, would be no better reaſon for our faith, than the Mohammedans have for theirs. The obſervation readily ſuggeſted to his recollection a famous couplet in Zayre, which he did not heſitate to apply to himſelf:

J'eusse été près du Gange, esclave des faux dieux,
Chrétienne dans Paris, Mussulmane en ces lieux.

I wiſh for my own ſatisfaction, as well as that of my reader, that I were able to pronounce what impreſſion the peruſal of this work made upon the mind of Mr. Jones. It is probable, and the preſumption is not advanced without reaſon, that it induced him to reflect with more ſerioufneſs than he had ever before entertained on the ſubject of re-

ligion, and to inveſtigate the grounds on which the Old and New Teſtament had been received, during ſo many ages, as the Word of God. It is evident however, from a converſation with two of his clerical friends at Harrow at this time, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, that his belief in Chriſtianity was not unmixed with doubts. Theſe doubts were ſtated by him, in hopes of obtaining a ſolution of them; but being diſappointed, he declared his determination to peruſe the whole of the Scriptures in the original uninterruptedly, that he might be enabled to form a correct judgment of the connection between the two parts, and of their evidence both internal and external. The expoſition of his doubts to thoſe whom he thought qualified to ſolve them, was a proof of his anxiety to kno the truth; and the determination which he formed in conſequence of his diſappointment, is no leſs a proof of his ſincerity in the ſearch of it. I cannot deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of anticipating the concluſion to which his inveſti-

gation led, a firm belief in the authenticity and inſpiration of the Holy Scriptures.

In a Hebrew copy of the book of Hoſea, I find a ſeries of Propoſitions in the hand-writing of Mr. Jones, containing the ſketch of a demonſtration of the divine authority of the Chriſtian Religion. Theſe Propoſitions appear to have been written near the period of the preceding converſation at Harrow. They are not expreſſed with ſuch accuracy or elegance, as to juſtify a ſuppoſition that they were intended to be made public; but as I know that he always conſidered the demonſtration contained in them ſatisfactory, I exhibit them as evidence of his early conviction of the truth and completion of the prophecies reſpecting our Saviour.

PROPOSITION I.

There is *as much* reaſon to believe, that the writings of Iſaiah and the Hebrew Prophets, as that thoſe of Homer and the Greek Poets, are *more ancient* than the time of Jeſus.

Objection. Some men might have an intereſt in forging Iſaiah.

Anſwer. Forged writings would have been more *in point.* Thoſe of Iſaiah bear no marks of forgery; and the Jews themſelves, who were puzzled by them, acknowledged their *antiquity.*

PROPOSITION II.

Theſe ancient writings, eſpecially Iſaiah, allude to ſome great event, and to ſome real extraordinary perſon, "who was put to "death, and complained not;" &c. Iſaiah, chap. liii.

PROPOSITION III.

The life and death of Jeſus, his virtues and doctrines, though not his miracles, are as much to be believed, as the life and death of Socrates, his virtues, and his doctrine.

PROPOSITION IV.

No perſon in the hiſtory of the Jews, be-

fore or after Jeſus, coincides with this account, except Jeſus.

Therefore Jeſus was the ſubject of their writings, which are conſequently inſpired, and he a perſon of an extraordinary nature, that is, the Meſſiah.

If this be juſt reaſoning, we may believe his miracles, and *muſt* obey his law.

If difficulties occur, and we are aſked, "how they can be ſolved," we may ſafely anſwer, "We do not know;" yet we may truly be, and juſtly be called Chriſtians.

To theſe Propoſitions, the following note is ſubjoined:—"What muſt be the import-"ance of a book," of which it may be truly ſaid, "if this book be not true, the religion "which we profeſs is falſe?"

Mr. Jones returned with his pupil from Harrow, in the Autumnal vacation of 1769, and availed himſelf of this opportunity to viſit his friends at Oxford. During his reſidence there, he made an excurſion to Foreſt Hill, the occaſional habitation of Milton; for

whoſe genius and learning, he early and ever entertained the higheſt veneration. The public will read with pleaſure his own relation of what he ſaw and felt on this occaſion, in an animated letter which he wrote to Lady Spencer.

To Lady SPENCER.

7th Sept. 1769.

The neceſſary trouble of correcting the firſt printed ſheets of my hiſtory, prevented me to-day from paying a proper reſpect to the memory of Shakeſpeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was reſolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and ſet out in the morning in company with a friend to viſit a place, where Milton ſpent ſome part of his life, and where, in all probability, he compoſed ſeveral of his earlieſt productions. It is a ſmall village ſituated on a pleaſant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Foreſt Hill, becauſe it formerly lay contiguous to a foreſt, which has ſince been cut down. The poet choſe

this place of retirement after his firſt marriage, and he deſcribes the beauties of his retreat in that fine paſſage of his L'Allegro:

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
* * * * * *
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.
* * * * * *
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks. &c.

It was neither the proper ſeaſon of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural ſounds, and ſee all the objects mentioned in this deſcription; but, by a pleaſing concurrence of circumſtances, we were ſa-

luted, on our approach to the village, with the muſic of the mower and his ſcythe; we ſaw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we aſcended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable ſtillneſs and natural ſimplicity of the whole ſcene, gave us the higheſt pleaſure. We at length reached the ſpot, whence Milton undoubtedly took moſt of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a moſt extenſive proſpect on all ſides: the diſtant mountains that ſeemed to ſupport the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly ſhaded with trees of the fineſt verdure, and partly raiſed above the groves that ſurrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyiſh colour, where the ſheep were feeding at large, in ſhort, the view of the ſtreams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a ſingle uſeleſs or idle word in the above-mentioned deſcription, but that it was a moſt exact and lively repreſentation of nature. Thus will this fine paſſage,

which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactneſs. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthuſiaſm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's houſe was cloſe to the church, the greateſt part of it has been pulled down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that ſeveral papers in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was laſt in poſſeſſion of the eſtate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them ſhewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber, and I was much pleaſed with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It muſt not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are ſo elegantly deſcribed in the Penſieroſo. Moſt of the cottage windows are overgrown with ſweet briars, vines, and honey-ſuckles; and that Milton's habitation had

the ſame ruſtic ornament, we may conclude from his deſcription of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

> Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a ſort of honey-ſuckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly uſed for the ſweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the ſame couplet.

If I ever paſs a month or ſix weeks at Oxford in the Summer, I ſhall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable manſion, and to make a feſtival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the moſt perfect ſcholar, as well as the ſublimeſt poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be leſs ſplendid, but more ſincere and reſpectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have the honour, &c.

Towards the end of this year, Mr. Jones accompanied the family of Lord Spencer in a journey to the Continent. I cannot better

deſcribe his occupations and reflections during this excurſion, than in his own words:

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Nice, 4*th Feb.* 1770.

The date of my letter will not fail to ſurprize you; for I do not write from the plains, through which the Thames or Iſis, ſo juſtly dear to me, glides, but from the foot of the Alps, and in front of the Ligurian ſea.

I have reſided in this delightful little ſpot nearly three months; it was not poſſible therefore for me to receive your two moſt acceptable letters, dated in September and January, before my departure from England: I have read them with ſingular pleaſure, to which their length did not a little contribute. You cannot conceive my anxiety to peruſe your Treatiſe on the Military Art of the Turks; it is, I underſtand, depoſited in Lord Spencer's houſe in London, but I expect to receive a copy by the firſt veſſel which

* Appendix, No. 11.

ſails from England for this port, and I will take care that the three remaining copies ſhall be ſafely and expeditiouſly delivered to your friends, and if yours, mine alſo, although I do not even know them by ſight.

The approbation which your work has received in Germany, delights, without ſurprizing me. It was firſt mentioned to me by a nobleman of that country, apparently a man of taſte and amiable manners, who holds, I believe, a public office at Milan; and he promiſed not only to ſend it to me, but to inform me of your health, and where to addreſs you; a promiſe which gave me the greateſt ſatisfaction: for I ſuſpected (forgive the injuſtice of the ſuſpicion) that I no longer retained a place in your remembrance, and in conſequence deſpaired of hearing from you, unleſs I firſt wrote to you. In this ſuſpenſe, I received your two moſt welcome letters with fourteen odes: they are not only worthy of the lyre, but the lyre to which they are ſung, ought to be of gold. I am indeed proud of your condeſcenſion in aſking my opinion of

them, as I can by no means think myſelf entitled to ſuch an honour. I will however make my remarks upon them as well as I can, and return them to you when I receive an anſwer to this letter; for I ſhould be ſorry to truſt ſuch precious writings to the uncertain conveyance of the poſt.

This letter will probably reach you in a fortnight, and I beg you to gratify me by an early acknowledgment of it; for I aſſure you with great truth, that nothing can give me more pleaſure than a letter from you, however haſty. You perhaps wiſh to know how I employed my time after your departure from England; a ſhort explanation will ſuffice. Amongſt other occupations, I reviſed and corrected my Commentaries on Oriental Poetry, and when I was preparing an accurate tranſcription of the manuſcript for your peruſal, I was unexpectedly interrupted by a buſineſs of more importance*.

* The business here alluded to, is the translation of the life of Nadir Shah, the circumstances of which have been already detailed, and are repeated in another letter;

* * * * * *

I had ſcarcely brought this work to a concluſion, when, in conſequence of the ſudden indiſpoſition of the younger ſiſter of my pupil, (who frequently talks of you) her father determined to paſs the winter with his family in Italy, or the South of France. I was therefore under the neceſſity of entruſting my hiſtory (as the King of Denmark was anxious for its publication) to a Frenchman, upon whoſe accuracy I could depend, for correcting the errors of the preſs. I have juſt learned from him, that the work is printed; and I will take care that not even his Daniſh Majeſty ſhall receive a copy of it before you. Having thus left England, we repaired to Paris, and after rather a tedious reſidence there, we proceeded with great rapidity by the Rhone to Lyons, and from that place continued our journey by Marſeilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice,

the particular mention made of them in the letter before the reader, is therefore untranslated.

Where Spring in all her charms perpetual reigns,
And banish'd Winter flies the blooming plains.

Even here we ſhall remain longer than I wiſh; but I hope to return to England by the beginning of June. I propoſe, however, if I ſhould have an opportunity, to croſs the ſea about the middle of this month, and viſit Florence, that celebrated colony of the Triumviri, and the cradle of reviving literature, as well as Rome, the nurſe of all elegant arts, and perhaps Naples; but on this plan you ſhall hereafter know my determination. You may perhaps enquire, what are my occupations at this place: I will tell you in few words; muſic, with all its ſweetneſs and feeling; difficult and abſtruſe problems in mathematics; the beautiful and ſublime in poetry and painting; theſe occupy all my ſenſes and thoughts; nor do I neglect the ſtudy of the military art, which it would be the greateſt diſgrace to an Engliſh gentleman not to be acquainted with. I have written much in my native language, and amongſt other things a little Tract on Education, in the manner

of Ariſtotle, that is, the analytic manner. I have moreover begun a tragedy, to which I have given the title of Soliman, whoſe moſt amiable ſon periſhed miſerably, as you know, by the treachery of a ſtep-mother. The ſtory is full of the moſt affecting incidents, and has more ſublimity even than the tragedies of Æſchylus, as it abounds with Oriental images. I ſend you tranſlations of two odes, one from Hafez, the other from the very ancient Arabic poet; but I have adapted the images of the latter to the Roman manners, and I fill the remainder of the paper with a Greek epigram, in imitation of a little Engliſh ſong. Farewel. You ſhall have your papers as ſoon as I am informed that you have received this letter.

* Mr. JONES to N. B. HALHED.

Nice, March 1, 1770.

I received your ſhort letter with great pleaſure, as it convinced me, that you were not inſenſible of my eſteem for you,

* Appendix, No. 12.

and ſuch as reſemble you. I wrote immediately to my friends, as you deſired, moſt earneſtly requeſting them to promote your views, as if my own intereſt were concerned; if they accede to my wiſhes in this reſpect, they will oblige me and themſelves too; for doubtleſs I ſhall be ready to make them every return that I can. I think however that I ſhall have it in my power to ſerve you more effectually, after my return to England; and I beg you to believe, that no inclination or efforts on my part, ſhall ever be wanting to promote your wiſhes.

My health is good; but I long for thoſe enjoyments, of which I know not well how to bear the privation. When I firſt arrived here, I was delighted with a variety of objects, rarely, if ever, ſeen in my own country,—olives, myrtles, pomegranates, palms, vineyards, aromatic plants, and a ſurpriſing variety of the ſweeteſt flowers, blooming in the midſt of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceaſed; I am now ſatiated, and begin to feel ſomewhat of diſguſt. The windows of our

inn are ſcarcely thirty paces from the ſea, and as Ovid beautifully ſays—

Tired, on the uniform expanse I gaze.

I have therefore no other reſource than, with Cicero, to count the waves, or, with Archimedes and Archytas, to meaſure the ſands. I cannot deſcribe to you how weary I am of this place, nor my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jeſt with you, or philoſophize with Poore. If it be not inconvenient, I wiſh you would write to me often, for I long to know how you and our friends are: but write if you pleaſe in Latin, and with gaiety, for it grieves me to obſerve the uneaſineſs under which you appear to labour. Let me ever retain a place in your affection, as you do in mine; continue to cultivate polite literature; woo the muſes; reverence philoſophy; and give your days and nights to compoſition, with a due regard however to the preſervation of your health.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Nice, April 1770.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe my vexation at not hearing from you, and I can only conclude that you have not received my letter of February, or, what would be more unpleaſant, that your letter has miſcarried, or finally, what I dread even to ſuſpect, that I no longer retain a place in your remembrance. I have written to you from this place, not (as Cicero ſays to Lucceius) a very fine epiſtle, but one that I cannot but think would be acceptable to you, becauſe it was very long, and contained, beſides, much information reſpecting myſelf. After a ſufficient time for the receipt of an anſwer, which I moſt anxiouſly expected, I daily enquired if there were any letters from Vienna; —none, none, was the reply day after day. My anxiety and uneaſineſs at this diſappointment daily increaſed, and nearly two months are now elapſed without a line from you.

* Appendix, No. 13.

What can I do? or what ſhall I deviſe? I fear to truſt your papers, which you deſired me to return, to a conveyance ſo hazardous as the poſt; although I am perſuaded it will be inconvenient for you to be ſo long without them; but although I cannot venture to ſend them before I hear from you, I incloſe my remarks, which you may throw into the fire, if you do not like them:—they are, as you ſeemed to wiſh, ſomewhat hypercritical, and perhaps too ſevere.

Your Treatiſe on the Military Art of the Turks, delighted me exceedingly; nothing can be more uſeful or opportune. As I cannot depend upon this letter reaching you, I write but little, having no wiſh to talk to the winds, and riſk the loſs of time, which I can better employ. I expect to leave this town about the middle of the month. My propoſed Italian expedition is deferred to a future period. Farewel, my Charles, and remember me, as I do you. After my return to England I will write to you frequently, and my letters ſhall be longer and more cheerful.

*Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.—

Date eraſed.

Although I cannot poſſibly receive an anſwer to my letter before I leave this place, I will not have to reproach myſelf for neglecting an opportunity of writing to you. I concur moſt heartily in your ſentiments on the pleaſures of travelling, as on all other ſubjects; nothing, in my opinion, can be more uſeful or more delightful. How much more agreeable would my journey be, if I could make Vienna a part of it, where I might enjoy your converſation, philoſophize with you, trifle away an idle hour, or explore with you the hidden treaſures of poetry. As I am deprived of this happineſs, I ſhall take the liberty of ſaying ſomething not ſo favourable of the pleaſures, which I actually enjoy. I am diſguſted with the odious rattle of French gaiety; and the calm ſerenity of an Italian ſky has ſomething gloomy in it. I am ſo much in love with myſelf, *i. e.* ſo much

* Appendix, No. 14.

beſide myſelf, that, in my own eyes, I appear more worthy of your friendſhip than ever. You cannot conceive how different I am from what you knew me in England. I was then young and thoughtleſs; now I devote myſelf wholly to polite literature, and the great objects of my ambition are virtue, fame, and, above all, your friendſhip; objects than which nothing can be more divine, eſtimable, or dear to me. That I may not altogether write an *unlettered letter*, I ſend you a Greek verſion of an Engliſh epigram. It was compoſed in a calm night, by a friend of mine, and I tranſlated it at his requeſt. I think it will pleaſe you, as it appears to have an affinity to the ſtyle of Meleager, and other poets in the Anthologia *.

To Lady SPENCER.

Nice, April 14th, 1770.

It is with great pleaſure, that I acquaint your Ladyſhip, that Mrs.

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. v.—In the original, Mr. Jones indulges himself with a play on words, which cannot be imitated in the translation.

Poyntz, Lady Harriet, and her brother, are perfectly well; Mrs. Poyntz goes this morning to Villa Franca; I am to be her knight, and am juſt equipped to mount my Roſinantè; Mademoiſelle Annette is to go upon Lady Mary Somerſet's aſs; ſo we ſhall make a formidable proceſſion. It is a delightful morning, and I hope Mrs. Poyntz will be pleaſed with her jaunt. We have had very bad weather, violent rains, and ſtorms of thunder in the night, a cloſe, ſultry heat all day, and a very ſharp cold every evening; but the ſpring ſeems now to be pretty well ſettled; and I fancy we ſhall have a continually clear ſky, and a mild air, as long as we ſtay. We all promiſe ourſelves great pleaſure in our journey homewards; and we have great reaſon to believe it will be enchantingly pleaſant. I have every day more and more reaſon to be pleaſed with the unfolding of my pupil's diſpoſition: your Ladyſhip will perhaps think theſe to be words of courſe, and what you might naturally expect from any other perſon in my ſituation; but, believe

me, I ſay them upon no other motive than their truth; for if it were my nature to ſpeak to any one what I do not think, I ſhould at leaſt ſpeak truly to your Ladyſhip, of whom I am, with the greateſt truth,

The obliged and grateful
humble ſervant,
WILLIAM JONES.

To Lady SPENCER.

Paris, 4th June, 1770.

Your Ladyſhip will be ſurpriſed at receiving ſuch a parcel of papers from me: but I am willing to make amends for not writing all laſt month. The truth is, I had nothing particular to ſay at that time; but on my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my friend Reviczki, with a very ſpirited ode compoſed by him upon the marriage of the Archduchefs. I dare ſay Lord Spencer will like it, and I therefore take the liberty to incloſe it for him. I have marked in this manner ⊙ two or three paſſages that are faul-

ty; and I have put this ſign ⁀ to one ſtanza that I do not quite underſtand. I have alſo ſent with it the Baron's letter to me, which will ſerve as a comment upon many parts of the ode. You will have heard of the ſhocking accidents that happened here the night of the fire-works. Above one hundred and thirty people were killed; and ſeveral people of faſhion were cruſhed to death in their carriages. We had the good fortune to arrive here two days after this dreadful cataſtrophe; which perhaps has ſaved ſome of us, if not from real danger, at leaſt from the apprehenſion of it. We ſhall not be ſorry to ſee England again, and hope to have that pleaſure very ſoon. Soon after my return, I think of going to Oxford for a ſhort time: but if Lord Althorp goes back to ſchool this ſummer, as I ſincerely hope he will, I ſhall not go to College till Auguſt; for I am convinced that a public ſchool has already been, and will continue to be, of the higheſt advantage to him in every reſpect. While Mrs. Poyntz ſtaid at Lyons, I made

an excurſion to Geneva, in hopes of ſeeing Voltaire, but was diſappointed. I ſent him a note with a few verſes, implying that the muſe of tragedy had left her ancient ſeat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this anſwer: "The worſt of French poets "and philoſophers is almoſt dying; age and "ſickneſs have brought him to his laſt day; "he can converſe with nobody, and entreats "Mr. Jones to excuſe and pity him. He "preſents him with his humble reſpects." But he was not ſo ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his houſe juſt as I came to it. The ſervants ſhewed me ſomebody at a window, whom they ſaid was he; but I had ſcarce a glimpſe of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather ſerious, when he finds himſelf upon the brink of eternity; and that he refuſes to ſee company, becauſe he cannot diſplay his former wit and ſprightlineſs. I find my book * is publiſhed; I am not at all

* Translation of the Life of Nadir Shah.

ſolicitous about its ſucceſs: as I did not chooſe the ſubject myſelf, I am not anſwerable for the wild extravagance of the ſtyle, nor for the faults of the original; but if your Ladyſhip takes the trouble to read the diſſertation at the end, you may perhaps find ſome new and pleaſing images. The work has one advantage, it is certainly authentic. Lady Georgiana is ſo good as to enquire how Soliman goes on; pray tell her he is in great affliction, as he begins to ſuſpect the innocence of Muſtafa, who is juſt ſlain. To be ſerious; my tragedy is juſt finiſhed; and I hope to ſhew it to your Ladyſhip in a ſhort time.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

De La Fontaine is with us: he ſeems very well, but is ſtill weak and complaining. I muſt add a little ſtroke of French courage, which I have juſt heard. In the midſt of all the diſaſters of the fire-works, the Mareſchal de Richlieu was in ſuch a panic, that he

got out of his carriage, and ſcreamed out, Eſt-ce qu'on veut laiſſer perir un Mareſchal de France? N'y a-t-il perſonne pour ſecourir un Mareſchal de France?—This will be an eternal joke againſt him!—

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Spa, July 1770.

What an idle, unſettled fellow I am! I fly over Europe, ſcarcely ſtopping any-where. We paſſed the winter at Nice, enjoyed the ſpring in France, and I am now ſpending the ſummer (if this rainy ſeaſon may be ſo called) on the borders of Germany. I certainly can without any riſk ſend your manuſcripts from this place, and I adviſe you by all means to publiſh them. They are worthy of your acknowledged talents, and will enſure you the applauſe of all the learned. I ſay this without flattery, which is indeed foreign to my character. The criticiſms which I ſent to you, are full of errors, and you muſt receive them with

* Appendix, No. 15.

great allowance; for during my reſidence at Nice, I was wholly without ancient books, or other aids, to which I am in the habit of applying, nor do I now poſſeſs them.

I have received your French letter, with an incomparable ode: I was particularly charmed with that happy tranſition in it;

> O'er kindred, or o'er friendship's bier
> Affection pours a transient tear:—
> Soon flies the cloud; the solar rays
> Disperse the gloom, and brighter blaze.

Believe me, when I read theſe lines, I could ſcarcely reſtrain my tears; for nature has that power over me, that I am more affected by the beauties of a tender ſimplicity, than by the loftieſt figures of poetry; and hence I am more delighted with a paſſage in the firſt Pythian ode of the divine Pindar concerning the Muſes, than by his elaborate deſcription of the Eagle and Ætna *.

What ſhall I ſend in return for your pre-

* But they on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
With envious horror hear the heav'nly strain,
Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the muse.
WEST's Translation.

ſent? Accept the accompanying ode, which is at leaſt valuable for its antiquity. You will perhaps ſmile; it is not an epithalamium on the marriage of Antoinette the Dauphineſs, but contains the eulogium of a very ancient Chineſe monarch, whoſe name, though a monoſyllable only, I have forgotten. When I read the works of Confucius, tranſlated by Couplet and others, I was ſtruck with admiration at the venerable dignity of the ſentiments, as well as at the poetical fragments, which adorn the diſcourſes of that philoſopher. They are ſelected from the moſt ancient records of Chineſe poetry, and particularly from a work, entitled Shi-king, of which there is a fine copy in the royal library at Paris. I immediately determined to examine the original: and, referring to the volume, after a long ſtudy, I ſucceeded in comparing one of the odes with the verſion of Couplet, and analyſed every word, or, more properly, every figure in it. Of this ode, I now ſend you a literal tranſlation*: it is a compoſition

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. vi. p. 76.

of a wonderful dignity and brevity; each verſe contains four words only, hence the ellipſis is frequent in it, and the obſcurity of the ſtyle adds to its ſublimity. I have annexed a poetical verſion, making every verſe correſpond with the ſenſe of Confucius; you will judge whether I have ſucceeded or not, it will be ſufficient for me if it pleaſe you. You know that this philoſopher, whom I may venture to call the Plato of China, lived about ſix hundred years before the Chriſtian æra, and he quotes this ode, as very ancient in his time. It may therefore be conſidered as a moſt precious gem of antiquity, which proves, that poetry has been the admiration of all people in all ages, and that it everywhere adopts the ſame images. I muſt ſay a few words upon another work, leſt my long letter of February, containing a particular account of it from firſt to laſt, ſhould have miſcarried. I allude to the tranſlation of the life of Nadir Shah, from Perſian into French, a moſt diſagreeable taſk, which I undertook at the requeſt of my Auguſtus, the

King of Denmark, who, I doubt not, will verify the high expectations entertained of him in Europe. It was his ſpecial injunction, that the tranſlation ſhould be ſtrictly literal, that I ſhould ſupply ſuch notes as might be neceſſary, and finally, that I ſhould add a ſhort diſſertation on the poetry of the Perſians. I finiſhed this tireſome work to the beſt of my ability, and with ſuch expedition, in compliance with the importunities of his Majeſty, that the whole book, and more particularly the diſſertation, is full of errors. In the latter, I ventured to inſert a tranſlation of ten odes of Hafez, from a very ſplendid but incorrect manuſcript, and without the aid of any commentary. I have written to the Under-Secretary of State, requeſting him to ſend you a copy of it as expeditiouſly as poſſible; and I truſt he will not diſappoint me. Excuſe thoſe errors which I could not perhaps have avoided, if I had poſſeſſed the greateſt leiſure, and which the total want of it made almoſt inevitable. Excuſe alſo the inſertion of the two odes,

which you ſent to me with a French tranſlation only; and laſtly, I muſt beg your excuſe for the liberty which I could not avoid taking of mentioning my friend; for I could not reſiſt the deſire of letting the King know, how highly I valued you. You will greatly add to the other proofs I have experienced of your kindneſs towards me, by noticing the errors of the work, and particularly of the diſſertation, which I mean to publiſh in a ſeparate volume.

The King of Denmark, as I am informed, approves my work much, and has some honours in view for me; but of what nature I know not. When he was conſidering what recompence he ſhould beſtow upon me, a noble friend of mine informed his Majeſty, that I neither wiſhed for nor valued money, but was anxious only for ſome honorary mark of his approbation.

I have directed a copy of your Treatiſe on the Military Art of the Turks, to be ſent to his Majeſty, becauſe it is worthy his peruſal,

and becauſe you are the author of it. Do not ſuppoſe that I now conclude, becauſe I have nothing more to ſay; my mind, in truth, overflows with matter, and I have more difficulty in reſtraining my pen, than to find topics for writing. But I will not abuſe and exhauſt your patience with my loquacity. For my ſake, take care of your health.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, August 9, 1770.

Indeed, my dear Sir, I cannot think you much to be pitied, for having paſt a year in travelling through various climates and regions; on the contrary, I think it extremely fortunate that you have had an opportunity which you are well qualified to improve. You have eſcaped the ſeverity of winter in the mild and temperate climate of Italy, you have enjoyed the ſpring in France and England, and you are now ſpending the ſummer on the confines of Germany, in a place,

* Appendix, No. 16.

which is the general rendezvous of Europe; and where you may ſee, at a glance, an aſſemblage of various nations. Is not this delightful? Is not the great advantage of travelling, to explore the characters of different people? I can however eaſily conceive the inconvenience which a man of letters muſt ſuffer from the want of means and opportunity to purſue his ſtudies, and this alone is ſufficient to diminiſh the pleaſure of it.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the extraordinary compoſition with which you favoured me; it is indeed a literary curioſity. But pray inform me, when you learned the Chineſe language; I did not ſuſpect that this was one of your accompliſhments, but there are no bounds to your acquiſitions as a linguiſt. I am the more delighted with this little performance, as I can rely upon it as a faithful tranſlation from the Chineſe language, of which the few things we have tranſlated, appear very ſuſpicious; it has not only the merit of being very ancient, but in your verſion appears even elegant. I impatiently ex-

pect your life of Nadir Shah; and I beg you to accept my thanks for your attention, in requeſting the Under-Secretary of State to forward a copy of it to me; nor am I leſs anxious to peruſe the eſſay, which you have annexed to it, on Oriental poetry. I admire your condeſcenſion in ſubmitting this work to my criticiſm; you muſt be ſenſible that you incur little riſk by it, and that you are ſure of my approbation. I ſhall however be obliged to point out one fault, which is no trifle,—your mentioning me in ſuch honourable terms. I have no claim to this diſtinction, although, if I had foreſeen your intention, I would have at leaſt exerted myſelf to deſerve it. There are ſeveral of our Vienna ladies and gentleman now at Spa, who are all well worthy of your acquaintance. I am informed that Lady Spencer is an intimate friend of the Princeſs Ezterhazy; ſhe can introduce you to the acquaintance of an amiable and reſpectable lady, who knows how to eſtimate the value of perſons of merit. I have nothing at preſent worth troubling you

with. I reſerve this pleaſure for a future opportunity, and in the mean time am, with great reſpect and veneration,

Your very humble ſervant,

REVICZKI.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 16th, 1770.

Although your laſt letter gives me no information of your intended deſtination after your departure from Spa, I conclude from your very ſilence, that you are now in London. This opinion is confirmed by the late receipt of your letter. I was deprived of the pleaſure of hearing from you during my excurſion into Hungary; nor did your letter reach me till after my return to Vienna, long ſubſequent to its date, and when the ſubject of it was in fact obſolete. Moſt ſincerely do I hope that your wiſhes may be gratified, and that after ſo much travelling, I may have the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Vienna.

The French are light and frivolous, the

* Appendix, No. 17.

Italians effeminate and enervate, and the Germans may perhaps be dull and moroſe; yet they are not on this account to be deſpiſed, for if nature has not endowed them with the more elegant qualities, they poſſeſs what is more valuable, and win the affections of ſtrangers by plain dealing and ſimplicity of manners.

I give this teſtimony to the character of the Germans, without partiality, for I am as much a ſtranger in Germany, as I lately was in England; and no one, at all acquainted with the character and country of the Germans and Hungarians, can poſſibly conſider them the ſame, for they are not only diſſimilar in diſpoſition, language, and manners, but in their very nature. I will not however diſſemble, but candidly confeſs the truth, that my way of life here is extremely pleaſant; nor have I any doubt that you, who are ſo accurate a judge of mankind, will one day readily ſubſcribe to my opinion of this nation.

I ſmile at your declaration that you are

changed, and that you hope to be more agreeable to me, from having renounced youthful gratifications, and devoted yourſelf to the cultivation of literature and the purſuit of virtue; for my own part, I only wiſh to find you again preciſely the ſame as when I knew and admired you in England, faultleſs and irreproachable. I confeſs indeed, that what I particularly valued in you, was the happy talent of blending pleaſure and recreation, with the moſt intenſe ſtudy and thirſt for literature.

Take care however, that you do not ſuffer the ardour of application to deprive you of the gratifications of life, ſufficiently brief in their own nature; they are indeed ſo connected with literature, that the wiſe and the learned only are qualified for the true enjoyment of them. Take care alſo, that you have not hereafter reaſon to complain, in the words of Horace:

> Ah why, while slighted joys I vainly mourn,—
> Why will not youth, with youthful thoughts, return?

The chaſtity of the Muſes, and their en-

mity to Venus, is a mere fable adapted to fiction; *for poetry delights to repoſe on downy pillows.* I now turn to another ſubject. I have not yet received your tranſlation of the Perſian manuſcript which you promiſed me, and which indeed you ſeem to have ſent; what has delayed its arrival I know not, and will trouble you to enquire about it.

I have read again and again the beautiful Engliſh ſong, with your elegant tranſlation of it in two languages, and I am delighted with it. I wonder however that you are ſo little ſatisfied with the Latin verſion of it, with which I am highly pleaſed.

* * * * * *

The laſt letter was received by Mr. Jones, after his return to England. It may be regretted that his correſpondence during his excurſion to the Continent, ſhould have been confined chiefly to literary topics, and that his letters contain no obſervations of a particular nature, on the characters and manners of the French, Italians, and Germans, amongſt whom he ſo long reſided. They exhibit

however what may be more intereſting to thoſe who are anxious to explore his mind and feelings, an undiſguiſed picture of them; and for this reaſon, I more particularly regret that ſo few of his letters ſhould have been preſerved. The account which he gives of his ſucceſs in deciphering an ode of Confucius, is a remarkable proof of his ardour for univerſal literature, and of his invincible application in the purſuit of it. He had before acquired the keys of the Chineſe language, and having accidentally diſcovered, through the medium of an inelegant tranſlation, a treaſure locked up in it, he applies them ſkilfully, and, with great perſeverance, obtains acceſs to it.

Nothing remains of the Treatiſe on Education, mentioned by Mr. Jones, except the plan; as it is ſhort, I preſent it to the reader in this place. He will probably regret with me, that the Treatiſe, if it ever were completed, no longer exiſts. In the culture of his own talents, Mr. Jones appears ſtrictly to have purſued the objects which he points

out as the end of education in general, and to have attempted the attainment of them, by the means which he recommends to others. This little ſketch was written in his twenty-third year.

PLAN OF AN ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

A celebrated Eaſtern philoſopher begins his firſt diſſertation with the following period. The perfect education of a great man, conſiſts in three points: in cultivating and improving his underſtanding; in aſſiſting and reforming his countrymen; and in procuring to himſelf the chief good, or a fixed and unalterable habit of virtue.

I have choſen the words of this ſublime author, as my ſubject for a ſeries of eſſays, in which I deſign to diſcourſe on education in its fulleſt extent, tracing it from its beginning with the elementary parts of language, to the great end propoſed by it, that is, the ability to benefit mankind and ourſelves, either in war or in peace, by action or by ſpeculation. I ſhall, however, make

a ſlight deviation from the definition of the philoſopher, by fixing the good of ourſelves and our fellow-creatues, as the primary end propoſed by a liberal education; and by conſidering the cultivation of our underſtanding, and the acquiſition of knowledge, as the ſecondary objects of it. For knowledge muſt certainly be acquired before it can be conveyed to others; the conſequence of actions muſt be known, before the good can be ſelected from the evil; and the mind muſt be enlightened by an improvement of our natural reaſon, before a proper diſtinction can be made between the real and the apparent good. Now, as neither this knowledge can be perfectly obtained, nor the reaſon completely improved, in the ſhort duration of human life, unleſs the accumulated experience and wiſdom of all ages and all nations, be added to that which we can gain by our own reſearches, it is neceſſary to underſtand the *languages* of thoſe people who have been, in any period of the world, diſtinguiſhed for their ſuperior knowledge; and that our own

attainments may be made generally beneficial, we muſt be able to convey them to *other nations*, either in their reſpective dialects, or in ſome language, which, from its peculiar excellence and utility, may be in a manner univerſal. It follows, therefore, that the more immediate object of education is, to learn the languages of celebrated nations both ancient and modern. But as theſe cannot, conſiſtently with reaſon and propriety, be taught before our native tongue, our firſt ſtep muſt be to make ourſelves perfect maſters of the language of the country in which we are born.

In conſequence of this analyſis, I intend to diſtribute my diſſertation into ſeveral diſtinct treatiſes; on *language*, on the *underſtanding*, on *knowledge*, on the *good of mankind*, and on the *good of ourſelves*, or *private happineſs*.

But there are other acquiſitions which muſt go, as it were, hand in hand with thoſe above mentioned. I mean thoſe which refreſh and enliven the mind, and thoſe which improve and adorn the body. For as the human mind,

by reaſon of its earthly impediments, cannot at all times ſupport with equal advantage its attention to abſtracted ſubjects, but requires many intervals of relaxation, it is neceſſary that ſome ſtate be found between labour and reſt, to prevent the faculties from lying totally inactive. Hence proceeds the uſe of polite literature, and of the liberal arts, of poetry, of painting, and of muſic, which relieve the mind after any violent exertion of its powers, and prepare it for the reception of freſh knowledge with greater alacrity. And as the mind can neither attend to inſtruction nor receive refreſhment, unleſs the body enjoy at leaſt a moderate ſhare of health, thoſe exerciſes are eſſentially neceſſary, which tend to procure or preſerve it, and which have the double advantage, of ſtrengthening the conſtitution, by promoting a free and regular circulation, and of giving grace to the body, by forming it to eaſy and elegant motions. Hence ariſes the great advantage of manly ſports, of dancing, of ſwimming, of managing the horſe, and of uſing every ſort of weapon; to which

muſt be added, the habit of declaiming with an oratorical voice and geſture, an exerciſe by no means general, but perhaps more uſeful and more ornamental than any of the others. Conſiſtently with this diviſion of neceſſary accompliſhments, I ſhall add two diſcourſes, on the polite arts, and on exerciſe.

* * * * * *

From the terms in which Mr. Jones ſpeaks of the tragedy of Soliman, in one of his letters, it appears, that he was conſiderably advanced towards its completion; and from the mention which he afterwards makes of it, in another to Reviczki, it would ſeem that it was actually finiſhed, but I have in vain attempted to diſcover any traces of it. The preface to Soliman, written by Mr. Jones, has been communicated to me, but does not appear ſufficiently correct for publication. He notices in it the cuſtom of poets to ſend abroad their pieces with prefatory diſcourſes calculated to miſlead the taſte or judgment of their readers, and exemplifies the remark, by reference to Dryden, La Motte, and Cor-

neille. Of Dryden, he obſerves, that, having compoſed tragedies in rhyme, he thought it neceſſary to prepare the public for ſo novel an attempt by telling them in his advertiſements, that every tragedy ſhould be written in rhyme; that La Motte purpoſely violated the unities of the Drama, while Corneille preſerved them with an exactneſs approaching to affectation; and that each endeavoured in a prefatory diſcourſe to prove himſelf alone in the right. He diſclaims all idea of imitating a conduct, which he pronounces abſurd and uſeleſs, and contents himſelf with a few hints on the principles which had directed him in the compoſition of the tragedy.

The object of theatrical repreſentation, he remarks, is to convey pleaſure, and the hope of receiving it, is the inducement which carries people to the theatre; obſerving, that Shakeſpeare delights and tranſports him, while Corneille lulls him to ſleep; and judging of the feelings of others by his own, he concludes, that all who underſtand both authors perfectly, muſt be affected in the ſame manner.

He determines therefore to take Shakeſpeare for his model, not by adopting his ſentiments, or borrowing his expreſſions, but by aiming at his manner, and by ſtriving to write as he ſuppoſes he would have written himſelf, if he had lived in the eighteenth century.

Muſtapha, upon whoſe ſtory the tragedy is founded, was put to death by his father, Soliman the Magnificent, about the year 1553. The hiſtory of this unnatural murder is pathetically related by Knolles, in his General Hiſtory of the Turks, who ſtyles Muſtapha "the mirror of courteſie, and rare hope of the Turkiſh nation." In the repreſentation of his tragedy, Mr. Jones intended to obſerve cloſely the coſtume of the Turks, which he had attentively ſtudied.

Mr. Jones now determined to enter upon a new career of life. Whatever ſatisfaction he might derive from his connection with the noble family, in which he had undertaken the office of tutor, or whatever recompence he might ultimately hope to receive from their gratitude or friendſhip, the ſituation did

not altogether correſpond with his feelings, nor the extent of his views. To a ſpirit of independence, which from his earlieſt years ſtrongly marked his character, he united the laudable deſire of acquiring public diſtinction, and of making his fortune by his own efforts; above all, he was animated with the noble ambition of being uſeful to his country. In the capacity of private tutor, his expectations were bounded by a narrow proſpect, and his exertions circumſcribed; whilſt in the profeſſion of the law, he ſaw an ample ſcope for the gratification of all his wiſhes; and from his extenſive knowledge, ſtudious habits, and indefatigable induſtry, he had every reaſon to expect the moſt brilliant ſucceſs. The advice and importunity of his friends confirmed the ſuggeſtions of his own reflection, and he reſolved to reſign his charge in Lord Spencer's family, and to devote himſelf in future to the ſtudy and practice of the law. In conſequence of this determination, which he immediately executed, he was admitted into the Temple on the nineteenth of September 1770.

His attention, however, was not at firſt excluſively confined to his profeſſional ſtudies, nor was it indeed to be expected, that he would at once renounce his attachment to Oriental learning and literature in general. It would have required more than ordinary reſolution to abandon at once, what had coſt him ſo much pains to acquire; the attainment of which had been the ſource both of pleaſure and diſtinction to him. But as his letters and thoſe of his friends, during the two following years, contain all that I can ſay of him, I refer the reader to them for information, rather than to a narrative of my own.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

March 1771.

A plague on our men in office, who for ſix months have amuſed me with idle promiſes, which I ſee no proſpect of their fulfilling, that they would forward my books and a letter to you! They ſay, that they have not yet had an opportunity; and that the ap-

* Appendix, No. 18.

prehenſion of a Spaniſh war (which is now no more) furniſhes them with inceſſant occupation. I have however ſo much to ſay to you, that I can no longer delay writing; I wiſh indeed I could communicate it in perſon. On my late return to England, I found myſelf entangled, as it were, in a variety of important conſiderations. My friends, companions, relations, all attacked me with urgent ſolications to baniſh poetry and Oriental literature for a time, and apply myſelf to oratory and the ſtudy of the law; in other words, to become a barriſter, and purſue the track of ambition. Their advice in truth was conformable to my own inclinations; for the only road to the higheſt ſtations in this country is that of the law, and I need not add, how ambitious and laborious I am. Behold me then become a lawyer, and expect in future, that my correſpondence will have ſomewhat more of public buſineſs in it. But if it ever ſhould be my fortune to have any ſhare in adminiſtration, you ſhall be my Atticus, the partner of my plans, the confi-

dant of my ſecrets. Do not however ſuppoſe, that I have altogether renounced polite literature. I intend ſhortly to publiſh my Engliſh poems, and I mean to bring my tragedy of Soliman on the ſtage, when I can find proper actors for the performance of it. I intend alſo compoſing an epic poem, on a noble ſubject, under the title of Britanneis: but this I muſt defer until I have more leiſure, with ſome degree of independence. In the mean time, I amuſe myſelf with the choiceſt of the Perſian poets; and I have the good fortune to poſſeſs many manuſcripts, which I have either purchaſed or borrowed from my friends, on various ſubjects, including hiſtory, philoſophy, and ſome of the moſt celebrated poetry of Perſia.

I am highly delighted with Jami's poem of Yuſef and Zuleika; it contains ſomewhat more than four thouſand couplets, each of which is a ſtar of the firſt brilliance. We have ſix copies of this work at Oxford, one of which is correct; it has the vowel points, and is illuſtrated with the notes of Golius.

I alſo poſſeſs a copy, which, as ſoon as I have leiſure, I will print. Let me aſk in the mean time how you are employed? Do you continue your occupation of elucidating your favourite Hafez? I will moſt willingly give all the aſſiſtance in my power to the publication of your work, if you will have it printed in London; but I ſcarcely think that any printer will undertake it at his own expenſe, unleſs the poems are accompanied with an Engliſh or French tranſlation, for you cannot conceive how few Engliſh gentlemen underſtand Latin. Let me recommend to you therefore to give a literal verſion of Hafez in French, with annotations in the ſame language; and this I think will be more acceptable even to your own countrymen, than a Latin tranſlation; though indeed you may annex to your work ſuch odes as you have tranſlated into that language. The new edition of Meninſki goes on tolerably well. I incloſe a ſpecimen of the new Arabic types, and earneſtly beg your opinion upon them, that any defects may be corrected as ſoon as

poſſible. I have had a copper-plate engraving made of one of the odes of Hafez, and may perhaps, when my circumſtances afford it, print an edition of Jami's whole poem in the ſame manner. A work of this kind on ſilken paper, would I doubt not be very acceptable to the Governor of Bengal, and the other principal perſons in India. I cannot conceive what is become of the book which I ſent to you, but I will take the firſt opportunity of tranſmitting a fairer and more correct copy, together with my little Treatiſe on the Literature of Aſia, and my Grammar of the Perſian Language, which is printed with ſome degree of elegance; and I earneſtly intreat you to tell me, if any thing is wrong in it, or any thing omitted, that the next edition may be more perfect. I only wait for leiſure to publiſh my Commentaries on Aſiatic Poetry.

Do not however imagine that I deſpiſe the uſual enjoyments of youth; no one can take more delight in ſinging and dancing than I do, nor in the moderate uſe of wine.

nor in the exquiſite beauty of the ladies, of whom London affords an enchanting variety; but I prefer glory, my ſupreme delight, to all other gratifications, and I will purſue it through fire and water, by day and by night. Oh! my Charles, (for I renounce all ceremony, and addreſs you with ancient ſimplicity) what a boundleſs ſcene opens to my view! if I had two lives, I ſhould ſcarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects which I have in mind!

Mr. BATES to W. JONES, Eſq.

SIR; *March 27th*, 1771.

Laſt night, I received from Mr. Williams your moſt ingenious and ſatisfactory letter, for which my heartieſt thanks are due. If you have no objection to it, as I think you cannot, I propoſe to embelliſh my MS. with it, by ſticking it into the book, in like manner as I have done my own account of it. It will be no ſmall addition to the curioſity of the book; for I can eaſily foreſee,

that in times to come, a piece of your hand-writing will be looked upon as a curioſity by virtuoſi yet unborn.

In the mean time, I hope this letter does not preclude your fulfilling your promiſe of obliging me with another viſit (and I hope ſtill more) after your return from Oxford, at the end of the holidays. I aſſure you, I wait for the end of thoſe holidays, as impatiently as moſt ſchoolboys dread and abhor it. Therefore I beg you would favour me with a line to appriſe me of your return back to town, that in caſe I ſhould, in the dialect of Deptford, be moored head and ſtern by the gout, I may let you know as much, to ſave you the trouble of a viſit, that will anſwer no end; but if I keep clear from that malady, as I am at preſent, I ſhall beg you to take a nightcap here, that we may ſpend one entire morning in Oriental ſpeculation, without the interruption of other company. For I have ſtill many queries which you muſt reſolve. I heartily wiſh you a pleaſant journey; and hope that, for the good of the Literati, you'll

be bleſſed with life and health to go on with the noble undertaking you are engaged in, and that you'll meet with the merited ſucceſs.

I am, Sir, &c.

JAMES BATES.

*Mr. JONES to D. B.

London, April 1771.

Your Perſian book is more valuable than the coſtlieſt jewel. Meninſki, that univerſal ſcholar, has a copy exactly like yours, and he deſcribes it in his uſual manner, that is, inelegantly, and in miſerable Latin. From his deſcription, you may however eſtimate the real excellence of your book. I ſhall beg leave to ſay ſomething more about it myſelf, and as a poet, venture to affirm, that the ſix moſt beautiful poems in the volume are far more valuable for their intrinſic merit, than for the elegance of the characters in which they are written, or for the glowing tints of the pictures which adorn them.

The author of theſe poems was the very

* Appendix, No. 19.

celebrated Nezami, who aſſumed the name of Kenjavi; he flouriſhed toward the cloſe of the twelfth century, and was the favourite of that illuſtrious warrior, and patron of literature, Togrul, the ſon of Erſlan.

The book compriſes five poems, the laſt of which is divided into two parts; the firſt, which is entitled *The Treaſury of Secrets*, contains many fables, and various diſcourſes on moral duties and human affairs; Nuſhirovan, King of Perſia, who, towards the end of the ſixth century, waged a ſucceſsful war againſt the firſt Juſtin, and Juſtinian are frequently introduced in it; Mohammed, the legiſlator of Arabia, was born during his reign, and praiſes him for his juſtice, in the Coran. The Perſian poets Sadi, Hafez, Jami, and others, frequently extol his virtues, and one of them has this couplet:

> For ages mingled with his parent dust,
> Fame still records Nushirovan the Just.

The ſecond poem commemorates the lives of a moſt amiable youth, (named Mujnoon, or the Frantic, from his mad paſſion) and his

miſtreſs, the beautiful Leili. The loves of Khoſro and the adorable Sherin, form the ſubject of the third poem. Khoſro was the twenty-third in deſcent from Saſſan, and the grandſon of Nuſhirovan. The fourth peom has the title of *The Seven Figures*, and recites the hiſtory of King Beharam, whom the Greeks, with their uſual inaccuracy, call Varanes: but it more particularly deſcribes his ſeven palaces, each of which is ſaid to have been diſtinguiſhed by a particular colour. In the fifth, we have the life and actions of Alexander; it is however to be remarked, that the Aſiatics perpetually confound the Macedonian monarch with another and very ancient king of the ſame name, and blend their actions moſt ridiculouſly. Thus much about your book, and you may depend upon what I ſay, as certain and not conjectural. I ſincerely rejoice, that St. John's College, at Cambridge, will poſſeſs this treaſure by your gift; and I no leſs ſincerely hope, that your own Univerſity will boaſt ſome future ſcholar, capable of thoroughly underſtanding the elegance of the

charming Nezami. If any one wiſhes to obtain further information reſpecting this poet, let him conſult the pleaſing work of Dowlat Shah of Samercand, on the lives of the Perſian poets. I ſaw a beautiful manuſcript of it at Paris.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to J. WILMOT, Eſq.

Univ. Coll. Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.

MY DEAR WILMOT,

It makes me very happy to hear that my Lord Chief Juſtice does not retire on account of ill health, but from a motive which does him the higheſt honour. He will now enjoy the greateſt happineſs of human life, eaſe with dignity, after having paſſed through the moſt honourable labour without danger. I ſhould think myſelf highly bleſſed, if I could purſue a ſimilar courſe in my ſmall ſphere, and, after having raiſed a competency at the bar, could retire to the bowers of learning and the arts.

I have juſt begun to contemplate the ſtately edifice of the laws of England,—

" The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,"—

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not ſee why the ſtudy of the law is called dry and unpleaſant; and I very much ſuſpect that it ſeems ſo to thoſe only, who would think any ſtudy unpleaſant, which required a great application of the mind, and exertion of the memory. I have read moſt attentively the two firſt volumes of Blackſtone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much leſs attention. I am much pleaſed with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a ſanction to what he aſſerts, but point out the ſources to which the ſtudent may apply for more diffuſive knowledge. I have opened two common-place books, the one of the law, the other of oratory, which is ſurely too much neglected by our modern ſpeakers. I do not mean the popular eloquence, which cannot be tolerated at the bar, but that correctneſs of ſtyle, and elegance of method, which at once pleaſes and perſuades the hearer. But I muſt lay aſide my ſtudies for about ſix weeks, while I am printing my

Grammar, from which a good deal is expected; and which I muſt endeavour to make as perfect as a human work can be. When that is finiſhed, I ſhall attend the Court of King's Bench very conſtantly, and ſhall either take a lodging in Weſtminſter, or accept the invitation of a friend, in Duke Street, who has made me an obliging offer of apartments.

I am ſorry the characters you ſent me are not Perſian but Chineſe, which I cannot decipher without a book, which I have not at preſent, but tous Chinois qu'ils ſont, I ſhall be able to make them out, when the weather will permit me to ſit in the Bodleian. In the mean time, I would adviſe you to enquire after a native of China, who is now in London; I cannot recollect where he lodges, but ſhall know when I come to town, which will be to-morrow or Saturday. I ſhall be at Richardſon's till my Grammar is finiſhed, unleſs I can buy a ſet of chambers in the Temple, which I fear will be difficult. I will certainly call upon you in a day or two. On one of the Indian pictures at your houſe,

there was a beautiful copy of Perſian verſes, which I will beg leave to tranſcribe, and ſhould be glad to print it, with a tranſlation, in the Appendix to my Grammar. I have not yet had my Perſian propoſals engraved, but when you write to your brother, you would much oblige me by deſiring him to ſend me a little Perſian manuſcript, if he can procure it without much trouble. It is a ſmall poem which I intend to print; we have ſix or ſeven copies of it at Oxford, but if I had one in my poſſeſſion, it would ſave me the trouble of tranſcribing it. I have incloſed its title in Perſian and Engliſh. I am very glad that your family are well. I wiſh them joy upon every occaſion; my mother and ſiſter deſire their compliments to you, and I am, with great regard,

Yours, moſt affectionately,

WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Nov. 5, 1771.

I ſhall ever gratefully acknowledge, dear Sir, my obligation to you for the trouble you take in inſpecting my trifles. Had Dryden and other poets met with ſuch a friend, their poems would have been more poliſhed, and conſequently more fit to ſee the light. Your obſervations are ſo judicious, that I wiſh you had not been ſo ſparing of them. I entirely approve of all your corrections, &c.

As to the years, in which the poems were written, they are certainly of no conſequence to the public; but (unleſs it be very abſurd) I would wiſh to ſpecify them, for it would hurt me as a ſtudent at the bar, to have it thought that I continue to apply myſelf to poetry; and I mean to inſinuate that I have given it up for ſeveral years, which I muſt explain more fully in the preface. For a man who wiſhes to riſe in the law, muſt be ſuppoſed to have no other object.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1771.

I have waited nearly twelve months to no purpoſe, for an opportunity of ſending you my laſt work, which at your recommendation has been publiſhed; the politeneſs of one of the ſecretaries of the Engliſh embaſſy, who is returning to England, has at laſt ſupplied it, by kindly offering to take charge of this production of mine (unleſs you will call it yours) and deliver it to you. It is my wiſh to avail myſelf of the ſame opportunity to thank you for your preſent, but it is not in my power to make you the due acknowledgements: it is ſufficient to proclaim your deeds. I admire your wonderful labour and learning, and more particularly your diligence in the triple work, with which you have favoured me; but I bluſh at the extravagant encomiums which you have beſtowed upon me. If you perſevere as you have begun in cultivating Oriental literature,

* Appendix, No. 20.

the republic of letters will be greatly obliged to you. I am extremely anxious to know what recompence his Daniſh Majeſty, or your own Sovereign, at his recommendation, has conferred upon your learned labours. I ſhould rejoice to have it in my power to congratulate you, and thoſe who eſteem you as much as I do, on your diſtinguiſhed merit having been honourably rewarded.—Farewell.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Oxford, Dec. 1771.

Thirteen months, or rather I may ſay years, have elapſed, without a line from my friend! I have however written to you twice, once and very fully in Latin, laſt March, and again in July, in a great hurry, in French. Theſe letters contained a detailed account of my occupations and views, of the profeſſion which I had adopted, and of the ſplendid objects to which I ambitiouſly looked forward. You have, I truſt, received my four

* Appendix, No. 21.—This letter must have been written before the receipt of the last from REVICZKI.

books, which Mr. Whitchurch, Chaplain to our Ambaſſador, at my requeſt promiſed to deliver to you at Vienna. I recommend him to your particular attention, as a young man of an excellent diſpoſition, and very fond of literature. This will be preſented to you by Mr. Drummond, a man of letters, who proceeds to Vienna for the purpoſe of ſtudying phyſic. You know that the medical profeſſion is held in the higheſt eſtimation with us, and, as Homer ſays,

A wise Physician, high distinction claims,

your reception of them both will, I hope, do credit to my recommendation.

I beg your acceptance alſo of a little Philippic*, which I wrote againſt an obſcure coxcomb, who had the audacity to abuſe our Univerſity, not with impunity, I truſt, if the edge of my diſcourſe have any effect upon the ſenſeleſs knave. "*I have diſquieted*," (as Cicero ſays of his Commentaries) "*the French nation.*" How goes on Hafez, our

* Works, vol. ix. p. 274.

mutual delight? Shall we never ſee your tranſlation of his charming odes? Tell me, if you like my Engliſh verſion of the ſecond ode *? it has been favourably received by my own countrymen. I ſhould like to tranſlate ſeveral more of his odes, but I want leiſure.

I have not yet found any tranſlator capable of doing juſtice to your Treatiſe on the Military Art of the Turks. All agree that your preface is both learned and elegant; but they urge, as you yourſelf remark in the introduction, that the book does not correſpond with its title, *The Principles of the Science of Government*.

The original of this work in the Turkiſh language, with many others printed at Conſtantinople, including a moſt beautiful copy of the Odes of Meſihi, are depoſited in the library of our Royal Society. I beg to be informed if all the works publiſhed by Ibrahim, which you ſo much commend, are to be purchaſed in Germany, Hungary, or the

* Works, vol. v. p. 316.

Eaſtern parts of Turkey; as in that caſe, I ſhould wiſh to procure them.

What news from Turkey? no mention of Peace? Whenever the war with Ruſſia is at an end, I propoſe making an open and direct application for the office of Miniſter at Conſtantinople; at preſent, I can only privately whiſper my wiſhes. The King is very well diſpoſed towards me; ſo perhaps are the men in power; and the Turkiſh Company wiſh much to oblige me; all that I have to apprehend, is the appearance of ſome powerful competitor who may drive me off the ſtage. If I ſhould ſucceed in my wiſhes, how ſhall I bound for joy! Firſt, I ſhall enjoy your company at Vienna, then I ſhall drink deep of Aſiasic literature, and I ſhall explore the Turkiſh manners in their moſt hidden ſources. If I am diſappointed, philoſophy remains; the bar is open, and I ſhall not, I truſt, want employment; for the harveſt of litigation is always abundant. I ſhall apply to the ſtudy of eloquence, to poetry, hiſtory, and philoſophy, each of which, if

properly cultivated, would occupy a complete life of

" Such men as live in these degenerate days."

I could ſay much more, but I yield to the imperious ſummons (not of Proſerpine I hope, but) of the goddeſs, if there be one, who preſides over our tribunals. You may expect longer letters in future from me: and in the mean time I hope to hear very fully from you.—Farewell, my dear friend.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Westminster, Jan. 16, 1772.

As I have a frank directed to you, I take the liberty to incloſe a letter for my mother, which I beg you will be ſo kind as to ſend to her. I have nothing at preſent to ſay on the ſubject of my publication, except that you will be ſo good as to ſend me the ſheets of the Eſſays, under cover, to Mr. Brudenell, leſt there ſhould be any thing that may be altered. I entreat you alſo to criticiſe my proſe, as you have done my verſe, and to reprimand me ſeverely, where you find it ſtiff, forced, or obſcure.

I forgot to mention another reſpectable ſcholar, who ſaw and approved my poems, I mean the preſent Biſhop of St. Aſaph, whoſe learning, to ſay a great deal, is as extenſive as his virtues are amiable. Dr. Warton, of Wincheſter, is another excellent critic, through whoſe hands my trifles ſhall paſs before they ſee the light. I have dined with him at Sir Joſhua Reynolds's, where he paid me a compliment before the whole company, which I cannot write without bluſhing: he ſaid, my Greek poems which he had ſeen in manuſcript, were worthy of ancient Greece. I dare ſay this learned and ingenious man, will ſuffer me to ſend to him a copy of the poems at Wincheſter; and that he will make his remarks very ſincerely. When I have collected the criticiſms of theſe gentlemen, I will compare them, and add my corrections at the end, under the title of emendations, as Pope has inſerted his alterations in the text of his poems, and ſet down the variations, or firſt readings, in the margin. I think it will be better (as we muſt not loſe the ſeaſon for

publication) to ſend the copies to my friends, as ſoon as the trifle on Cheſs is printed, and to ſhew them the proſe afterwards.

My Turkiſh Hiſtory will go to the preſs on Monday. Lord Radnor has given me leave, in the moſt flattering terms, to inſcribe it to him.

I have a notion I ſhall be a great talker when I am at the bar; for I cannot take up my pen without filling three ſides of paper, though I have nothing to ſay when I ſit down.

I am, &c.

*Mr. JONES to ROBERT ORME, Eſq,

April 1772.

It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the peruſal of your Hiſtory of the War in India. The plans, circumſtances, and events of it, are ſo clearly deſcribed by you, that I felt an intereſt in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleaſ-

* Appendix, No. 22.

ed with your delineation of the lives and characters of thoſe, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their actions or wiſdom; nor was I leſs delighted with the elegance of your topographical deſcriptions; that of the Ganges particularly pleaſed me; it is abſolutely a picture. I have remarked, that the more poliſhed hiſtorians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of diſplaying their talents in deſcribing rivers. Thus Thucydides deſcribes the Achelöus, and Xenophon the Teleboas, and both admirably, though in a different manner; the latter with his uſual brevity and elegance, the former with a degree of roughneſs and magnificence not uncommon to him. With reſpect to your ſtyle, if elegance conſiſt in the choice and collocation of words, you have a moſt indubitable title to it; for you have on all occaſions ſelected the moſt appropriate expreſſions, and have given to them the moſt beautiful arrangement; and this is almoſt the greateſt praiſe, which a compoſition can claim.

The publication of the ſecond part of your

Hiſtory, which has been ſo long and earneſtly looked for, will be highly acceptable to thoſe whoſe opinions you reſpect; and I need not ſay that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not juſt, that the Coromandel coaſt only ſhould receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world.*

* * * * * *

If the reader ſhould complain that the correſpondence preſented to him, is not always important or intereſting, I can only plead in excuſe, my inability to make any ſelection that would obviate this remark, without being liable to the weightier objection of exhibiting an imperfect picture of the character of Mr. Jones. To me it is pleaſing to trace him in his cloſet, unfold his meditations, develop his projects, and follow him in his familiar intercourſe with his friends; and whilſt my admiration is excited by the ardour of his mind, embracing in idea excellence unattainable even by him, and conceiving works imprac-

ticable from their extent, I participate with equal pleaſure in his relaxations and amuſements.

The plan of the Epic Poem, which he mentions in his letters to his Poliſh friend, was ſketched during his reſidence at Spa, in July 1770. The original manuſcript has been preſerved; and I am enabled to communicate it to the public*. The ſubject of the poem was the ſuppoſed diſcovery of our iſland by Tyrian adventurers, and he propoſed to exhibit under the character of the prince of Tyre, that of a perfect king of this country; a character which he pronounces the moſt glorious and beneficial of any that the warmeſt imagination can form. It repreſents (to quote his own words) the dangers to which a King of England is neceſſarily expoſed, the vices which he muſt avoid, and the virtues, and great qualities, with which he muſt be adorned. On the whole, "Britain diſ-"covered" is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Conſtitution, and as

* Appendix, A.

a pledge of the author's attachment to it; as a national epic poem, like thoſe of Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, and Camoëns, deſigned to celebrate the honours of his country, to diſplay in a ſtriking light the moſt important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate theſe grand maxims, that nothing can ſhake our ſtate, while the true liberty of the ſubject remains united with the dignity of the ſovereign; and that in all ſtates, virtue is the only ſure baſis of private and public happineſs.

He reſerved the completion of the poem to a period of leiſure and independence which never arrived; and although after an interval of ſome years, he reſumed the idea of compoſing an Epic Poem on the ſame ſubject, but with conſiderable alterations, he never extended the execution of it beyond a few lines.

Whether the Turkiſh Hiſtory, which Mr. Jones mentions as ready for the preſs, was ever finiſhed, I am not informed; part of the original manuſcript ſtill remains; the in-

troduction * to it was printed, but not publiſhed, and will form a number in the Appendix.

The anticipation of future proſpects ſuggeſted by the fervour of youthful imagination, is too common to all, but particularly to men of genius, to excite much ſurpriſe; and of them it has been generally and juſtly remarked, that what has been performed by them, bears little proportion to what was projected. In their progreſs through life, impediments occur to the execution of their plans, which the mind at firſt eagerly overlooks; whilſt time, imperceptibly advancing, deprives them of the power and even of the inclination to complete what has been deſigned with ſo much ardour. They find what experience daily proves, that the duties of life can only be properly performed, when they are the primary objects of our regard and attention.

The little diſcourſe, to which Mr. Jones humouroufly alludes in his letter to Reviczki, was a letter in French, addreſſed to Monſieur

* Appendix, B.

Anquetil du Perron, and printed in 1771. The Frenchman had publiſhed, in three quarto volumes, an account of his travels in India, the life of Zoröaſter, and ſome ſuppoſed works of that philoſopher. To this publication he prefixed a diſcourſe, in which he treated the Univerſity of Oxford, and ſome of its learned members and friends of Mr. Jones, with ridicule and diſreſpect. From the peruſal of his works, Mr. Jones was little diſpoſed to agree with Monſieur du Perron, in the boaſted importance of his communications; he was diſguſted with his vanity and petulance, and particularly offended by his illiberal attack upon the Univerſity, which he reſpected, and upon the perſons whom he eſteemed and admired. The letter which he addreſſed to M. du Perron was anonymous; it was written with great force, and expreſſes his indignation and contempt with a degree of aſperity, which the judgment of maturer years would have diſapproved. Profeſſor Biorn Sthal, a Swediſh Orientaliſt, ſays of it, that he had known many Frenchmen ſo far miſ-

taken in the writer, as to aſcribe it to ſome *bel eſprit* of Paris. Such in their opinion was the brilliancy and correctneſs of its ſtyle. Dr. Hunt, the Laudian Profeſſor of Arabic, at Oxford, who had been contemptuouſly mentioned by du Perron, addreſſed the two following letters to Mr. Jones on this occaſion:

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, Oct.* 25, 1771.

I have now found the tranſlation of all the remains of Zoröaſter, mentioned in your laſt, and think, upon an attentive peruſal of it, that the account which Dr. Fraſer has given of it is true.

I never told Perron, that I underſtood the ancient Perſic language; and I am authorized by Mr. Swinton, who was preſent all the time Perron was with me, to ſay that he never heard me tell him ſo. I might perhaps ſay, that I knew the old Perſic *character*, as given by Dr. Hyde; but to a further knowledge of the language I never pretended, nor could I tell him that I did. But for a proof of the veracity of this fellow, I beg leave to refer

you to page 461. of his preliminary diſcourſe, where he ſays, that he made me a preſent of a fine *Sanſkirrit*, (or, as he calls it, Sanſkrotan) alphabet, and that he promiſed Dr. Barton and Mr. Swinton, to ſend them alphabets of the ſeveral Aſiatic languages; whereas he neither made me the preſent, nor performed the promiſe to them. Mr. Swinton ſays, he can furniſh us with other inſtances of this Frenchman's veracity, which he has promiſed to do in a few days. In the mean time,

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, Nov.* 28, 1771.

I received the welcome preſent of your excellent pamphlet againſt Perron* in due time, and yeſterday I was favoured with your kind letter; for both which I return you my hearty thanks. I ſhould have thanked you for your pamphlet ſooner, but have been out of town. I have read it over and over again, and think the whole nation, as well as

* Works, vol. x. p. 461.

the Univerſity and its members, are much obliged to you for this able and ſpirited defence. I acknowledge myſelf to be ſo in a particular manner, and ſo does Mr. Swinton, who deſires his compliments and thanks. But there is one thing which Mr. Swinton ſeems to doubt of, which is, whether there has been ſuch a general deſtruction of the writings of the ancient Perſians as you imagine there has been. For my own part, till ſome better proof can be given of the authenticity of thoſe books, which have been produced as the genuine compoſitions of that ancient people, than what I have yet ſeen given, I am inclined to be of your opinion. At leaſt, this I am ſure of, that if the books, which Alexander, Omar, &c. deſtroyed, were no better than thoſe which have been publiſhed, the world has had no great loſs; witneſs the inſufferable jargon which you have given from their writings in the 38th and 41ſt, &c. pages of your letter; to which, as this bulky performance of Perron* will be but in few

* Mons. Anquetil du Perron made a voyage to India,

hands, it may not perhaps be amiſs to add ſome others. But, as Mr. Swinton has ſuggeſted, that he has ſome doubts about the fate of the writings of the old Perſians, I think

in 1755, for the purpose of acquiring the ancient language of Persia, and that of the Bramins. His ardour for this undertaking was so great, that he engaged himself to the French East-India Company as a private soldier, as affording the speediest means of accomplishing the voyage, but some friends procured his discharge, and a small pension for him from the Crown of France. He arrived at Pondicherry, in 1755, and, after travelling over various parts of India, by the assistance of the Government of Bombay, was enabled to return to Europe in an English vessel, and landed at Portsmouth, in November 1761. He brought with him many Oriental manuscripts, which he afterwards carried to France, and in 1771 published three quarto volumes, containing an account of his travels, and the information which he had obtained in the course of them, under the general title of *Zind-Avesta*, Ouvrage de Zoröaster.

In a discourse addressed to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, in 1789, Sir William Jones speaks of him, as "having had the merit of undertaking a voyage to India in "his earliest youth, with no other view than to recover "the writings of Zeratusht (Zoröaster) and who would "have acquired a brilliant reputation in France, if he had "not sullied it by his immoderate vanity and virulence "of temper, which alienated the good-will even of his "own countrymen." In the same discourse, he affirms, that M. Anquetil most certainly had no knowledge of Sanscrit.

In 1798, M. Anquetil published a work, entitled,

you would do well to consult him, before you publish your English translation.

I am glad you intend to oblige the world with an English translation of your letter; and if, among the anecdotes which Mr. Swinton sent you, you will be so good as to insert that, wherein he says, that he was present all the time that Perron was with me, but does not remember that I ever told him that I understood the ancient Persian language, I shall be much obliged to you. I am sure I never pretended, nor could pretend, to any further knowledge of it, than that of the alphabet, as given by Dr. Hyde.

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

L'Inde en rapport avec l'Europe, which is more remarkable for the virulence of its invectives against the English, and for its numerous misrepresentations, than for the information which it contains, or the soundness of the reflections which it conveys. In the summary of its contents, stated in the title-page, he professes to give a detailed, accurate, and terrific picture of the English Machiavelism in India, and he addresses his work in a ranting bombast dedication to the manes of Dupleix and Labourdonnais. It does not appear that the temper of Mr. A. has been meliorated, although he had then nearly attained his 70th year.

The ſmall volume of poems*, conſiſting chiefly of tranſlations from the Aſiatic languages, with two proſe diſſertations annexed, was publiſhed in 1772. We may be allowed to ſmile at the ſolicitude, which Mr. Jones expreſſes in his correſpondence on the ſubject of this publication, to avoid the imputation of devoting that time to the Muſes, which belonged to his profeſſional ſtudies, whilſt we participate with pleaſure the effects of his devotion to the objects of his admiration; but his anxiety for his literary reputation, in deferring the publication of his poems until they had received all the improvements which care and attention, aſſiſted by the criticiſms of his friends, could beſtow, is highly praiſeworthy.

On the 30th of April, 1772, Mr. Jones was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted on May the 14th of the ſame year. He does not appear to have communicated any paper for the Philoſophical Tranſactions.

* Works, vol. x. p. 195.

From the firſt entrance of Mr. Jones into the Univerſity, until Michaelmas 1768, when he took the degree of A. B., he had kept the terms regularly; from that period to 1773, only occaſionally. In the Eaſter term of that year, during the Encænia, he took his maſter's degree. It was on this occaſion, that he compoſed an oration with an intention, which he did not execute, of ſpeaking it in the Theatre. The ſpeech was publiſhed ten years after, and exhibits a ſtriking memorial of independent principles, and well-cultivated abilities:—to vindicate learning from the malevolent aſperſion of being deſtructive of manly ſpirit, unfavourable to freedom, and introductive to ſlaviſh obſequiouſneſs; to ſupport the honour and independence of learned men, to diſplay the tranſcendant advantages of the Univerſity of Oxford,—were the topics, which he had propoſed to diſcuſs; but on which the limits preſcribed to his oration, forbad him to expatiate.

The animation of his language ſhews, that theſe topics were ever near his heart: an ar-

dent love of liberty, an enthuſiaſtic veneration for the Univerſity, a warm and diſcriminate eulogium on learned men, who devoted their talents and labours to the cauſe of religion, ſcience, and freedom, characteriſe his diſcourſe; of which, part has been lately quoted with applauſe by Dr. Parr*.

The kindneſs of a contemporary ſtudent has communicated an anecdote in proof of his particular averſion to the logic of the ſchools, that, in an oration which he pronounced in Univerſity-Hall, he declaimed violently againſt Burgerſdiſcius, Cracanthorpius, and the whole body of logicians in the College of Queen Philippa, his oppoſite neighbour. Of his uncommon induſtry, many proofs might be enumerated, and among others the copying of ſeveral Arabic manuſcripts, of which one was the entertaining romance of *Bedreddin Haſſan, or, Aladdin's Lamp*, from a moſt elegant ſpecimen of Arabian calligraphy.

Nor was he leſs remarked for an affectionate attention to his mother and ſiſter, who re-

* Notes to Spital Sermon, p. 136.

ſided at Oxford; ſuch portion of his time as he could ſpare from his ſtudies was given to their ſociety, and during his occaſional abſence from the Univerſity, he was regular in his correſpondence with his mother.

We may conceive and participate the delight of a fond parent, contemplating the increaſing reputation of her ſon; ſhe now found her maternal care and anxiety repaid in a degree equal to her moſt ſanguine expectations, and her affection rewarded by a full meaſure of filial duty and gratitude. The progreſs of the virtues is not always in proportion to literary improvement; and learning, which ought to meliorate the affections, and ſtrengthen the principles of duty, has been known to diſtort the mind by pride, and engender arrogance. In Mr. Jones, we have the pleaſure to ſee every moral principle promoted and invigorated by his literary attainments.

In the commencement of 1774, he publiſhed his Commentaries on Aſiatic Poetry. This work was received with admiration and

applauſe by the Oriental ſcholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country. It was perhaps the firſt publication on Eaſtern literature, which had an equal claim to elegance and erudition. This work was begun by Mr. Jones in 1766, and finiſhed in 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year: but with the ſame ſolicitude which he had exhibited on other occaſions, to lay his compoſitions before the public in the greateſt poſſible perfection, he had repeatedly ſubmitted the manuſcript to the examination and critical remarks of his learned friends. Their approbation of it was liberal and general: but the opinion of Dr. Parr on any ſubject of literature is deciſive, and I ſelect from a letter, which he wrote to Mr. Jones in 1769, ſome paſſages, in which he expreſſes his admiration of the work.

"I have read your book De Poëſi Aſia-
"ticâ with all the attention that is due to a
"work ſo ſtudiouſly deſigned, and ſo happily
"executed. The obſervations are juſt and
"curious, and equally free from indiſcriminate

" approbation, licentious cenſure, and exceſ-
" ſive refinement. Through the hurry of
" the firſt compoſition, the ſame expreſſion
" frequently occurs, and ſentences begin in
" the ſame manner, and now and then two
" words are improperly combined.

" Theſe inaccuracies are very rare, and very
" trifling. On the whole, there is a purity,
" an eaſe, an elegance in the ſtyle, which
" ſhew an accurate and moſt perfect know-
" ledge of the Latin tongue. Your Latin
" tranſlations in verſe gave me great ſatis-
" faction. I am uncommonly charmed with
" the idyllium, called Chryſis. The flow of
" the verſes, the poetic ſtyle of the words,
" and the elegant turn of the whole poem, are
" admirable.

" On the whole, I have received infinite
" entertainment from this curious and learned
" performance, and I look forward with plea-
" ſure, to the great honour ſuch a publica-
" tion will do our country."

It will readily be ſuppoſed, that in the in-terval between the date of the letter and the

publication of the Commentaries, Mr. Jones had not neglected to make the corrections ſuggeſted by the criticiſms of his learned correſpondent; and that ſuch further emendations were adopted, as the growing maturity of his own judgment pointed out.

In the preface to the Commentaries, Mr. Jones mentions and laments the death of Dr. Sumner, in terms which ſtrongly mark his affection for the memory of his reſpected friend and inſtructor, who died in September 1771:—

"There never was a man more worthy "of being remembered, for his talents, in- "tegrity, admirable diſpoſition, amiable man- "ners, and exquiſite learning; in the art of "inſtructing, I never knew any maſter equal "to him; and his cheerfulneſs and ſweetneſs "were ſuch, that it is difficult to ſay, whether "he was moſt agreeable to his friends or his "pupils. In Greek and Latin literature he "was deeply verſed: and although, like So- "crates, he wrote little himſelf, no one had "more acuteneſs or preciſion in correcting

" the faults, or in pointing out the beauties of " others; ſo that if fortune or the courſe of " events, inſtead of confining his talents to a " ſchool, had placed him at the bar, or in the " ſenate, he would have conteſted the prize " of eloquence with the ableſt orators of his " own country, where only this art is ſuc- " ceſsfully cultivated. For if he did not " poſſeſs all the qualities of an orator in per- " fection, he had each of them in a great de- " gree. His voice was clear and diſtinct, his " ſtyle poliſhed, his expreſſion fluent, his " wit playful, and his memory tenacious; his " eyes, his countenance, his action, in ſhort, " were rather thoſe of a Demoſthenes than of " an ordinary ſpeaker; in ſhort, we may ſay " of him what Cicero ſaid of Roſcius, that " whilſt he ſeemed the only maſter qualified " for the education of youth, he ſeemed at " the ſame time, the only orator capable of " diſcharging the moſt important functions of " the ſtate."

Thoſe who had the good fortune to receive their tuition under Dr. Sumner, will

not think this eulogium exaggerated, and muſt read with pleaſure a teſtimony, which their own recollection confirms *.

* The following epitaph, said to be composed by Dr. Parr, is inscribed on the monument of Dr. Sumner, at Harrow on the Hill:

H. S. E.
ROBERTUS SUMNER, S. T. P.
Coll. Regal. apud Cantab. olim socius;
Scholæ Harroviensis, haud ita pridem,
Archididascalus.
Fuit huic præstantissimo viro
Ingenium naturâ peracre, optimarum
disciplinis artium sedulò excultum,
Usu diuturno confirmatum, et quodam
modo subactum.
Nemo enim
Aut in reconditis sapientiæ studiis illo
subtilior extitit,
Aut humanioribus literis limatior.
Egregiis cum dotibus naturæ, tum
doctrinæ præditus.
Insuper accedebant
In sententiis, vera ac perfecta elo-
quentia;
In sermone, facetiarum lepos, planè
Atticus,
Et gravitate insuper aspersa urbanitas;
In moribus, singularis quædam
integritas et fides;
Vitæ denique ratio constans sibi, et ad
virtutis normam diligenter
severèque exacta,

The dedication of his Commentaries to the Univerſity of Oxford, which he pronounced "would be the moſt illuſtrious of all uni-" verſities, as long as ſhe remained the moſt "free," was a pleaſing proof of his gratitude to his *alma mater*; and he concludes the preface with ſome animated thoughts, which I ſhall endeavour to convey, with the full conſciouſneſs, at the ſame time, of the imperfection of my attempt.

"Whether this work will pleaſe the French, "or their admirers, is to me of little concern, "provided it prove acceptable to my country, "and to that renowned Univerſity, in which "I received my education; with a view to "the honour of both, theſe Commentaries "were undertaken and completed; nor is "there any wiſh ſo near to my heart, as that

Omnibus qui vel amico essent eo,
vel magistro usi,
Doctrinæ, ingenii, virtutis justum
reliquit desiderium.
Subitâ, eheu! atque immaturâ morte
correptus,
Prid. Id. Septemb.
Anno Domini M,DCC,LXXI.
Ætat. suæ 41.

" all my labours, paſt or future, may be uſe-
" ful and agreeable to them. I lament, in-
" deed, the neceſſity which compels me to
" renounce the purſuit of polite literature:
" but why do I ſay, lament? let me rather
" rejoice, that I am now entering upon a
" career, which will ſupply ampler and better
" opportunities of relieving the oppreſſed, of
" aſſiſting the miſerable, and of checking the
" deſpotic and tyrannical.

" If I am aſked, who is the *greateſt man?*
" I anſwer the *beſt:* and if I am required
" to ſay, who is the beſt? I reply, he that
" has deſerved moſt of his fellow-creatures.
" Whether we deſerve better of mankind by
" the cultivation of letters, by obſcure and
" inglorious attainments, by intellectual pur-
" ſuits calculated rather to amuſe than in-
" form, than by ſtrenuous exertions in ſpeak-
" ing and acting, let thoſe conſider who bury
" themſelves in ſtudies unproductive of any
" benefit to their country or fellow-citizens.
" I think not. I have been long enough en-
" gaged in preparatory exerciſes, and I am

"now called to the field. What my fortune "may be, I know not; this, however, I "know, that the moſt anxious object of my "heart is, after having run my career, to "retire, in advanced life, to the ever-beloved "retreat of the Univerſity; not with a view "to indulge myſelf in indolence, which my "diſpoſition abhors, but to enjoy a dignified "leiſure in the uninterrupted cultivation of "letters, which the profeſſion I am preparing "to embrace, no longer ſuffers me to purſue."

At the concluſion of the Commentaries, we find an elegant addreſs to the Muſe, in which Mr. Jones expreſſes his determination to renounce polite literature, and devote himſelf entirely to the ſtudy of the law. He was called to the Bar, in January 1774, and had diſcovered, as he writes to an intimate friend, that the law was a jealous ſcience, and would admit no partnerſhip with the Eaſtern muſes. To this determination he appears to have inflexibly adhered for ſome years, notwithſtanding the friendly remonſtrances and flattering invitations of his learned correſpondents. He had about this time an intention of publiſhing

the mathematical works of his father, and with this view circulated propoſals; but, for what reaſon I know not, he abandoned it.

I now revert to his correſpondence, of which I repeat my regret that ſo little remains.

Dr. HUNT to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, March* 2, 1774.

I return you my hearty thanks for your moſt acceptable preſent of your excellent book on the Aſiatic poetry. I ſhould have made you my acknowledgements for this great favour before, but I have been ſo entirely engaged in reading the book (which I have done from the beginning to the end) that I have not had time to think of its worthy author any otherwiſe, than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquiſitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, ſo engaging is the beautiful ſtyle of this admirable performance, and ſo ſtriking the obſervations it contains, that it is next to impoſſible for a perſon, who has any taſte for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into his hand,

to lay it aſide again without giving it a thorough peruſal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations, and judicious criticiſms, as well as with the addition of ſeveral valuable new pieces, ſince you favoured me with the ſight of it before, and the pleaſure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the Aſiatic poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be ſuffered to ruſt for want of uſe; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, an happy inſtrument in the hands of learned and inquiſitive men, for unlocking the rich treaſures of wiſdom and knowledge which have been preſerved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Perſic, and the other Oriental languages, and eſpecially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the ſacred compoſitions of the divinely inſpired poets have been conveyed down to us.

I hope this will find you well,

and am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

P. S. I have ſeen your propoſals for print-

ing the mathematical works of my worthy friend, your late father, and beg to be of the number of your ſubſcribers.

* Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

March 1774.

I have received a moſt elegant copy of your Treatiſe on the Phœnician Language and Colonies, and I am at a loſs to decide whether it is moſt learned or entertaining. Although I fear, like Diomede, that I ſhall give you braſs in exchange for your gold; yet I ſend you, as a proof of my gratitude and eſteem, my Commentaries on Aſiatic Poetry; and it will afford me great ſatisfaction to learn that they pleaſe you.—Farewell.

† Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

July 1774.

This letter will be preſented to you by Mr. Campbell, a young gentleman of great modeſty and worth, and I recommend

* Appendix, No. 23. † Appendix, No. 24.

him to your particular attention. He intends going to India as a merchant, but, previous to his embarkation, wiſhes to give ſome time to the ſtudy of foreign languages, European and Aſiatic, and particularly the Perſian. Any aſſiſtance which you may afford him in his ſtudies, or other little affairs, I ſhall eſteem a favour done to myſelf, and he will conſider it a great obligation.

How goes on our Hariri? Will it ever be publiſhed with your elucidations? My time is employed in the courts; and whatever leiſure I can command is excluſively devoted to the ſtudy of law and hiſtory. I hope you have received my Commentaries, which I ſent you.—Farewell.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES,

The phœnix of his time, and the ornament of the age—Health!

Amſterdam, Sept. 1774.

When I reflect, my dear Jones, upon the fortunate period, which I paſſed in your hap-

py iſland, I feel the moſt exquiſite delight at the recollection of the pleaſure and improvement, which I derived from your ſociety; at the ſame time, my anxiety for your company excites the moſt lively regret at our ſeparation. If I cannot altogether conquer it, I can at leaſt alleviate it by correſponding with you.

Nothing but a variety of unuſual occupations could have delayed my writing to you ſo long after my return to Amſterdam; I was moreover apprehenſive of interrupting your ſtudies by my intruſion. The receipt of the obliging preſent of your Commentaries, has removed all my fear on this account, and affords me a moſt agreeable proof of your remembrance. Accept my ſincereſt thanks for your finiſhed and moſt elegant work, which I have eagerly read again and again with admiration and aſtoniſhment.

As ſincere a lover as yourſelf of the Muſes, how much I regret their unhappy lot, that whilſt they have ſo few admirers, one of their moſt diſtinguiſhed votaries ſhould be ſeduced

from their ſervice by the diſcordant broils of the bar! Do they not then poſſeſs ſuch charms and graces as to merit a preference to others, who have no portion but wealth and honour? Is not their beauty ſo attractive, their dreſs ſo elegant and enchanting, as to faſcinate their admirers to a degree, which makes them deſpiſe all others, and feel no delight but in their ſociety? Forgive, my dear Jones, this friendly expoſtulation.

Two or three copies only of your work have reached us; I beg you will not ſuffer the inattention of bookſellers to deprive us of a larger ſupply. You will receive ſhortly a little inaugural diſcourſe which I pronounced here, *On extending the limits of Oriental literature.* It was done too much in haſte to be as perfect as it ought to have been, and as I could have made it with more leiſure. The office which I hold here is moſt agreeable to me, but is attended with this inconvenience, that the duties of it allow me no time for the purſuit of other ſtudies; and the attention which I am forced to beſtow on grammatical

inſtitutions, on explanatory lectures on the Old Teſtament, and in diſquiſitions on the Jewiſh antiquities, precludes the peruſal of Arabic, and ſtill more of Perſian authors. But I ſubmit the more cheerfully to this reſtraint, as the aſſiduity of my preſent exertions will produce more leiſure in future; and when I have once committed to paper the maſs of lectures which I have annually to repeat, I ſhall then be at full liberty to employ myſelf as I pleaſe. I have abſolutely determined to publiſh Meidani, but it will require the labour of ten years: you well know, that without a competent knowledge, not only of the language of the Eaſt, but of Oriental hiſtory, ceremonies, and manners, it would be madneſs to attempt it. Whether my labours will ever have the aſſiſtance of a midwife, time muſt ſhew. Profeſſor Scheidius is employed in publiſhing Giewhari: the expenſe of the undertaking far exceeds his means, but he hopes to provide againſt this difficulty, by publiſhing one, or more numbers annually, according to alphabetical arrangement, by which

means the ſale of each may furniſh the expenſe of the ſucceeding.

I have nothing further to communicate to you, but I moſt anxiouſly long to ſee you. If you have the ambition of your countryman, Banks, to expoſe yourſelf to the inclemency of winter by viſiting me here, all my fear of the cold will be loſt in the hope, that a long and intenſe froſt may detain you. Nothing however can give me more pleaſure, either in winter or ſummer, than to have you for my gueſt. My wife, whom I married about five months ſince, is equally anxious to ſee a man, of whom ſhe hears her huſband perpetually talking; ſhe, as well as my father, who received inexpreſſible delight in the peruſal of your Commentaries, deſires to be remembered to you; he entertains the higheſt reſpect and eſteem for you. Let me know how you are, and whether your mother and ſiſter are well. Do me the favour alſo to inform them, that I ſhall ever remember with gratitude the obligations which I owe to their

great politeneſs and attention to me. Conſider me ever as the humble ſervant of yourſelf and friends.—Farewell, and love me ever.

P. S. I almoſt forgot to mention our Damaſcene prince; his name, I think, is Joſeph Abas. I regret that during his reſidence at this place, he only called upon me two days before his departure for Bruſſels. I was highly delighted with his liberal, manly, and truly Arabian ſpirit; neither did he appear deficient in polite literature, but of this you are a better judge than I am. For my own part, I muſt ever retain a regard for a man, whoſe converſation ſo entertained and intereſted me, under the attack of a fever, that it abſolutely prevented the return of it.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

October 1774.

I have had the pleaſure to receive your letter dated in September, which did not

* Appendix, No. 26.

however reach me, till after my return to London, from a ſummer excurſion to the Kentiſh coaſt.

I am highly gratified by your father's and your approbation of my Commentaries, and I acknowledge the kindneſs of your friendly and polite expoſtulation in telling me that you cannot bear to ſee me deſert the cauſe of literature. But, my friend, the die is caſt, and I have no longer a choice; all my books and manuſcripts, with an exception of thoſe only which relate to law and oratory, are locked up at Oxford, and I have determined, for the next twenty years at leaſt, to renounce all ſtudies but thoſe which are connected with my profeſſion. It is needleſs to trouble you with my reaſons at length for this determination; I will only ſay, that if I had lived at Rome or Athens, I ſhould have preferred the labours, ſtudies, and dangers of their orators and illuſtrious citizens, connected as they were with baniſhment and even death, to the groves of the poets, or the gardens of the philoſophers. Here I adopt the ſame reſo-

lution. The Conſtitution of England is in no reſpect inferior to that of Rome or Athens; this is my fixed opinion, which I formed in my earlieſt years, and ſhall ever retain. Although I ſincerely acknowledge the charms of polite literature, I muſt at the ſame time adopt the ſentiment of Neoptolemus in the tragedy, that we can philoſophize with a few only; and no leſs the axiom of Hippocrates, that life is ſhort, art long, and time ſwift. But I will alſo maintain the excellence and the delight of other ſtudies. What! ſhall we deny that there is pleaſure in mathematics, when we recollect Archimedes, the prince of geometricians, who was ſo intenſely abſorbed in the demonſtration of a problem, that he did not diſcover Syracuſe was taken? Can we conceive any ſtudy more important, than the ſingle one of the laws of our own country? Let me recall to your recollection the obſervations of L. Craſſus and Q. Scævola on this ſubject, in the treatiſe of Cicero de Oratore. What! do you imagine the goddeſs of eloquence to poſſeſs leſs at-

tractions than Thalia or Polyhymnia, or have you forgotten the epithets which Ennius beſtows on Cethegus, the quinteſſence of eloquence, and the flower of the people? Is there a man exiſting who would not rather reſemble Cicero, (whom I wiſh abſolutely to make my model, both in the courſe of his life and ſtudies,) than be like Varro, however learned, or Lucretius, however ingenious as a poet? If the ſtudy of the law were really unpleaſant and diſguſting, which is far from the truth, the example of the wiſeſt of the ancients, and of Minerva herſelf, the goddeſs of wiſdom and protectreſs of Athens, would juſtify me in preferring the fruitful and uſeful olive to the barren laurel.

To tell you my mind freely, I am not of a diſpoſition to bear the arrogance of men of rank, to which poets and men of letters are ſo often obliged to ſubmit. Accept this friendly reply to your friendly expoſtulation, and believe my aſſurances, that I entertain the higheſt value for your eſteem, of which I have received ſo many proofs. I moſt anxiouſly ex-

pect your diſſertation. May the Almighty proſper your labours, and particularly your laborious taſk of Meidani! May the moſt learned Scheidius perſevere with reſolution in completing the gigantic work, which he meditates! I admire his moſt laudable induſtry; but after the fate of Meninſki, (I do not ſpeak of his works, but of his fortunes) no prudent man (for he that is not wiſe to himſelf, is wiſe to no end) will venture to expoſe his veſſel to the perils of ſhipwreck in ſo uncertain a ſea. The work is worthy of a king, but the expenſe of it will require the revenue of a king.

My mother and ſiſter cordially unite with me in congratulations on your marriage, and I beg you to make my compliments to your amiable conſort, and moſt reſpectable father. I thank you for your invitation to Amſterdam, and aſſure you that I ſhould be moſt happy to avail myſelf of it. In your ſociety, I ſhould prefer a winter in Holland to the gardens of the Heſperides, nor indulge a wiſh for the vales of Tempè, but my legal occu-

pations make the ſummer more convenient for travelling. I promiſe you therefore to paſs ſome time with you in the July, or Auguſt, of the next or following year.

I rejoice to find you pleaſed with Joſeph the Syrian, and equally ſo that he means to travel through Germany. His hiſtory is ſomewhat long. If I had not exerted myſelf in my application to ſome men of rank in London, who have acceſs to the King, he muſt have paſſed a life of miſery here, or have died moſt wretchedly.

The bookſeller keeps for you the books which you deſired to purchaſe. You cannot as yet have received a ſhort letter which I wrote to you in July, and ſent by a young gentleman of the name of Campbell. The ſon of the king of Spain, Prince Gabriel, did me the honour to ſend me a moſt ſplendid copy of his Salluſt, for which I returned my grateful acknowledgments.

You have doubtleſs heard of the travels of Mr. Bruce, a native of Scotland, into Syria, Arabia, Abyſſinia, Nubia, and Egypt. He is

as well acquainted with the coaſt of the Red Sea, and the ſources of the Nile, as with his own houſe. He has brought with him ſome Æthiopic manuſcripts, and amongſt them the Prophecies of Enoch, an ancient book, but to be ranked only with the Sibylline oracles.

Whilſt I was writing this letter, a perſon called upon me with a manuſcript, which he had received at Venice from Mr. Montague, a man of family. I immediately perceived it to be a moſt beautiful and correct copy of Motanabbi, with a letter addreſſed to myſelf in Arabic verſe, from ſome perſon named Abdurrahman, whom Mr. Montague had probably ſeen in Aſia. I owe great obligations to the politeneſs of the learned Arab, but I by no means think myſelf worthy of his exaggerated encomiums;—but you know the pompous ſtyle of the Orientals. Do not ſuppoſe that I have any preſent intention of reading the poems of Motanabbi; that muſt be reſerved for Oxford, when I have leiſure to attend to this, and my other treaſures of the ſame kind. Believe my aſſurance, that I

entertain the higheſt eſteem for you, and that nothing will give me greater pleaſure than to hear from you frequently and at length. Take care of your health, and continue your regard for me.

Mr. HOWARD to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *Paris, September* 13, 1774.

As my ſtay here may be conſiderably longer than I at firſt propoſed, it is a duty incumbent on me to acquit myſelf of a charge committed to my care in the month of June laſt by Mr. Montague, at Venice, by tranſmitting to you the manuſcript which accompanies this letter. I ſhould indeed have ſent it to you much ſooner, but the hopes I had of an earlier return to England, was the cauſe of my poſtponing it, that I might myſelf have had the pleaſure of delivering it, which I flattered myſelf might have ſerved as an introduction to the honour of your acquaintance, a happineſs which, without compliment, I have long been very ambitious of. But as my affairs are likely to detain me ſome time

longer in this city, I cannot with any propriety prefer my own intereſt to a more material one; nor ought I longer to injure the public, by depriving them of the pleaſure and advantage they may reap from this manuſcript's coming to your hands. Mr. Montague loaded me with compliments to you, meant as real teſtimonies of the eſteem he has for you, which I am very unfortunate in not having the pleaſure of delivering.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MID. HOWARD.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HOWARD.

SIR, *Oct.* 4, 1774.

I cannot expreſs how much I am flattered by the kind attention, with which you honour me. I have juſt received your moſt obliging letter, with a fine Arabic manuſcript, containing the works of a celebrated poet, with whom I have been long acquainted; this teſtimony of Mr. Montague's regard is extremely pleaſing to me, and I have a moſt grateful ſenſe of his kindneſs. I am,

conſcious how little I have deſerved the many honours I have lately received from the learned in Europe and Aſia; I can aſcribe their politeneſs to nothing but their candour and benevolence. I fear they will think me ſtill leſs deſerving, when they know that I have *deſerted*, or rather *ſuſpended*, all literary purſuits whatever, and am wholly engaged in the ſtudy of a profeſſion, for which I was always intended. As the law is a jealous ſcience, and will not have any partnerſhip with the Eaſtern muſes, I muſt abſolutely renounce their acquaintance for ten or twelve years to come. This manuſcript however is highly acceptable to me, and ſhall be preſerved among my choiceſt treaſures, till I have leiſure to give it an attentive peruſal. There is a compliment to me written in Arabic verſe in the firſt leaf of the book, and ſigned Abdurrahman Beg; the verſes are very fine, but ſo full of Oriental panegyric, that I could not read them without bluſhing. The preſent ſeems to come from the learned Arabian; but as he has not inſerted my name in his

verſes, and ſpeaks of Oxford, he muſt have heard me mentioned by Mr. Montague, to whom therefore I am equally indebted for the preſent. If I knew Mr. Montague's direction, I would ſend him a letter of thanks for his indulgence to me, and would alſo return my compliments in Arabic to his Aſiatic friend, who ſeems to have ſent the book. Before your return to England, I ſhall probably be removed to the Temple, where I ſhall wait impatiently for the pleaſure of ſeeing you.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. WADDILOVE to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *St. Ildefonso, Aug.* 1, 1774.

Upon my arrival at Madrid, I delivered your preſent of your Aſiatic Commentaries to my friend Dr. F^co^ Perez Bayer; he deſires me to return you his compliments and thanks for your politeneſs to him, and begs your acceptance of a copy of the Infant Don Gabriel's Salluſt, which he accordingly

ſent to me the night before we left Madrid. As we ſhall not be there again till next Chriſtmas, I ſhall have no opportunity of forwarding it to you very ſoon; whenever any one offers, you may depend upon receiving it, but as this probably will not be before next ſpring, I hope you will not defer acknowledging the favour till then. If you ſhould wiſh to ſee the Salluſt before you write again to Mr. Bayer, you will find a copy in the Muſeum. If you have had any time to examine the Diſſertation upon the Phœnician Language, &c., Dr. F. P. Bayer will be glad of any remarks upon it, as a new edition of it in Latin will ſoon be printed. He has a curious collection of Samaritan coins, and is now employed upon that ſubject; and if he could be prevailed upon to publiſh more of his enquiries into the antiquities of this and other countries, the learned world would be much indebted to him. Caſiri is engaged at preſent in deciphering Mooriſh inſcriptions, which have been found in different parts of Spain. Some are already engraved, but not

yet publiſhed. He reduces firſt the characters to the modern Arabic, and then gives a tranſlation and comment in Latin. Your Salluſt is unbound, and you have already the diſſertation to add to it.

I am, &c.

R. D. WADDILOVE.

* Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

Oct. 4, 1774.

I can ſcarcely find words to expreſs my thanks for your obliging preſent of a moſt beautiful and ſplendid copy of Salluſt, with an elegant Spaniſh tranſlation. You have beſtowed upon me, a private untitled individual, an honour which heretofore has only been conferred upon great monarchs, and illuſtrious univerſities. I really was at a loſs to decide, whether I ſhould begin my letter by congratulating you on having ſo excellent a tranſlator, or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increaſing ſplendour,

* Appendix, No. 27.

which the arts and ſciences muſt attain in a country, where the ſon of the king poſſeſſes genius and erudition, capable of tranſlating and illuſtrating with learned notes, the firſt of the Roman hiſtorians; how few youths amongſt the nobility in other countries poſſeſs the requiſite ability or inclination for ſuch a taſk! The hiſtory of Salluſt is a performance of great depth, wiſdom, and dignity: to underſtand it well, is no ſmall praiſe; to explain it properly, is ſtill more commendable; but to tranſlate it elegantly, excites admiration. If all this had been accompliſhed by a private individual, he would have merited applauſe; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours; but when to the title of youth, that of prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his diſtinguiſhed merit.

Many years are elapſed ſince I applied myſelf to the ſtudy of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it with great delight the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilaſſo, and the humorous ſtories

of Cervantes: but I moſt ſincerely declare, that I never peruſed a more elegant or poliſhed compoſition than the tranſlation of Salluſt, and I readily ſubſcribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spaniſh language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accompliſhed youth continue to deſerve well of his country and mankind, and eſtabliſh his claim to diſtinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my ſentiments, I would adviſe him to ſtudy moſt diligently the divine works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion, ever peruſed without improving in eloquence and wiſdom. The epiſtle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deſerves to be daily repeated by every ſovereign in the world; his books on offices, on moral ends, and the Tuſculan queſtions, merit a hundred peruſals; and his orations, nearly ſixty in number, deſerve to be tranſlated into every European language; nor do I ſcruple to affirm, that his ſixteen books of

letters to Atticus, are ſuperior to almoſt all hiſtories, that of Salluſt excepted. With reſpect to your own compoſitions, I have read with great attention, and will again read, your moſt agreeable book. I am informed that you propoſe giving a Latin tranſlation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I ſee nothing in it which requires alteration,—nothing which is not entitled to praiſe. I much wiſh that you would publiſh more of your treatiſes on the antiquities of Aſia and Africa. I am confident they would be moſt acceptable to ſuch as ſtudy thoſe ſubjects. I have only for the preſent to conclude by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters. —Farewell.

* Mr. JONES to G. S. MICHAELIS.

November 1774.

I beg you will do me the juſtice to believe that I have read your books with great attention. I neither entirely admit, nor

* Appendix, No. 28.

reject your opinion on the fables of the Hebrews; but until the ſubject be better known and explored, I am unwilling to depart from the received opinions concerning them. Your approbation of my Commentaries gives me ſincere pleaſure. Nothing is more true than that I have renounced the Aſiatic muſes and polite literature, and that for twenty years at leaſt I have determined neither to write nor think about them. The Forum is my lot, and the Law engroſſes all my attention. Be aſſured, however, that I ſhall ever retain my eſteem both for yourſelf and your works. —Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM, *Duke Street.*

I take the liberty to preſent your Ladyſhip with a copy of my poems, and cannot refrain from acquainting you with a plain truth, that the firſt of them, called Solima, would never have been written, if I had never had the honour of knowing your Ladyſhip.

* * *

I am juſt come from Harrow, where it gave me inexpreſſible happineſs to ſee Lord Althorp perfectly well, extremely improved, and deſervedly beloved by all, as much as by his real friend, and

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient and faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Lady SPENCER to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *Althorp, Jan.* 10, 1775.

The continual hurry occaſioned by having a houſe full of company, added to my not having been quite well, has prevented my thanking you ſooner for your letter; you cannot doubt of my being much flattered, at your thinking you find any reſemblance between my character and that of Solima, and ſtill more at your telling the world you do: I ſhall always look upon that poem, as a model you have ſet up for my imitation, and ſhall only be ſorry I do not approach nearer to it, eſpecially after you

have called upon me in ſo public a manner, to improve myſelf in the ways of virtue and benevolence. I muſt decline your ſecond requeſt, of criticiſing, as I have neither time nor talents for ſuch an office, nor do I think your works require it.

I am delighted with your invention of the Andrometer, and wiſh every body would form one for themſelves; it would be of infinite uſe to numbers of people, who, from indolence and diſſipation, rather go backwards than forwards in every uſeful attainment.

I am, Sir, with great eſteem,

Your faithful friend and

humble ſervant,

G. SPENCER.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

Amsterdam, Jan. 6, 1775.

Although the inceſſant and extraordinary occupations in which I am at this time engaged, do not allow me to think

* Appendix, No. 29.

even of writing to my friends, I cannot refuſe a few lines to the moſt learned Bjornſtahl, both for the purpoſe of introducing him to you, and to ſhew that I have not forgotten you. You will find our Philarabic Swede, a moſt agreeable companion; he has not only travelled much, but is deeply verſed in Oriental literature, of which he is very fond. I think I may venture to promiſe that the ſociety of a perſon, who loves what you *ſtill* delight in, (for I will not with you ſay, what you once delighted in) will be moſt acceptable to you. * * * * * *

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

London, February 1775.

Do not ſuppoſe that I have forgotten you, becauſe I write to you ſo ſeldom; I have not met with any perſon to whom I could entruſt my packet, and I have no inclination to riſk my familiar letters by the poſt. I doubt if this will ever reach you, and I fear therefore to write to you on any

* Appendix, No. 30.

ſubject with my uſual freedom, as your laſt letter of January, from Warſaw, was delivered to me opened: it is probable that you will receive this in the ſame manner. I am ſo conſtantly occupied with law and politics, that I have no leiſure for literature. I have publiſhed two books, and only want a ſafe opportunity to ſend them to you. Write to me, I beſeech you, for your friendſhip is my greateſt delight. How much I wiſh that you were in England, or I in Germany, that we might live together!

After all, I could not think of accepting the Turkiſh embaſſy. I will live in my own country, which cannot eaſily ſpare good ſubjects: it is ſcarcely yet free from commotion.—Oh! how I ſhould rejoice if I could ſee you here in a diplomatic character: I ſhould not then envy the monarchs of Europe or Aſia.—Farewell again and again.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

If you are fully ſenſible of the very great regard I entertain for you, you will then conceive how much pleaſure I felt at the receipt of your highly valued letter. Inceſſantly occupied for a long time, I have been compelled to forego the pleaſure of correſponding with you, and I the more readily acknowledge your kindneſs in writing to me, when I could have no expectation of hearing from you. Though I think it more prudent not to ſay any thing, the diſcloſure of which might be attended with unpleaſant conſequences, I impute the opening of my letter which you mention, rather to accident than deſign. Your buſineſs as a lawyer muſt neceſſarily engage your cloſeſt attention; I cannot therefore aſk you to write to me often, but thus much I wiſh you to know, that I ſhall ſoon have more leiſure for correſponding with you, as the late cloſe of the Diet, which laſted for two years (in my eſtimation

* Appendix, No. 31.

a century) has almoſt left me at liberty. So much for the affairs of this part of the world. Of what is doing in your country, your letter gives me no information; but I hear from other quarters, of the agitations amongſt you, in conſequence of the commotions in the colonies, which I conſider worſe than a foreign war. For my own part, I confeſs to you that I am tired both of my ſituation and my office, not ſo much on account of their difficulty as their unpleaſantneſs, and all the conſolation I feel ariſes from the hope that my preſent troubleſome occupation will not laſt more than a year.

I heartily wiſh I were in London, and at liberty to ſit ſeriouſly down to the compoſition of ſome political work on the ſubject of our republic; the taſk would be no leſs uſeful than agreeable, indeed I can conceive nothing more pleaſant than ſuch an employment.

If, contrary to my expectations, my wiſh ſhould be gratified, I hope to find you there, and to enjoy as formerly your ſociety and

converſation. I am anxious to have your laſt publication, (the ſubject of which you do not mention,) and doubt not that the peruſal of it will afford me great pleaſure. Farewell, and think of me always with affection.

* * * * * *

The preceding correſpondence proves the high degree of eſtimation in which the learning and abilities of Mr. Jones were holden by the literati of Europe; and we find that his reputation had extended into Aſia. From the manner in which he mentions his renunciation of the embaſſy to Conſtantinople, it is evident that his attention was ſtrongly fixed upon the political ſtate of his own country.

The *Andrometer*, mentioned by Lady Spencer to have been invented by Mr. Jones, affords a ſtriking ſpecimen of the extent of his views, in the acquiſition of intellectual excellence. It may be defined, *A ſcale of human attainments and enjoyment*; he aſſumes ſeventy years, as the limit of exertion or enjoyment; and with a view to progreſſive improvement, each year is appro-

priated to a particular ſtudy or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned, or practiſed, during this period, admits of a fourfold diviſion.

The firſt, compriſing thirty years, is aſſigned to the acquiſition of knowledge as preparatory to active occupation.

The ſecond, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and profeſſional employment.

Of the third, which contains ten years, the firſt five are allotted to literary and ſcientific compoſition, and the remainder to the continuation of former purſuits.

The laſt ten, conſtituting the fourth diviſion, which begins with the ſixty-firſt year, are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours; and the concluſion of the whole is ſpecified to be a *preparation for eternity*.

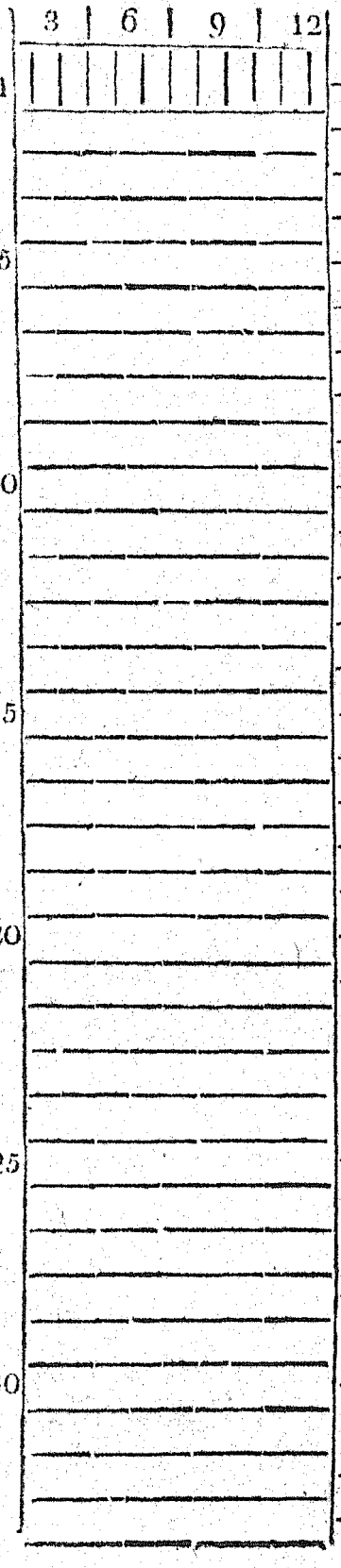
The Andrometer is to be conſidered as a mere ſketch, never intended for publication. In the conſtruction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to thoſe objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to

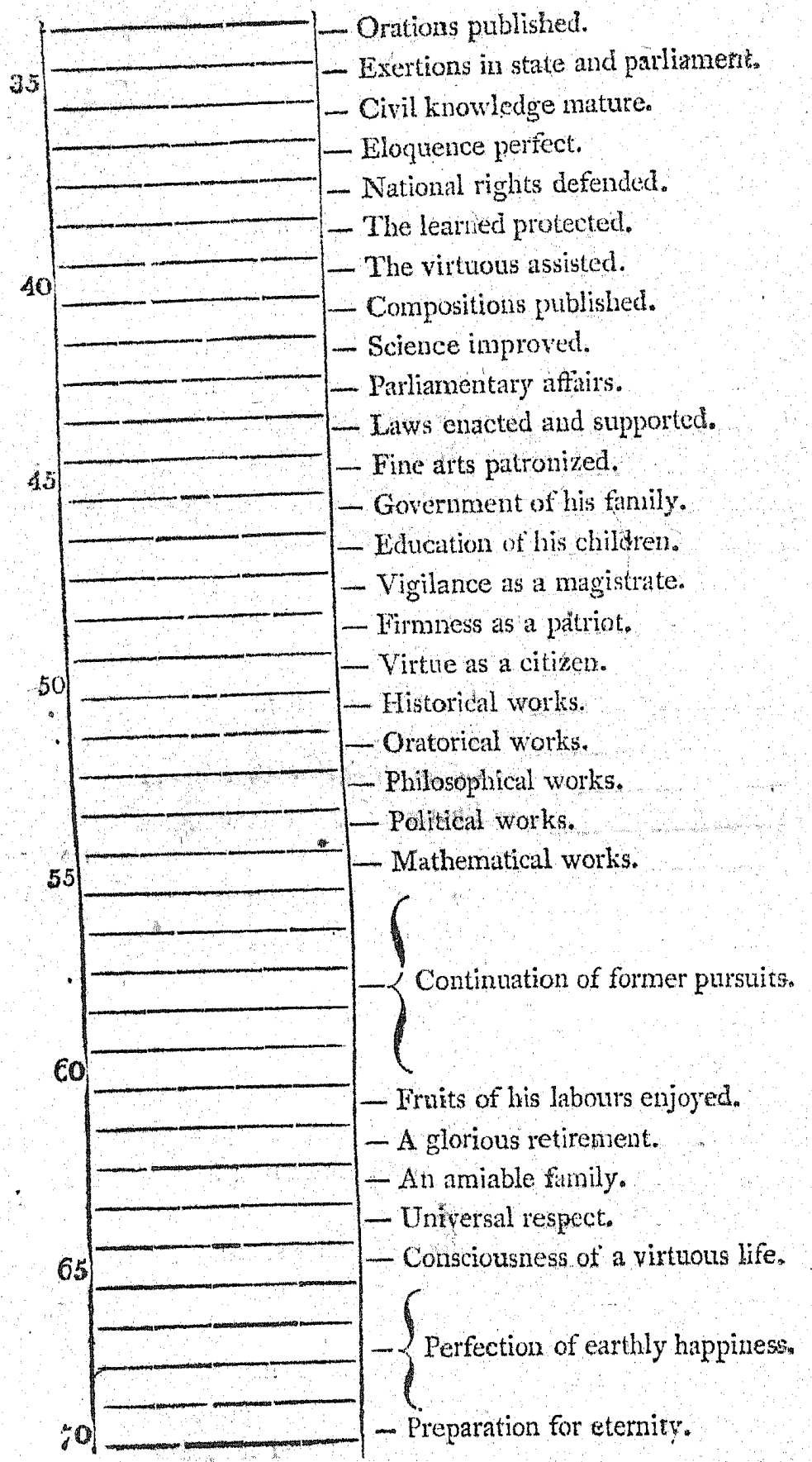
conclude, that the preparation for eternity, which ſtands at the top of the ſcale, was to be deferred until the ſeventieth year; it is rather to be conſidered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole courſe of his life, and which was *excluſively* to engroſs the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human exiſtence, to allow himſelf to reſt the momentous concern of his eternal welfare, on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew moreover too well the power of habit, to admit a ſuppoſition, that it could be effectually reſiſted or changed at the cloſe of life. Neither are we to ſuppoſe, that moral and religious leſſons which conſtitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be diſcontinued, although they are not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that they ſhould be ſeriouſly and regularly inculcated at an age, when the intellectual faculties had acquired ſtrength and expanſion by preceding exerciſes. That the order of

arrangement in the Andrometer, could never be ſtrictly adhered to in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents (if it were intended) is evident; but to thoſe who from their ſituation are enabled to avail themſelves of the ſuggeſtions which it furniſhes, it will ſupply uſeful hints for improvement, and ſerve as a ſtandard of compariſon for their progreſs. With reſpect to Mr. Jones himſelf, if his own acquiſitions in his thirtieth year, when he conſtructed the Andrometer, be compared with it, they will be found to riſe to a higher degree in the ſcale.

With theſe explanations, I preſent it to the reader; reverſing, for the ſake of convenience, the order of the ſcale.

ANDROMETER.


3
6
9
12
1
5
10
15
20
25
30
— Ideas received through the senses.
— Speaking and pronunciation.
— Letters and spelling.
— Ideas retained in the memory.
— Reading and repeating.
— Grammar of his own language.
— Memory exercised.
— Moral and religious lessons.
— Natural history and experiments.
— Dancing, music, drawing, exercises.
— History of his own country.
— Latin.
— Greek.
— French and Italian.
— Translations.
— Compositions in verse and prose.
— Rhetoric and declamation.
— History and law.
— Logic and mathematics.
— Rhetorical exercises.
— Philosophy and politics.
— Compositions in his own language.
— Declamations continued.
— Ancient orators studied.
— Travel and conversation.
— Speeches at the bar or in parliament.
— State affairs.
— Historical studies continued.
— Law and eloquence.
— Public life.
— Private and social virtues.
— Habits of eloquence improved.
— Philosophy resumed at leisure.


35
40
45
50
55
60
65
70
— Orations published.
— Exertions in state and parliament.
— Civil knowledge mature.
— Eloquence perfect.
— National rights defended.
— The learned protected.
— The virtuous assisted.
— Compositions published.
— Science improved.
— Parliamentary affairs.
— Laws enacted and supported.
— Fine arts patronized.
— Government of his family.
— Education of his children.
— Vigilance as a magistrate.
— Firmness as a patriot.
— Virtue as a citizen.
— Historical works.
— Oratorical works.
— Philosophical works.
— Political works.
— Mathematical works.
— Continuation of former pursuits.
— Fruits of his labours enjoyed.
— A glorious retirement.
— An amiable family.
— Universal respect.
— Consciousness of a virtuous life.
— Perfection of earthly happiness.
— Preparation for eternity.

I HAVE mentioned that Mr. Jones was called to the bar in 1774, but he declined practice; from this period however he ſeems to have been fully ſenſible of the neceſſity of devoting himſelf excluſively to his legal ſtudies. The ambition of obtaining diſtinction in his profeſſion could not fail to animate a mind always ardent in the purſuit of the objects which it had in view, nor was he of a temper to be ſatisfied with mediocrity, where perfection was attainable. His reſearches and ſtudies were not confined to any one branch of juriſprudence, but embraced the whole in its fulleſt extent. He compared the doctrines and principles of ancient legiſlators with the later improvements in the ſcience of law; he collated the various codes of the different ſtates of Europe, and collected profeſſional knowledge wherever it was to be found. If the reader recollects the enthuſiaſm diſplayed by Mr. Jones in the proſecution of his Oriental ſtudies, the extent and depth of his attainments in the literature of Aſia, and the high reputation which he had acquired from

them, he will readily applaud his reſolution and perſeverance in renouncing his favourite purſuits. That he acted wiſely, will be admitted, but the ſacrifice of inclination to duty, affords an example of too great uſe and importance to paſs without particular obſervation.

In 1775, for the firſt time, he attended the ſpring circuit and ſeſſions at Oxford, but whether as a ſpectator, or actor, on that occaſion, I am not informed. In the following year, he was regular in his attendance at Weſtminſter-Hall.

The only part of his correſpondence of this year which I poſſeſs, is a letter to his friend Schultens, and I inſert it as a memorial of an incident in his life.

*Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

December, 1776.

Behold me now no longer a free man; me, who ever conſidered perfect liberty ſuperior to every thing! Under the

* Appendix, No. 32.

impreſſion of the moſt eager deſire to ſee you, I promiſed to viſit Amſterdam this year, but I am detained in London by various and important occupations. The fact is, that I am appointed one of the ſixty commiſſioners of bankrupts. It is an office of great uſe, but little emolument; it confines me however to London during the greateſt part of the year. Add to this, my neceſſary ſtudies, my practice at the bar, and the duty of giving opinions on legal caſes ſubmitted by clients. However, I read the Grecian orators again and again, and have tranſlated into Engliſh the moſt uſeful orations of Iſæus. How go on Meidani and Hariri? Continue, I beſeech you, your labours upon them, with due regard however to your health.

* * * * * *

Notwithſtanding the increaſing application of Mr. Jones to the duties and ſtudies of his profeſſion, and his attention to political tranſactions, the philoſophical diſcoveries of the times did not eſcape his obſervation. The hopes and fears of the nation were at this

period anxiouſly engaged in the event of the unfortunate conteſt, which had taken place between the mother country and her colonies, and whilſt the juſtice of the war, and the expectation of a ſucceſsful concluſion of it, were maintained by one party, by another their ſentiments were oppoſed, and their meaſures arraigned and condemned. But it is no part of my plan to invade the province of the hiſtorian by diſcuſſing the queſtions of thoſe times. Theſe curſory remarks are chiefly introduced as preliminary to the inſertion of two letters from Mr. Jones to Lord Althorp, with whom he continued to cultivate that friendſhip which had ſo naturally been formed between the tutor and the pupil. I add alſo a ſhort letter to Schultens, in anſwer to one which Mr. Jones had received from him, requeſting him to aſſiſt by his own contributions a new publication, then on foot in Holland, and complaining of his finances in a ſtyle calculated to conſole his friend for renouncing the haunts of the Muſes, for the thorny but more productive field of the law.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

Temple, Nov. 13.

As I have a few minutes of leiſure this evening, can I employ them better than in writing to my friend? I haſten, my dear Lord, to impart to you the pleaſure I received to-day, from ſeeing a ſeries of experiments exhibited by Mr. Walſh on the American eel, by which he clearly proved that the animal has a ſenſation wholly diſtinct from any of the five ſenſes. When he announced the propoſition to be demonſtrated, I thought it might poſſibly be true, but could not conceive how a new ſenſe could be made perceptible to any ſenſe of mine, as I imagined it would be like talking to a deaf man of harmonic ſounds, or to one who had no palate, of nectarines and pine-apples; but he produced the fulleſt conviction in me, that his poſition was in a degree juſt. His firſt experiment was by fixing four wires, about two inches in the water where the fiſh was ſwimming, one in each

quarter of the elliptical trough; each of theſe wires communicated with a large glaſs of water placed on a table at a little diſtance, though the diſtance ſignified nothing, for the experiment, had the wires been long enough, might have been conducted in another room; while the four glaſſes remained ſeparate, the gymnotus (for that is his technical name) was perfectly inſenſible of the wires, but in the very inſtant when a communication was made by an inſtrument between any two of the glaſſes, he ſeemed to ſtart, and ſwam directly to the wires which were thus joined, paying no attention to the others, till a junction was made between them alſo. This could not be ſight, becauſe he did not ſee the wires while they were inſulated, though they were equally conſpicuous; it could not be feeling (at leaſt not like our feeling) becauſe the water was not in the leaſt agitated; ſtill leſs could it be hearing, and leaſt of all ſmell, or taſte. It was therefore a diſtinct electrical ſenſe of feeling, or power of conceiving any ſtronger conductor than the water around

him, for which reaſon he did not perceive the wires till their junction, becauſe they were at the extremities of the tub, and ſo little in the water, that they were leſs powerful conductors. Several other experiments were exhibited with equal ſucceſs; one of them only I will mention. A triangular inſtrument of braſs was held over the tub, and one of the legs placed gently in the water, to which the fiſh was wholly inattentive, though he ſwam cloſe to it; but when the other leg was immerſed to complete the circulation, he inſtantly ſtarted. It is by this faculty that the wonderful animal has notice of his prey, and of his enemies. Theſe are pleaſant amuſements, and objects of a juſt curioſity when they fall occaſionally in our way; but ſuch experiments might have been exhibited at Paris, Madrid, or Peterſburgh, where the philoſophers, who are diſcovering new ſenſes in other animals, are not permitted to uſe their own freely; and believe me, my dear Lord, it is not by electrical experiments, nor by triangular inſtru-

ments, nor by conductors of wire, that we ſhall be able to avert the black ſtorm which hangs over us. Let you and me, therefore, be philoſophers now and then, but citizens always; let us ſometimes obſerve with eagerneſs the ſatellites of Jupiter, but let us inceſſantly watch with jealouſy the ſatellites of the King. Do you hear any certain intelligence concerning America? Mr. Owen Cambridge has juſt informed me, that a New York Gazette is brought over, in which the late uncertain accounts are confirmed in their full extent, with this important addition, that three counties of Maryland have offered not only ſubmiſſion, but aſſiſtance to General Howe. This may, or may not be true.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

November 22.

I rejoice, my dear friend, that you have acquired that ingenuous diſtruſt, which Epicharmus calls *a ſinew of wiſdom*. It is certain that doubt impels us to enquire,

and enquiry often ends in conviction. You will be able when you come to London, to examine with the minuteſt *ſcrupuloſity*, as Johnſon would call it, the properties of that ſingular animal, who is in the rivers of South America, what Jupiter was feigned to be among the gods, *a darter of lightning*, and ſhould be named ἀστραπηφόρος, inſtead of gymnotus. He certainly has (if an academic may venture to affirm any thing) a mode of perception peculiar to himſelf; but whether that perception can properly be called *a new ſenſe*, I leave you to determine: it is a modification indeed of feeling, but are not all our ſenſes ſo? I deſire however, that in this and in every thing, you will form your own judgment. As to the παλιγγενεσία of our noble Conſtitution, which has happily preſented itſelf to your imagination, the very idea fixes me with rapture. No, my dear Lord, never believe that any thing is impoſſible to virtue; no, if ten ſuch as you conceive ſuch ſentiments as your letter contains, and expreſs them as forcibly, if you retain theſe ſenti-

ments, as you certainly will, when you take your place in parliament, I will not deſpair of ſeeing the moſt glorious of ſights, *a nation freely governed by its own laws.* This I promiſe, that, if ſuch a decemvirate ſhould ever attempt to reſtore our conſtitutional liberty by conſtitutional means, I would exert in their cauſe, ſuch talents as I have, and, even if I were oppreſſed with ſickneſs, and torn with pain, would ſtart from my couch, and exclaim with Trebonius, "If you mean to "act worthily, O Romans! I am well." The ſpeech, you find, was compoſed and delivered without my news about Maryland, it is * λόγος μάλα μοναρχικὸς και ςρατιωτικὸς, and breathes a deliberate firmneſs. Lord Chatham ſpoke with a noble vigour for a veteran orator, and your biſhop pronounced an elegant harangue: I wiſh Lord Granby had more courage as a public ſpeaker; all men ſpeak highly of him, but he will never be eloquent, till he is leſs modeſt. Charles Fox poured forth with amazing rapidity a conti-

* Too despotic and military.

nued invective againſt Lord G. Germaine, and Burke was ſo pathetic, that many declare they ſaw him ſhed tears. The miniſters in both houſes were ſullen and reſerved, but Lord Sandwich boldly contradicted the Duke of Richmond on the ſtate of the navy. I grieve that our ſenate is dwindled into a ſchool of rhetoric, where men riſe to diſplay their abilities rather than to deliberate, and wiſh to be admired without hoping to convince. Adieu, my dear Lord; I ſteal theſe few moments from a dry legal inveſtigation; but I could not defer the pleaſure of anſwering a letter, which gave me inexpreſſible delight.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

May 1777.

I know not how to expreſs my delight at the receipt of your ſhort, but very friendly and obliging letter. I take ſhame to myſelf at having ſo long delayed the acknowledgement of it, and you might

* Appendix, No. 33.

indeed juſtly cenſure me, for an apparent forgetfulneſs of your kindneſs towards me. This would indeed be a moſt ſerious accuſation, which I cannot in any degree admit; I wiſh I could as fairly exculpate myſelf from the charge of negligence. You have now, my friend, my confeſſion, but you will pardon me in conſideration of my promiſe to be more attentive in future. I may indeed plead occupations ſo inceſſant, that they ſcarcely allow me time to breathe, and have often compelled me to defer writing to you, when I moſt ſeriouſly intended it; you will the more readily admit this apology, when I tell you, that for five months I have never once thought of Meidani.

I have now a little reſpite, and mean ſoon to reſume my work, which has been ſo long interrupted; the ſingular kindneſs of the ſuperintendants of the library at Leyden, by permitting me to take home for my uſe, and retain as long as I pleaſe, not only the manuſcript of Meidani, but any others which I may want, will much diminiſh the weight of

my labour. With this aſſiſtance, I ſhall proceed as faſt as my other employments allow to copy the manuſcript, finiſh the indexes (which are abſolutely neceſſary to ſuch a work), and add whatever is wanted to render it as elegant and complete as poſſible;—it gradually advances. I moſt heartily wiſh it were in my power to beſtow upon this favourite occupation, thoſe hours which I am obliged moſt reluctantly to give to my various public and private lectures; but I foreſee that it will ſtill require three or four years of hard labour to collect ſuch an ample ſtock of materials, as will enable me to deliver my lectures fluently without much previous ſtudy, or "to ſhake them out of a bag," as the phraſe is. In the mean time, Hariri lies untouched, the Arabic poets are neglected, and the ſoft and elegant literature of Perſia, which above all I ſincerely regret, remains unexplored; ſuch however is the ardour with which you have inſpired me, that I am determined, if I enjoy life and health, at all hazards, and at the riſk of ſingularity, to

devote myſelf to the acquiſition of it. I almoſt however deſpair of publiſhing Hariri. I had determined to give the text only from the beſt procurable manuſcripts, annexing to it the tranſlation of my grandfather, which is complete. This I ſhould be able to accompliſh with little ſacrifice of time; and without neglecting other buſineſs, I could give the public an uſeful work. But there are ſome, to whoſe judgment as well as inclination I owe much deference, who diſapprove of this plan, and adviſe me not to publiſh the work, without extracts from Tebrizi and other grammarians, nor even without my own annotations. Though I do not agree with them, I muſt ſubmit to their authority, at the neceſſity of protracting the publication, till I can give it as they wiſh.

Scheidius has lately publiſhed the firſt part of Jaohari's Lexicon, conſiſting of about two hundred pages. He calculates that the whole work will not be compriſed in leſs than ten volumes, of a thouſand pages each. Opinions about it are various. He

himſelf foreſees ſo little impediment in completing this immenſe undertaking, that he even talks of publiſhing Phiruzbadi, &c.; but others conſider the obſtacles ſo inſuperable, that they think it never will be finiſhed, unleſs it ſhould rain gold upon him. This is all relating to the Arabic that is now going on amongſt us, excepting a gloſſary to Hariri, Arab Shah, and the Coran, which Mr. Wilmot, a young, but learned theologian has undertaken. It will be very uſeful to beginners, who from the difficulty and expenſe of procuring Golius, are deterred from the ſtudy of the language. Latin and Greek literature receive more encouragement here. This neither excites my envy nor ſurpriſe; but I ſhould be ſtill more reconciled to it, if ſome ſmall part of this patronage were to overflow upon the Orientaliſts. Ruhnkenius is at work upon Velleius Paterculus, Burman on Propertius, Wyttenbach on Plutarch, Tollius upon the Homeric Lexicon of Apollonius, an edition of which has been publiſhed by Villoiſon in France. The epiſtles

of Phalaris, reſpecting the author of which your countrymen, Boyle and Bentley, had ſuch a controverſy, will ſoon be publiſhed. Have you ſeen the very elegant Eſſay of Ruhnkenius on the Life and Writings of Longinus? Many copies have been ſent to England;—if you wiſh to have one, I will take an opportunity of procuring it for you. In the courſe of a few weeks, a critical miſcellany will appear, and it is intended to publiſh two or three numbers of it annually. This publication has a double view; to notice the beſt new books on every ſubject which relate to learned antiquity, and to introduce occaſionally new and unpubliſhed compoſitions. The authors are unknown, or, rather, wiſh to be ſo; for ſome of them will certainly be diſcovered by their ſuperior erudition, and uncommon elegance of ſtyle. I am ſufficiently acquainted with them, to affirm confidently that the work will pleaſe you. With ſome of the perſons concerned in it, I am intimately connected, and they have requeſted me to recommend to them

ſome London bookſeller, to whom a few copies may be ſent for ſale. For this purpoſe I have thought of Elmſley, who will probably have no objection to try the ſucceſs of the work in England, by taking twenty or even fewer copies. I wiſh however in the firſt place to mention the buſineſs to you, that Elmſley, or ſome other by your intereſt, may be the more readily induced to undertake it. There is alſo another favour of more importance, which my friends, through my agency, anxiouſly hope to obtain from you; the circumſtance is this: upon their expreſſing a wiſh that their miſcellany ſhould contain extracts from Oriental authors, particularly Perſic and Arabic, I recommended to them, as there are but few works of this nature, and ſtill fewer worthy of notice, that they ſhould leave a ſpace for ſhort diſſertations, under the heads of tracts, or eſſays, or any other title, by which they may be communicated, as a means of promoting theſe ſtudies. I promiſed, for my own part, to contribute ſome biographical memoirs from

Eben Cháli Khán, if they ſhould have nothing better to inſert. They approved my advice, and earneſtly entreated me to prevail upon you to furniſh them with ſome eſſays of this kind; adding, that they would prove the greateſt ornament and recommendation of this part of the work, and that if I really enjoyed your friendſhip, which I was perpetually aſſerting, I could not fail of obtaining this favour from you. You ſee, my friend, to what I have been led, by boaſting of your regard for me. I have yielded the more readily to their ſolicitations, in the hopes of retrieving by it, in ſome degree, the heavy loſs which we ſuſtained in you. I therefore moſt earneſtly entreat and beſeech you, by your ancient love of the Oriental muſes, who ſo feelingly and fondly regret you, not to omit any convenient opportunity of gratifying our wiſhes. Examine your ſhelves;—you will find many things ready, and ſufficiently perfect for publication. Whatever you ſend, will be moſt acceptable, and it ſhall appear in our miſcellany with or with-

out your name, as you may think proper. If you have any thing in Engliſh, and want time to turn it into Latin, I will readily undertake the tranſlation of it, and ſubmit it to the examination of others who are better ſcholars than myſelf, that your reputation may ſuffer no impeachment from it. Nothing ſhall be added, omitted, or changed; but it ſhall appear exactly as you ſend it; to this if you think it neceſſary, I will pledge my word. I hope it will not be inconvenient to you to favour me with an early reply to this letter, and I rely upon your obliging acquiescence in our requeſt.

I congratulate you upon your new office, as an introduction to ſomething more honourable and lucrative; and as to the loſs of your liberty, I regret it rather on my account, than on yours. No one, not even an Engliſhman, can object to ſervice for the public good, which is the juſt recompence of virtue and merit. To me, however, your confinement is grievous; for, if I was diſappointed in the expectation of ſeeing you,

when you were your own maſter, I can ſcarcely now indulge a diſtant hope of that pleaſure. Do not however leave me in deſpair: you have fifty-nine aſſociates; ſome interval of leiſure may occur, and if it ſhould, do not neglect it, but run over and make us happy by the enjoyment of your company and converſation. It is not from want of inclination that I do not pay you another viſit; the recollection of the pleaſure I had in your ſociety, is ſo ſtrongly impreſſed upon me, that I have nothing more anxiouſly at heart, than to fly over to you with all ſpeed, that I may again enjoy it. Neither is it want of time, that detains me; for my office, which excluſively occupies me for nine months, leaves me at liberty the remaining three. What is it then? I will tell you the truth, nor bluſh to reveal to my friend, "that, when my purſe is heavier, I "ſhall find the journey to you lighter*."

The ſoil of Oriental literature in Holland,

* An Arabic proverb, adapted to the ſituation of the writer.

as elſewhere, is barren; it produces only the mere conveniences of life, but no ſuperfluities whatever. I muſt therefore defer all hope of accompliſhing a journey to England, without ſome unexpected improvement of my circumſtances. I ſhall however bear my lot, whatever it may be, with patience. Having mentioned this ſubject to you, I will add ſomething in which you may eſſentially ſerve me. With a view to improving my fortune, and procuring that affluence, which, though it may be diſpenſed with, is moſt acceptable to thoſe who poſſeſs it, I have determined to undertake the charge of a pupil, to receive him into my houſe, and ſuperintend his morals and education. I am particularly anxious, however, that he ſhould be of your country, not only becauſe the ſyſtem of private education is little known or followed here, but becauſe it would be more agreeable to me to part with my liberty to an Engliſhman, (you ſee how openly I ſpeak,) from whom I might expect a more ſubſtantial recompence. My paper will not allow

me to ſay much more. Oblige me with a few lines in reply; I am certain you will willingly aſſiſt me as far as you can, and you may depend upon the ſtricteſt attention on my part, to any requeſt from you which I can poſſibly execute. My wife ſends her beſt compliments to your excellent mother and ſiſter. Farewell, my dear Jones; and continue to honour me with your eſteem.

H. A. SCHULTENS.

* * * * * *

At an interval of more than twenty-five years from the date of this letter, I cannot but acknowledge a diſpoſition to ſympathize with the feelings of the learned writer, and participate the regret which he expreſſes, at the deprivation of the ſociety of his friend, from his want of means to defray the expence of a journey to England. At this period, Schultens enjoyed an extenſive reputation, and was perhaps the object of envy to many, who, without any claim to diſtinction, poſſeſſed that opulence, which, with all his indefatigable labours in cultivating and

promoting literature, he had not been able to procure. We feel the more for him, becauſe his complaints, (if the confidential communication of his circumſtances authorize the expreſſion,) are neither deficient in dignity, nor reſignation. In truth, the tract of literature which he had choſen to cultivate, was more calculated to produce a harveſt of celebrity than profit.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

July 1777.

I ſhould have great pleaſure in complying with your kind and friendly requeſt, by furniſhing my contribution to the new work which is ſoon to appear amongſt you, and would exert myſelf for this purpoſe, but the abſolute want of leiſure makes it impoſſible. My law employments, attendance in the courts, inceſſant ſtudies, the arrangement of pleadings, trials of cauſes, and opinions to clients, ſcarcely allow me a few moments for eating and ſleeping. I thank you ſincerely for your very entertain-

* Appendix, No. 34.

ing account of your own occupations, and of what is going on in your country. If I ſhould hear of any wealthy Engliſh gentleman, who wiſhes to ſend his ſon as a pupil to Holland, to ſtudy literature, you may rely upon my recommendation of your merits, as well as upon my aſſiſtance on all occaſions. I muſt however at the ſame time tell you, that an opportunity of this nature is very uncertain.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

MY DEAR LORD, *Bath, Dec.* 28, 1777.

I told you, when I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in London, that it was doubtful whether I ſhould paſs my vacation at Amſterdam or at Bath; the naiads of the hot ſprings have prevailed, you ſee, over the nymphs of the lakes, and I have been drinking the waters for a month, with no leſs pleaſure than advantage to my health; the improvement of which I aſcribe, however, in great meaſure, to my regular exerciſe on the downs, and to abſtinence from any ſtudy that requires too much exertion of the mind. I ſhould have ſcated indeed in

Holland from town to town, and a little voyage would have diſſipated my bile, if I had any: but that ſcheme I muſt poſtpone till another winter, and have ſent an excuſe to my Dutch friend who expected me.

As I came hither entirely for the purpoſe of recreating my exhauſted ſpirits and ſtrengthening my ſtomach, I have abſtained with ſome reluctance from dancing, an amuſement which I am as fond of as ever, but which would be too heating for a water-drinker; and as for the idler diverſions of a public place, they have not the recommendation of novelty, without which they cannot long pleaſe. You, my dear friend, are in the mean time relaxing yourſelf, from the ſeverer purſuits of ſcience and civil knowledge, with the healthy and manly exerciſe of the field, from which you will return with a keener appetite to the noble feaſt which the Muſes are again preparing for you at Cambridge. And here, by way of parentheſis, I muſt tell you that I joined a ſmall party of hunters the other morning,

and was in at the death of a hare; but I muſt confeſs, that I think hare-hunting a very dull exerciſe, and fit rather for a huntreſs than a mighty hunter, rather for Diana than Orion. Had I the taſte and vigour of Actæon, without his indiſcreet curioſity, my game would be the ſtag or the fox, and I ſhould leave the hare in peace, without ſending her to her many friends. This hereſy of mine may ariſe from my fondneſs for every thing vaſt, and my diſdain for every thing little, and for the ſame reaſon I ſhould prefer the more violent ſport of the Aſiatics, who incloſe a whole diſtrict with toils, and then attack the tigers and leopards with javelins, to the ſound of trumpets and clarions. Of muſic, I conclude, you have as much at Althorp, as your heart can deſire; I might here have more than my ears could bear, or my mind conceive, for we have with us La Motte, Fiſcher, Rauzzini; but as I live in the houſe of my old maſter, Evans, whom you remember, I am ſatisfied with his harp, which I prefer to the Theban lyre, as much

as I prefer Wales to ancient or modern Egypt.

I was this morning with Wilkes, who ſhewed me a letter lately written to him from Paris, by Diderot; as I have you know a quick memory, I brought away the ſubſtance of it, and give it to you in a tranſlation almoſt literal:—"Friend Wilkes, it delights "me to hear that you ſtill have ſufficient "employment for your active mind, without "which you cannot long be happy. I have "juſt read the ſeveral ſpeeches which you "have delivered on the ſubject of your pre-"ſent war againſt the provincials; they are "full of eloquence, force, and dignity. I "too have compoſed a ſpeech on the ſame "ſubject, which I would deliver in your ſe-"nate, had I a ſeat in it. I will wave for "the preſent, my countrymen, all conſider-"ation of the juſtice or injuſtice of the mea-"ſures you are purſuing; I well know that "to be an improper topic at the time when "the public welfare is immediately concerned. "I will not even queſtion at preſent your

"power to reduce an exaſperated and deſpe-
"rate people; but conſider, I entreat you,
"that you are ſurrounded by nations by
"whom you are deteſted; and ſay, for
"Heaven's ſake, how long you will give
"them reaſon to laugh at the ridiculous
"figure you are making. This is my ha-
"rangue; it is ſhort in words, but extenſive
"in meaning."—So far, my dear Lord, we have no reaſon to cenſure the thoughts or expreſſions of the learned Encyclopediſt; what follows is ſo profligate, that I would not tranſcribe it, if I were not ſure, that you would join with me in condemning it. "As
"to yourſelf, (he adds,) be cheerful, drink
"the beſt wines, keep the gayeſt company,
"and ſhould you be inclined to a tender
"paſſion, addreſs yourſelf to ſuch women as
"make the leaſt reſiſtance; they are as
"amuſing and as intereſting as others. One
"lives with them without anxiety, and quits
"them without regret."—I want words, Diderot, to expreſs the baſeneſs, the folly, the brutality of this ſentiment. I am no cynic,

but as fond as any man at Paris of cheerful company, and of ſuch pleaſures as a man of virtue need not bluſh to enjoy; but if the philoſophy of the French academicians be compriſed in your advice to your friend Wilkes, keep it to yourſelf, and to ſuch as you. I am of a different ſect. He concludes his letter with ſome profeſſions of regard, and with a recommendation of a young Frenchman, who told Wilkes ſome ſpeeches of Diderot, to the Empreſs of Ruſſia, which you ſhall hear at ſome other time. I am interrupted, and muſt leave you with reluctance till the morning.

* * * * * *

An apology, I truſt, will not be thought neceſſary for introducing that paſſage in Diderot's letter, which Mr. Jones reprobates in terms of aſperity and indignation ſuitable to the rectitude of his own mind. His remarks upon it will ſerve to explain, if it be at all neceſſary, certain expreſſions in his letters, which may be thought to border upon a levity, that never entered into the compo-

ſition of his character. His mind was never tainted with vice, nor was the morality of his conduct ever impeached. He valued the pleaſures of ſociety, and enjoyed them as long as they were innocent, whilſt he deteſted the principles and practice of the debauchee and ſenſualiſt, and, like his favourite Hafez, could amuſe his leiſure hours with poetical compoſitions in praiſe of love or beauty, without ſacrificing his health, his time, or his virtue. His cenſure of Diderot is equally a proof of his own abhorrence of vice, and of his anxiety to impreſs it ſtrongly on the mind of his friend and late pupil *.

* Of Diderot, thus casually introduced to the notice of the reader, it may not be irrelevant to give a short account. His works I have never read, nor, from the character of the man, have any wish to peruse them. Diderot (I take my information from the Abbé Barruel) was one of the gang of conspirators against the Christian Religion. He not only professed Atheism, but made a boast of it, and inculcated it in his writings. He was invited to Russia, by the Empress Catharine, who at first admired his genius, but soon found sufficient reason in his conduct and principles to send him back to France.

There were moments in which this professed friend and admirer of Voltaire, notwithstanding his avowed impiety, seems to have been compelled by the force of

In 1778, Mr. Jones publiſhed a tranſlation of the ſpeeches of Iſæus, in cauſes concerning the law of ſucceſſion to property at Athens, with a prefatory diſcourſe, notes critical and hiſtorical, and a commentary.

The works of Iſæus had long been neglected; the ſubject of them was dry, and his technical language, as Mr. Jones obſerves, was unintelligible to the herd of grammarians and philologers, by whom the old monuments of Grecian learning were ſaved

truth to pay homage to the New Testament. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of it to his daughter, with all the apparent seriousness and energy of a believer. On expressing his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand your meaning; but after all, "where is it possible to find better lessons for her in- "struction?" The devils believe, and tremble.

At the close of a life of profligacy and impiety, consistent with the sentiments expressed in his letter to Wilkes, Diderot shewed some signs of contrition, and even went so far as to declare an intention of publicly recanting his errors. But the barbarity of his *philosophic friends* interfered to prevent it, and they resolved as far as they could, that he should die without repentance. Under the pretence that a change of air would promote his restoration to health, they secretly removed him into the country, and never left him until he expired, in July 1784.

from deſtruction. To reſcue them from obſcurity, and to preſent them to the ſtudent of our Engliſh laws in his native language, was a taſk which required the united qualifications of claſſical erudition and legal knowledge, and which he diſcharged with equal pleaſure and ſucceſs.

"There is no branch of learning, from "which a ſtudent of the law may receive "a more rational pleaſure, or which ſeems "more likely to prevent his being diſguſted "with the dry elements of a very compli-"cated ſcience, than the hiſtory of the rules "and ordinances by which nations, eminent "for wiſdom, and illuſtrious in arts, have "regulated their civil polity: nor is this the "only fruit that he may expect to reap from "a general knowledge of foreign laws, both "ancient and modern; for whilſt he indulges "the liberal curioſity of a ſcholar in examin-"ing the cuſtoms and inſtitutions of men, "whoſe works have yielded him the higheſt "delight, and whoſe actions have raiſed his "admiration, he will feel the ſatisfaction of

" a patriot, in obſerving the preference due
" in moſt inſtances to the laws of his own
" country above thoſe of all other ſtates; or,
" if his juſt proſpects in life give him hopes
" of becoming a legiſlator, he may collect
" many uſeful hints, for the improvement
" even of that fabric, which his anceſtors have
" erected with infinite exertions of virtue and
" genius, but which, like all human ſyſtems,
" will ever advance nearer to perfection, and
" ever fall ſhort of it."

I quote the preceding obſervations from his prefatory diſcourſe, which is written with uncommon elegance, and particularly intereſting, not only from the information which it contains reſpecting the author whoſe works he illuſtrated, but for its critical remarks on the comparative merits of the Grecian orators, and for his diſſertation on the Attic laws of ſucceſſion, and the forms of pleading in the Athenian courts. It was no ſmall credit to Mr. Jones to have ſucceſsfully accompliſhed what Sir Mathew Hale, " to
" whoſe learning and diligence the preſent

"age is no leſs indebted, than his contempo-
"raries were to his wiſdom and virtue,"
had unſucceſsfully attempted.

The works of Iſæus are dedicated to Earl Bathurſt; and Mr. Jones takes occaſion in the epiſtle dedicatory to inform the public, that, although he had received many ſignal marks of friendſhip from a number of illuſtrious perſons, Lord Bathurſt had been his greateſt, his only benefactor; that, without any ſolicitation, or even requeſt on his part, his Lordſhip gave him a ſubſtantial and permanent token of regard, rendered ſtill more valuable by the obliging manner of giving it, and literally the ſole fruit which he had gathered from an inceſſant courſe of very painful labour. He adds his further acknowledgements for the more extended intentions of his Lordſhip, although he had not then derived any benefit from them.

This was the only publication of Mr. Jones, in 1778; which, however it might tend to increaſe his reputation, did not perhaps much advance his profeſſional ſucceſs.

He had however every reaſon to be ſatisfied with the proportion of buſineſs that fell to his ſhare, during the circuits which he regularly attended.

Mr. Jones had tranſmitted a copy of his tranſlation to Edmund Burke; and the following letter contains his acknowledgement of the favour. The opinion of a great orator on any ſubject connected with that of his conſtant meditations, will not be read without intereſt.

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 12, 1779.

I give you many thanks for your moſt obliging and valuable preſent, and feel myſelf extremely honoured by this mark of your friendſhip. My firſt leiſure will be employed in an attentive peruſal of an author, who had merit enough to fill up a part of yours, and whom you have made acceſſible to me with an eaſe and advantage, which one ſo many years diſuſed to Greek literature as I have been, could not otherwiſe have. Iſæus is an author of whom I know nothing

but by fame; I am ſure that any idea I had from thence conceived of him, will not be at all leſſened by ſeeing him in your tranſlation. I do not know how it has happened, that orators have hitherto fared worſe in the hands of the tranſlators, than even the poets; I never could bear to read a tranſlation of Cicero. Demoſthenes ſuffers I think ſomewhat leſs;—but he ſuffers greatly; ſo much, that I muſt ſay, that no Engliſh reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the firſt of orators. I am ſatisfied that there is now an eminent exception to this rule, and I ſincerely congratulate the public on that acquiſition. I am, with the greateſt truth and regard, my dear Sir,

Your moſt faithful and obliged
humble ſervant,
EDMUND BURKE.

Of the incidents in the life of Mr. Jones during the years 1778 and 1779, I have no particular information; we may ſuppoſe his time and attention to have been principally

engroſſed by his profeſſional duties and ſtudies, and the political circumſtances of the times. His own letters, always intereſting, and often inſtructive, with thoſe of his correſpondents, contain all that I know of him during this period; the latter afford additional evidence of the eſteem in which his learning, abilities, and principles were held by men of high reputation in the rank of literature.

Mr. SWINNEY to Mr. JONES.

Pera of Conſtantinople, January 1, 1778.

SIR;

So high an opinion do I entertain of your humanity and politeneſs, as to perſuade myſelf you will readily pardon the liberty I have taken, of ſending you a Perſian and Grecian manuſcript. If, on peruſal of one or the other book, you ſhall meet with a ſingle paſſage that may contribute either to your inſtruction or amuſement, my purpoſe will be fully anſwered.

Among the real curioſities I have ſeen at

Conſtantinople, is a public muſeum, erected at the ſole expence of a moſt learned Grand Viſir, whoſe name and title was Rajib Pacha. This collection contains about two thouſand Arabian, Perſian, and Turkiſh manuſcripts, which, the learned ſay, contain vaſt ſtores of erudition. It is not improbable but I may be able, on ſome favourable occaſion, to procure you a copy of the catalogue; and then, ſhould you be diſpoſed to have any of the manuſcripts copied, I intreat you will confer the honour upon me, of executing the commiſſion. People aſſure me, but I dare not ſay whether with good authority or no, that the entire Decades of Livy, and the complete Hiſtory of Curtius, are contained in that very precious repoſitory: if ſo, who knows but majeſty itſelf (ſo ſuperlatively happy are we in a monarch who favours the arts and ſciences!) may graciouſly condeſcend to command a copy of them?

Be pleaſed to accept of my warmeſt wiſhes for your health, proſperity, and very long life: and believe me to be (what I ſincerely

am) a laſting admirer of your abilities; and at the ſame time, dear Sir, &c.

SIDNEY SWINNEY.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

MY DEAR SIR; *3d October*, 1778.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your moſt obliging letter. It is impoſſible for me to expreſs the value in which I hold the favourable ſentiments you have conveyed to me; and above all, th atſtrain of cordiality and friendſhip which accompany them. The loſs of that long letter, or diſſertation, into which my performance was about to entice you, is a matter of infinite regret to me: but I hope that the object which then engaged more particularly your attention, and which was ſo worthy of it, is now within your reach; that the fates are to comply with your deſires, and to place you in a ſcene where ſo much honour and ſo many laurels are to be won and gathered.

It affects me with a lively pleaſure, that your taſte has turned with a peculiar fondneſs

to the ſtudies of law and government on the great ſcale of hiſtory and manners. They have been too long in the management of enquirers, who were merely metaphyſicians, or merely the retainers of courts. Their generous and liberal nature has been wounded and debaſed by the minuteneſs of an acute but uſeleſs philoſophy, and by a mean and ſlaviſh appetite for practice and wealth. It is now fit that we ſhould have lawyers who are orators, philoſophers, and hiſtorians.

But while I entreat you to accept my beſt thanks for your excellent letter, and expreſs my approbation of thoſe ſtudies of which you are enamoured, permit me, at the ſame time, to embrace the opportunity of making known to you the bearer of theſe lines. Dr. Gillies, of whom you may have heard as the tranſlator of Lyſias, has been long my warm friend: and I have to recommend him to you as the poſſeſſor of qualities which are ſtill more to his honour than extenſive learning and real genius. Men who leave their compatriots behind them in the purſuits of ſcience

and true ambition, are of the ſame family, and ought to be known to one another.

Do me the favour, my dear Sir, to continue to afford me a place in your memory, and believe me that I ſhall always hear of your proſperity, your reputation, and your ſtudies, with a peculiar and entire ſatisfaction.

I am now, and ever, yours, &c.

GILB. STUART.

P. S. In January or February, I am to ſend into the world a new work, in which I treat of the *public law*, and the *Conſtitutional Hiſtory of* SCOTLAND. And, wherever you are, I am to tranſmit you one of the firſt copies, by Mr. Murray, of Fleet-Street.

Dean TUCKER to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR;

Gloucester, September 21, 1778.

When you firſt honoured me with your acquaintance, perhaps you was not aware what a troubleſome correſpondence you was bringing yourſelf into. Be that as

it may, I will now beg leave to avail myſelf of the permiſſion which you kindly granted me of conſulting you on ſome points. Several copies of my laſt tract have been in the Univerſity upwards of a fortnight; and it is probable that by this time ſome have vouchſafed to read it. What therefore I wiſh to know is, whether, in the judgment of thoſe who have given it a peruſal, I have confuted Mr. Locke's ſyſtem in ſuch a manner, that they are convinced his muſt be *wrong*, whatever elſe may happen to be *right*. If this is not the caſe, that is, if I have not totally confuted Mr. Locke, I need proceed no farther, for mine can have no chance to be true, if his is ſtill ſuppoſed to be the only true one; and I ſhall very willingly give up the purſuit. But, if I have demoliſhed his ſcheme, I have ſo far cleared the way to make room for my own; and, in that caſe, I have one or two points to conſult you about.

I am,

J. TUCKER.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

Temple, Oct. 13, 1778.

My dear Lord, captain, and friend, (of all which titles no man entertains a juſter idea than yourſelf,) how ſhall I expreſs the delight which your letter from Warley camp has given me? I cannot ſufficiently regret, that I was ſo long deprived of that pleaſure; for, intending to be in London ſoon after the circuit, I had neglected to leave any directions here about my letters; ſo that yours has lain almoſt a month upon my table, where I found it yeſterday on my return from the country. I ought indeed to have written firſt to you, becauſe I was a rambler, you ſtationary: and becauſe the pen has been my peculiar inſtrument, as the ſword has been yours this ſummer: but the agitation of forenſic buſineſs, and the ſort of ſociety in which I have been forced to live, afforded me few moments of leiſure, except thoſe in which nature calls for perfect repoſe, and the ſpirits exhauſted with fatigue require

immediate reparation. I rejoice to ſee that you are a votary, as Archilocus ſays of himſelf, both of the Muſes and of Mars; nor do I believe that a letter full of more manly ſentiments, or written with more unaffected elegance, than yours, has often been ſent from a camp. You know I have ſet my mind on your being a fine ſpeaker in next parliament, in the cauſe of true conſtitutional liberty, and your letters convince me that I ſhall not be diſappointed. To this great object, both for your own glory and your country's good, your preſent military ſtation will contribute not a little: for, a ſoldier's life naturally inſpires a certain ſpirit and confidence, without which the fineſt elocution will not have a full effect. Not to mention Pericles, Xenophon, Cæſar, and a hundred other eloquent ſoldiers among the ancients, I am perſuaded that Pitt (whom by the way I am far from comparing to Pericles) acquired his forcible manner in the field where he carried the colours. This I mention in addition to the advantages of your preſent ſitu-

ation, which you very juſtly point out: nor can I think your ſummer in any reſpect uſeleſsly ſpent, ſince our conſtitution has a good defence in a well-regulated militia, officered by men who love their country: and a militia ſo regulated, may in due time be the means of thinning the formidable ſtanding army, if not of extinguiſhing it. Captain * * * is one of the worthieſt, as well as talleſt men in the kingdom; but he, and his Socrates, Dr. Johnſon, have ſuch prejudices in politics, that one muſt be upon one's guard in their company, if one wiſhes to preſerve their good opinion. By the way, the Dean of Glouceſter has printed a work, which he thinks a full confutation of Locke's Theory of Government; and his ſecond volume will contain a new Theory of his own: of this, when we meet. The diſappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you ſay ſo many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt whether he will be; I think he will not, unleſs the Chancellor

ſhould preſs it ſtrongly. It is ſtill the opinion and wiſh of the bar, that I ſhould be the man. I believe, the miniſter hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at ſooneſt, becauſe I am not a barriſter of five years ſtanding till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me till I am qualified. I certainly wiſh to have it, becauſe I wiſh to have twenty thouſand pounds in my pocket before I am eight-and-thirty years old; and then I might contribute in ſome little degree towards the ſervice of my country in Parliament, as well as at the Bar, without ſelling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profeſſion are not aſhamed of doing; and I might be a Speaker in the Houſe of Commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age; whereas, in the ſlow career of Weſtminſter-Hall, I ſhould not perhaps, even with the beſt ſucceſs, acquire the ſame independent ſtation, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be aſſured, my dear lord, that if the miniſter be offended

at the ſtyle in which I have ſpoken, do ſpeak, and will ſpeak, of public affairs, and on that account ſhould refuſe to give me the judgeſhip, I ſhall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence, without a debt, or a care of any kind. I will not break in upon you at Warley unexpectedly; but whenever you find it moſt convenient, let me know, and I will be with you in leſs than two hours.

DEAN TUCKER to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Gloucester, December* 31, 1778.

I have the pleaſure to acquaint you, that your packet and letter arrived ſafe laſt night; for both which, I am very much obliged to you. I cannot ſay that your remarks have wrought much conviction in me, (in ſome places they have,) but they have had what I eſteem a better effect, that is, they will make me more cautious and circumſpect in ſome of my expreſſions; and they will oblige me to bring more proofs and illuſtrations of ſome points than I thought were

needful. In all theſe reſpects, your friendly remarks have done me much greater ſervice than unmeaning compliments; and as to your differing ſo widely in opinion from me, your frank declaration of this difference proves you the honeſter man, and the more to be eſteemed. I am, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *Warsaw, Nov.* 26, 1778.

It is the fate of thoſe who, like you, are an ornament to the literary world, to be known to thoſe who are perfectly unknown to them; each is entitled to call to them for light, and this I hope will be a ſufficient apology for my intruding upon you, and interrupting thoſe ſtudious hours which you conſecrate with ſo much ſucceſs to the inſtruction of your readers.

I was happy enough of late to hit upon your Eſſay on the Poetry of the Eaſtern nations, and your Hiſtory of the Perſian lan-

guage. I found that you had made up in theſe two works a quarrel of a very old ſtanding between erudition and taſte; you have brought them to meet together in ſuch a friendly manner, that one who had never read but your writings, would be apt to think they always went hand in hand.

I have been applying myſelf ſince a few years to the ſtudy of Eaſtern languages; though I cannot flatter myſelf with having made as yet any conſiderable progreſs in that branch of learning. Your moſt excellent Grammar of the Perſian language, which gave birth to Mr. Richardſon's one of the Arabic, executed upon the ſame plan, are the agreeable guides which I follow in that difficult journey; to them I owe to be reſcued out of the hands of Erpenius, Guadagnola, and the reſt of thoſe unmerciful gentlemen who never took the leaſt trouble about clearing the road, or plucking out one ſingle thorn from the many with which the paths of the ſtudy of Eaſtern languages are covered. Give me leave to be ſtill more beholden to

you; and as you learned men are the leading ſtars of the unlearned, I beg you'll beſtow a few moments of your leiſure upon anſwering ſome queſtions which may perhaps appear very trifling in the eyes of a man of your extenſive knowledge.

I have always been at a loſs to form any conjecture upon the following ſubject, which is, by what chance ſo many words from other European languages, or at leaſt uſed in our European languages, are got into the Perſian: as for inſtance, jivân, pudder, mâder*, the Engliſh, *bad*, the German, *dochter*, *der*, *bend*, together with a deal of our Sclavonian, eſpecially in the arithmetical numbers, which, even in the manner of pronouncing them, are exactly the ſame, ſuch as *pendſed*, *ſcheſhed*†, &c. I ſhould be greatly obliged to you likewiſe, if by your means I could be informed, whether the Dictionary of Meninſki, propoſed to be reprinted at Oxford, is already come out; whether it contains a great many additions which are not

* Youth, father, mother.

† 500 and 600.

to be found in the edition of 1680; laſtly, whether Mr. Richardſon has publiſhed the ſecond volume, Engliſh and Arabic, of his Dictionary. As to our poor countryman, Meninſki, he has not met with the reward which he had a right to expect*; after having waſted his health and fortune in the finiſhing of his work, he died unnoticed at Vienna; and his daughter ended her life in the ſame city a few years ago, very ill uſed by thoſe who had advanced money to her father, for the publiſhing of his work. You live in a country where ſuch a ſin would be

* From the short account given of Meninski in the Biographical Dictionary, it appears, that he was no less distinguished for his extensive erudition and profound knowledge of languages, particularly Oriental, than by the propriety of conduct, and abilities displayed by him in various official situations to which he had risen by his merit. His first station was that of first interpreter to the Polish embassy at the Porte, and from this he was gradually advanced to the rank of a counsellor of war to the Emperor at Vienna, and first interpreter of Oriental languages. He died at Vienna at the age of 75, in 1698, eighteen years after the publication of his famous and useful work, the Oriental Thesaurus. The compilers of this account do not notice the circumstances mentioned by Prince Czartoryski.

ranked among the mortal ones. Baron Reviczki, ſo juſtly and honourably mentioned in your works, has been reſiding here for ſeveral years, as miniſter of the Court of Vienna: we have often made the wiſh, that ſomething could tempt you to take our part of the world in your way. If that ſhould ever happen, I would conſider it as a moſt agreeable circumſtance for me, if you could be prevailed upon to accept of my houſe during your ſtay, and conſider it as your own. I know what advantages we might reap from ſo uſeful and agreeable an intercourſe, and would make it our buſineſs not to let time lay heavy upon your hands. I muſt (before I end) expreſs to you the ſenſe of pleaſure which I felt as a Pole, in reading that paſſage of your preface which concerns our country: it bears the ſtamp of humanity and ſpirit. Now, after having repeated my excuſes for having been ſo forward, and perhaps ſo tedious,

I am, with all poſſible regard, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI,

General of Podolia.

Mr. JONES to PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, London, Feb. 17, 1779.

Nothing could be more honourable to me than your letter, nothing more flattering than the ſentiments which you expreſs in it; but I am ſo little uſed to converſe or correſpond with Princes, and have ſo long been accuſtomed to the plainneſs of the ancients, that I ſhould addreſs your Highneſs with more facility in Latin than in any modern idiom. Yet as you not only perfectly underſtand my native language, but even write it (I ſpeak ſincerely) with elegance, I will try to anſwer you in Engliſh, with Roman ſimplicity.

It gives me great pleaſure, that my juvenile compoſitions have been at all uſeful or entertaining to you. What higher reward can a writer deſire, than the approbation of ſuch a reader? In ſuppoſing, however, that you interrupt my ſtudious hours which I am conſecrating to literature, allow me to ſay, that

unhappily for me, you are a little miſtaken. My laſt four years have been ſpent in forenſic labours, which, however arduous, are no leſs pleaſing than reputable, and would be perfectly congenial with my temper and diſpoſition, if they did not wholly preclude me from reſuming my former ſtudies. It is poſſible, however, that I may ſoon ſucceed to a high judicial office in Bengal, where the vacations will give me leiſure to renew my acquaintance, which I now am obliged to intermit, with the Perſian and Arabian claſſics. Should my appointment take place, I ſhall ſet a high value on your correſpondence, and will not fail to ſend both your Highneſs, and my friend, Baron Reviczki, (to whom I will write very ſoon,) ſome wreaths of flowers from the banks of the Ganges.

In anſwer to your queſtions, I muſt inform your Highneſs, that the project of reprinting Meninſki here is entirely dropt; but Richardſon is indefatigable, and advances as expeditiouſly as poſſible with the ſecond part of his dictionary. How ſo many European

words crept into the Perſian language, I know not with certainty. Procopius, I think, mentions the great intercourſe, both in war and peace, between the Perſians and the nations in the north of Europe and Aſia, whom the ancients knew by the general name of Scythians. Many learned inveſtigators of antiquity are fully perſuaded, that a very old and almoſt primæval language was in uſe among theſe northern nations, from which not only the Celtic dialects, but even the Greek and Latin, are derived; in fact we find πατὴρ and μητὴρ in Perſian, nor is θυγατὴρ ſo far removed from dockter, or even ὄνομα and nomen from nâm, as to make it ridiculous to ſuppoſe, that they ſprang from the ſame root. We muſt confeſs that theſe reſearches are very obſcure and uncertain; and you will allow, not ſo agreeable as an ode of Hafez, or an elegy of Amr'alkeis. How happy ſhould I be, my dear Prince, if on my return from India, I could viſit Poland, accept the kind invitation of your Highneſs, and enjoy the promiſed pleaſure of your con-

verſation and friendſhip. My good genius forbids me wholly to deſpair of that happineſs; and the ſperata voluptas ſuavis amicitiæ, which enabled Lucretius to endure any toil, and to ſpend the ſtarry nights, as he ſays, in contemplation, ſhall have a ſimilar effect on, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 12, 1779.

I beg you to accept my new work, as a mark of my beſt obſervance. The ſubjects are very important, very curious, and very new, but the materials upon which I was to operate were very imperfect. Indeed, I fear much, that a propriety of intention is all my merit, and from that, I think, I am to draw little glory; for it is common to me with writers who are the weakeſt and moſt trifling. Yet, if your eye can trace any evidence in this trifle to oppoſe my apprehenſions, I ſhall be very happy. All the humility of my doubts will go away. In two reſpects, I expoſe myſelf very much to cenſure.

I have attacked the *nobile officium* of the court of ſeſſion; and I have vindicated the freedom of the Scottiſh government from the miſ-repreſentations of Dr. Robertſon, the hiſtoriographer of Scotland. With a thouſand people, theſe things are the greateſt of all crimes. It is in England, and not in this country, that I am to find thoſe readers who will be perfectly impartial. I entreat you to accept my moſt ſincere wiſhes for your proſperity, and that you will believe me, with the moſt entire reſpect, my dear Sir, &c.

GILB. STUART.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

Dr. Stuart preſents his beſt compliments to Mr. Jones.

I beg to have the pleaſure to ſubmit to your inſpection a ſmall Treatiſe, which I have publiſhed a few years ago, as an introduction to an extenſive work on the laws and conſtitution of England, which I have long meditated, and have in part executed. If you like my ideas, I ſhall account myſelf

extremely fortunate. If they do not ſtrike you as of importance and intereſting, I ſhall think that I have employed my leiſure without advantage. Your line of ſtudy has led you to enquire into the hiſtory of Engliſh manners and juriſprudence. The little work which accompanies this note, is perfectly within this line; and as I have the moſt entire confidence in your penetration and candour, I ſhould be happy to know your opinion of it. I ſhould then be in a ſtate to form a reſolution, whether I ought to give order and method to the materials I have collected in the view of proſecuting a ſubject, which I may perhaps have undertaken without having properly conſulted my forces. You will do me the favour to excuſe this trouble.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Warsaw, March 17, 1779.

I lately received through Mr. ——— your two laſt learned publications; a moſt agreeable and convincing proof

* Appendix, No. 35.

of your affectionate remembrance of me. The ſingular erudition with which your works abound, not only delighted me exceedingly, but almoſt excited my inclination to reſume thoſe ſtudies which I had almoſt forgotten. Prince Adam Czartoryſki, who has cultivated Oriental literature not unſucceſsfully, had already afforded me an opportunity of peruſing your life of Nadir Shah. He particularly pointed out the paſſages in the diſſertation, in which you make ſuch honourable mention of me, and for which I am indebted to your partiality alone. I regret the loſs which the republic of letters muſt ſuffer from your deſertion, and determination to devote yourſelf to the altar of Themis: but I truſt that Melpomenè, under whoſe auſpices you were born, will compel you to return to your allegiance. I am heartily tired with a reſidence of ſeven years on the banks of the Viſtula: but the termination of the German war will, I hope, reſtore me to a more pleaſing ſituation. How much more agreeable would it be to me, if

fortune would allow me to gratify my inclinations, by paſſing my days in England, near you! But to whatever place my deſtiny may lead me, my affection for you will continue unabated. Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

Temple, Feb. 4, 1780.

The public piety having given me this afternoon what I rarely can obtain, a ſhort intermiſſion of buſineſs; can I employ my leiſure more agreeably than in writing to my friend? I ſhall ſend my letter at random, not knowing whether you are at Althorp or at Buckingham, but perſuading myſelf that it will find you without much delay. May I congratulate you and our country on your entrance upon the great career of public life? If there ever was a time when men of ſpirit, ſenſe, and virtue, ought to ſtand forth, it is the preſent. I am informed, that you have attended ſome country meetings, and are on ſome committees. Did you find it neceſſary or convenient to ſpeak on the ſtate of the

nation? It is a noble ſubject, and with your knowledge as well as judgment, you will eaſily acquire habits of eloquence; but *habits* they are, no leſs than playing on a muſical inſtrument, or handling a pencil: and as the beſt muſicians and fineſt painters began with playing ſometimes out of tune and drawing out of proportion, ſo the greateſt orators muſt begin with leaving ſome periods unfiniſhed, and perhaps with ſitting down in the middle of a ſentence. It is only by continued uſe that a ſpeaker learns to expreſs his ideas with preciſion and ſoundneſs, and to provide at the beginning of a period for the concluſion of it; but to this facility of ſpeaking, the habit of writing rapidly contributes in a wonderful degree. I would particularly impreſs this truth upon your mind, my dear friend, becauſe I am fully convinced that an Engliſhman's real importance in his country, will always be in a compound ratio of his virtue, his knowledge, and his eloquence; without all of which qualities little real utility can reſult from either of them apart; and I am no

leſs perſuaded, that a virtuous and knowing man, who has no natural impediment, may by habit acquire perfect eloquence, as certainly as a healthy man who has the uſe of his muſcles, may learn to ſwim or to ſcate. When ſhall we meet, and where, that we may talk over theſe and other matters? There are ſome topics which will be more properly diſcuſſed in converſation than upon paper, I mean on account of their copiouſneſs; for believe me I ſhould not be concerned, if all that I write were copied at the poſt-office, and read before the King in council. * * * * * * At the ſame time I ſolemnly declare, that I will not enliſt under the banners of a party; a declaration which is I believe uſeleſs, becauſe no party would receive a man, determined as I am, to think for himſelf. To you alone, my friend, and to your intereſts, I am firmly attached, both from early habit and from mature reaſon, from ancient affection unchanged for a ſingle moment, and from a full conviction that ſuch affection was well placed. The views and wiſhes of all

other men, I will analyze and weigh with that ſuſpicion and ſlowneſs of belief, which my experience, ſuch as it is, has taught me; and to be more particular, although I will be jealous of the *regal* part of our conſtitution, and always lend an arm towards reſtraining its proud waves within due limits, yet my moſt vigilant and ſtrenuous efforts ſhall be directed againſt any oligarchy that may ariſe; being convinced, that on the popular part of every government depends its real force, the obligation of its laws, its welfare, its ſecurity, its permanence. I have been led inſenſibly to write more ſeriouſly than I had intended; my letters ſhall not always be ſo dull: but with ſo many public cauſes of grief or of reſentment, who can at all times be gay?

* * * * * *

In the memoirs of Mr. Jones, the year ſeventeen-hundred-and-eighty forms an intereſting æra, in which his occupations were diverſified, his proſpects extended, and his hopes expanded, more than at any former

period of his life. His profeſſional practice had greatly increaſed, and ſuggeſted the faireſt hopes of progreſſive enlargement, and augmented profit: but as his views were more particularly directed to the vacant ſeat on the bench of Fort William, in Bengal, and as, from the kindneſs of Lord North, he was authorized to expect the early attainment of it, he was leſs ſolicitous to procure an augmentation of buſineſs, which, in the event of ſucceſs in his India purſuits, he muſt altogether abandon. In this ſtate of ſuſpenſe, the political events of the times, received a more than ordinary ſhare of his attention: he did not however enrol himſelf with any party; but looking up to the conſtitution and liberty of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extenſive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the firſt rank and talents, without any ſacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himſelf the character of "nullius addictus jurare in verba "magiſtri." With reſpect to the American

war, he early adopted ſentiments upon it unfavourable to the juſtice of the Britiſh cauſe, and this opinion, once formed, would naturally acquire ſtrength from the protraction of the conteſt, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity. Theſe reflections dictated a very animated and claſſical Ode to Liberty, which he compoſed in Latin, and printed in March; it ſtrongly diſplays his genius, erudition, feelings, and political principles *.

Sir Roger Newdigate having declared his intention of vacating his ſeat in parliament, as repreſentative of the Univerſity of Oxford, Mr. Jones was induced by a laudable ambition, and the encouragement of many reſpectable friends, to come forward as a candidate. The following letters will explain his hopes, his conduct, and diſappointment on this occaſion.

* Works, vol. x. p. 393. This ode was published under the title of Julii Melesigoni ad libertatem. The assumed name is formed by a transposition of the letters of Gulielmus Jonesius.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *May* 8, 1780.

It is with pleaſure I obſerve the public papers mention you as one of the candidates to repreſent the Univerſity of Oxford at the enſuing election. As a literary ſociety, the rank you hold in the republic of letters ought certainly to point you out as one of the firſt objects of her choice. But it is not merely upon this principle that I feel myſelf intereſted in your ſucceſs: excluſive of that veneration with which I look up to ſuperior talents, I have an additional motive (which indeed ought to ſuperſede every other) in the very high opinion I have formed of your integrity. If in this opinion I ſhould be miſtaken, your own writings have greatly contributed to miſlead me. You will perceive, Sir, my reaſon for troubling you with this letter is to deſire that when you make out a liſt of your friends upon this occaſion, my name may be admitted into the number. I

am, Sir, with truth, your very ſincere well-wiſher, &c.

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

[Mr. JONES to the Rev. E. CARTWRIGHT.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, May 16, 1780.

DEAR SIR;

Since my friends have declared me a candidate for the very honourable ſeat which Sir Roger Newdigate intends to vacate, I have received many flattering teſtimonies of regard from ſeveral reſpectable perſons; but your letter, dated May 8th, which I did not receive till this morning, is, without a compliment, the faireſt and moſt pleaſing fruit of the competition in which I am engaged. The rule of the Univerſity, which is a very noble one, forbidding me to ſolicit votes for myſelf, I have not been at liberty even to apply to many perſons whom it is both a pleaſure and honour to know. Your unſolicited approbation is a great reward of my paſt toil in my literary career,

and no ſmall incentive to future exertions. As to my integrity, of which you are pleaſed to expreſs a good opinion, it has not yet been tried by any very ſtrong temptations; I hope it will reſiſt them if any be thrown in my way. This only I may ſay (and I think without a boaſt) that my ambition was always very much bounded, and that my views are already attained by profeſſional ſucceſs adequate to my higheſt expectations. Perhaps I ſhall not be thought very unambitious, if I add, that my great object of imitation is Mr. Selden, and that if I could obtain the ſame honour which was conferred on him, I ſhould, like him, devote the reſt of my life to the ſervice of my conſtituents and my country, to the practice of an uſeful profeſſion, and to the unremitted ſtudy of our Engliſh laws, hiſtory and literature. To be approved by you, and ſuch men as you (if many ſuch could be found), would be a ſufficient reward to, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Permit me to add an ode printed (but not publiſhed) before the preſent competition,

and at a time when I ſhould have been certainly made a judge in India, by the kindneſs of Lord North, if any appointment had taken place. It proves ſufficiently that no views or connections can prevent me from declaring my honeſt ſentiments when I think they may be uſeful to my country.

Mr. BURROWS to Mr. JONES.

Hadley, near Barnet, May 23, 1780.

SIR,

For the firſt time I am ſorry I did not take all my degrees. I ſhould have been happy to have given the teſtimony of an individual to a merit, which I have long conſidered as the reproach, as well as ornament of this age and country: I muſt add, it would have given me particular pleaſure to have expreſſed my gratitude to one who has ſo much contributed to my inſtruction and amuſement.

* * * * * *

I moſt heartily wiſh you ſucceſs, as the republic ſeems in danger of taking ſome

harm from the weakneſs of her friends, and the vigour of her foes, and never in any time of her life ſtood in more need of the attracting and repelling powers of men of ability. I muſt own too, I have an additional reaſon for wiſhing you ſeated in the Britiſh parliament, as I ſhall take great ſatisfaction in ſeeing the dull of all denominations convinced, that men of wit and learning are as capable of excelling in public buſineſs, as they call it, as the moſt illiterate of them all.

I am, &c.

J. BURROWS.

Mr. JONES to Dr. MILMAN.

SIR, *May* 30, 1780.

Although I have not yet the honour, to which I have long aſpired, of your acquaintance and friendſhip, yet I am perſuaded that the bond which ought in this criſis to unite all honeſt men is, *idem ſentire de republicâ*; and my friend, Mr. Milles, having imparted to me the contents of your yeſterday's note, I beg leave to aſſure you,

that I never imagined it poſſible, in this metropolis, at the buſieſt time of the year, for profeſſional men to attend a committee of canvaſſers, and never thought of ſoliciting the attendance or exertions of my friends, any farther than might be conſiſtent with their engagements and avocations. Accept, Sir, my very warm and very ſincere thanks (and when I have the honour of being known to you, you will find that my warmth and my ſincerity are perfectly undiſſembled) for the ſentiments which you expreſs to Mr. Milles in regard to me. Whatever be the event of the competition in which I am engaged, I ſhall certainly reap the moſt pleaſing fruit from the kindneſs of many excellent perſons, by whom it is an high honour to be eſteemed.

* * * * * *

This only I can ſay, that my friends having nominated me, I have nothing to do but to *ſteer right onward*, as Milton ſays, to a poll. The voyage will probably laſt a twelvemonth at leaſt; and though I began to ſail

after the Monſoon, yet I am by no means in deſpair of reaching the port with flying pennons, how unfavourably ſoever ſome few breezes may blow. Without an allegory, it will neceſſarily take up much time for my friends to canvaſs nine hundred voters, a great majority of whom is diſperſed in various parts of the kingdom. As to my competitors, I know them both, and reſpect the benevolence of Sir W. Dolben as much as I admire the extenſive erudition and fine taſte of Dr. Scott: but their political principles are the reverſe of mine.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

Leyden, June 2, 1780.

Although increaſing, and, at this particular time, inceſſant occupation reluctantly compels me, in ſome meaſure, to forego the pleaſure of correſponding with my friends, yet the ſubject of your laſt letter appears to me ſo important, that I am determined to hazard an immediate anſwer to it in three words, rather than, by waiting for a

* Appendix, No. 36.

more favourable opportunity, run the riſk of exciting a ſuſpicion of any want of regard and affection for you, by an apparent inattention to your intereſt. I ſhould be as happy to promote it as my own, although I am unfortunately deficient in the means of doing it.

The ſituation for which you are canvaſſing, my friend, is moſt honourable and important; and if it be attainable by merit, not favour, I know no perſon more worthy of it than yourſelf, none who has higher pretenſions to genius, none who poſſeſſes a greater extent of uſeful knowledge, nor a more powerful and commanding eloquence, none who exceeds you in love for liberty and your country, none more capable of applying a remedy to the diſaſtrous ſituation of affairs by wiſe counſels, prudence, fortitude, and integrity; none therefore to whoſe care our alma mater (allow me to evince my affection to the Univerſity by this expreſſion) can more ſafely truſt her intereſts and proſperity.

Have you however no apprehenſion that

your enthuſiaſm for liberty, which is ſo generally known, may, in theſe unpropitious times, injure the ſucceſs of your cauſe? Will thoſe upon whoſe votes your election depends, allow the Univerſity to be repreſented in parliament by Julius Meleſigonus? My countrymen have adopted an opinion, that, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, no man who publicly avows his attachment to liberty, can be employed in the adminiſtration.

This you will ſay is no concern of mine; be that as it may, no exertions on my part ſhall be wanting to promote your ſucceſs, and I wiſh you would inform me how they can be directed to your advantage. Have I the power of ſending a vote in your favour? I much doubt it. Shall I apply to any of my friends at Oxford who are well diſpoſed towards me; for inſtance, Meſſrs. Kennicot, White, and Winſtanley? Write to me without delay, and inform me what I ſhall do, that I may convince you of my zeal and ſincerity to ſerve you.

I am at preſent at Leyden, having ſuc-

ceeded my father, who died about ſix months ago, in the profeſſorſhip of Oriental literature. I have much to ſay upon this ſubject, and hope ſhortly to write fully to you about it. I long to know how you are, as well as that beſt of women your mother, and your ſiſter, (to whoſe friendſhip I am ſo much obliged). Preſent my affectionate regards to them. Farewell, and remember me.

Some catalogues of my father's library, which is to be ſold in September, have been forwarded, I think, to Elmſley, and I have ordered one to be ſent to you.

Mr. JONES to Dr. WHEELER.

MY DEAR SIR; *September* 2, 1780.

The Parliament being ſuddenly diſſolved, I muſt beg you, as one of my beſt and trueſt friends, to make it known in the Univerſity, that I decline giving the learned body any further trouble, and am heartily ſorry for that which has already been given them. It is needleſs to add, what you well know, that I ſhould never have been the firſt to have troubled them at all. I

always thought a delegation to parliament from ſo reſpectable a ſociety, a laudable object of true ambition; but I conſidered it as a diſtant object, as the reward of long labour and meritorious ſervice in our country; and I conceived, that, had I filled a judge's ſeat in India, with the approbation of my countrymen, I might on my return be fixed on as a proper repreſentative of the Univerſity. Had not that happened which you know, I ſhould no more have thought of ſtanding now, than of aſking for a peerage. As to principles in politics, if my ſucceſs at Oxford, at any future time, depend upon a change of them, my cauſe is hopeleſs: I cannot alter or conceal them without abandoning either my reaſon or my integrity; the firſt of which is my only guide, and the ſecond my chief comfort in this paſſage through life. Were I inclined to boaſt of any thing, I ſhould certainly boaſt of making thoſe principles my rule of conduct, which I learned from the beſt of men in ancient and modern times; and which, my reaſon tells me, are conducive to the happineſs of mankind. As to

men, I am certainly not hoſtile to the *miniſters*, from whom I have received obligations; but I cannot in conſcience approve their *meaſures*.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *September* 4, 1780.

Permit me again to expreſs (what I can never expreſs too often, or too warmly) my very ſincere thanks for your kind letter, dated May 8, and to aſſure you, as I may with the greateſt truth, that I am juſt as much obliged to you as if your kindneſs had been attended with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; but as my ſtrength in the great elective body of our Univerſity, (which ſtrength, all circumſtances conſidered, was very reſpectable,) lay chiefly among the non-reſident voters, it would be unpardonably ungrateful in me were I to give my friends the trouble of taking long journeys, without a higher probability of ſucceſs than my late enquiries have left me room to expect. I therefore decline giving any farther trouble

to the learned body, and am heartily ſorry for that which has already been given them, though not originally by me or my friends. I am perfectly conſcious that had I been ſo fortunate as to ſucceed at Oxford, I ſhould not have advanced, nor wiſhed to advance, a ſingle ſtep in the career of ambition, but ſhould cheerfully have ſacrificed my repoſe and peace of mind to ſuch a courſe as I conceived likely to promote the public good; and this conſciouſneſs cannot but prevent me from being in the leaſt depreſſed by my failure of ſucceſs. I ſhould never repent of this little ſtruggle, if it had produced no other fruit than the teſtimony of your approbation. The hurry of the general election to a profeſſional man, has obliged me to ſuſpend till another long vacation, two little works, which I hoped to finiſh in the remainder of this. The firſt is a treatiſe *On the Maritime Juriſprudence of the Athenians*, illuſtrated by five ſpeeches of Demoſthenes in *commercial* cauſes; and the ſecond, a diſſertation *On the Manners of the Arabians before*

the Time of Mahomet, illuſtrated by the ſeven poems, which were written in letters of gold, and ſuſpended in the temple at Mecca, about the beginning of the ſixth century. When they are printed, I ſhall be proud in ſubmitting them to your judgment, as their excellence is well known.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

Sept. 4, 1780.

The intelligence which you ſo kindly ſent me, my dear Lord, and which was perfectly unexpected, has ſuſpended for a ſhort time my excurſion to Paſſy; for though I have not received any poſitive retainers for election buſineſs, yet there will be ſome conteſts in Wales, where I may *poſſibly* be employed; and, though the whole ſyſtem of election-laws, and of elections themſelves, (I always except the Grenville judicature) is quite repugnant to my ideas of the conſtitution, yet it would be thought unprofeſſional to be abſent from England at ſuch a time; nor ought indeed any Engliſhman to be ab-

ſent when the queſtion to be decided is, "Whether his country ſhall be free in form "only, or in ſubſtance." I have therefore poſtponed my expedition for a fortnight at leaſt, in which time all the borough elections will, I ſuppoſe, be over; and by that time, I ſhall be able to form a tolerable judgment of the counties. In the ſeveral counties through which I lately paſſed, I received (what I did not aſk or deſire) much praiſe from many worthy men for my plan to prevent the *neceſſity* of making a ſtanding army *perpetual*; but the uniform objection which I heard was, "the plan is legal and conſtitutional, "but this is *not the time for it.*" Lord Mansfield himſelf thought otherwiſe, when he ſaid in the Houſe of Lords, that no time was to be loſt in giving ſtrength to the civil power; but let the objectors beware, leſt by refuſing to adopt ſuch a plan while they are able, becauſe they think the time improper, they ſhould not, when the proper time ſhall come, be allowed to adopt it. We had ſome entertaining cauſes on the circuit, particularly

a ſingular indictment for alarming a village on the coaſt of Pembrokeſhire, with a report that a hoſtile ſhip of war was approaching. The proſecutors were two magiſtrates (one of whom was an Indian ———) who were angry at having been *made fools of*, a point however which they could not eaſily have proved, inaſmuch as they were fools already made. I defended the proſecuted man with ſucceſs, and mingled in my ſpeech many bitter reflections on the ſtate of this country at the time of the alarm, and on the attempt, becauſe the Engliſh laws were not reliſhed in India, to import the Indian laws into England, by impriſoning and indicting an honeſt man, who had done no more than his duty, and whoſe only fault was fear, of which both his proſecutors were equally guilty. On my return through Oxford, I was convinced by undoubted authority, that although I had been continually gaining ground, and had collected no fewer than ten or twelve votes on the circuit, yet I had no chance of ſucceſs againſt Sir W. D., and any attempt

to ſhake Mr. Page would have been not only conſummate raſhneſs, but even inconſiſtent with my repeated declarations.

Let me requeſt you to give my very ſincere thanks to Dr. Preedy for his kind promiſe and aſſiſtance, aſſuring him (which is very true) that I am juſt as much obliged to him, as if his kindneſs had been attended with ſucceſs, and deſiring him to thank his friend Dr. Ruding in the ſame terms, and with the ſame ſincerity. Muſt I add this trouble to that which you have already taken? I will make no apologies after a friendſhip of fifteen years, uninterrupted even for a ſingle moment. How ſhall I conclude? by wiſhing you *proſperity* in the Greek, or *health* in the Roman form? No man, my dear Lord, wiſhes you both more ardently than I do. Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Dr. WETHEREL.

SIR; *Sept.* 6, 1780.

It having been ſuggeſted to me by a moſt reſpectable friend, that it

would be proper, and was in fact *the due form*, to appriſe you and the Vice-Chancellor as ſoon as poſſible, of my being no longer a candidate for the Univerſity, I ſent to the houſes of thoſe gentlemen who honoured me with forming my committee, thinking it more regular, that they ſhould make the declaration of my having declined a poll; but as they are out of town, I am neceſſitated to trouble you with this letter. If Dr. Scott ſhould ſtand the poll, I am ready to perform my promiſe of giving him my vote, as I am no more his competitor. Since I have taken up my pen (which it was by no means my intention to do) I cannot help ſaying that the conduct of ſome of my friends in reſpect of me gives me ſurpriſe, and (for their ſakes rather than my own) uneaſineſs. If I have not been able to *prove* my attachment to my fellow-collegiates, it is becauſe they never called for my ſervice; if they had, they ſhould have found that no man would have exerted himſelf with more activity to ſerve them; nor was I deficient in zeal, I well re-

member, when you in particular required my exertions. I am conſcious of having deſerved very well of the college; and if any of its members are ſo unkind as to think otherwiſe, I will ſhew my ſenſe of their unkindneſs by perſiſting till my laſt hour in deſerving well of them. After this, I ſhould little have expected that my letters, couched in the moſt ſincere and affectionate terms, and abſolutely unexceptionable, if they had been fairly repreſented, would have been repeated by detached ſentences (which might have made no ſmall alteration in the ſenſe) in ſeveral companies in the Univerſity. Still leſs ſhould I have expected to find myſelf charged with *miſrepreſenting* (a ſerious word!) facts, of which I would, if neceſſary, make a depoſition, and with writing what it muſt have appeared from ſtrong internal evidence, that I could not have written; becauſe it contained a miſtake as to the number of our layfellows, which I (who know and eſteem Mr. *Ray*) could never have made. Leaſt of all could I have expected to be accuſed of wiſh-

ing to *overturn* a conſtitution, which I prize, becauſe I underſtand it, and which I would ſacrifice my life to *preſerve*. All theſe charges, God and my conſcience enable me to bear with the cooleſt indifference, and with little abatement of that reſpect with which I ever have been, &c.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 8, 1780.

Your laſt favour I have this inſtant received, and am obliged to anſwer it in the greateſt haſte. I hope you have by this time received my letter, in which I informed you that I had declined a poll at Oxford, but was as much obliged to you and my other friends as if your kindneſs had been attended with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs. I ſaw an advertiſement alſo in the paper, that Dr. Scott had declined.

* * * * * *

I have been told, that the very ode to which you are ſo indulgent, loſt me near

twenty votes; this, however, I am unwilling to believe. I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

The conduct of Mr. Jones, throughout the buſineſs of the election, diſplays his characteriſtical integrity and manly principles. To have ſucceeded, would have been moſt honourable to him; his failure was attended with no diſgrace. From the letters written or received by him on this occaſion, a much larger ſelection might have been made, and many perſons of the firſt reſpectability named, as the unſolicited ſupporters of Mr. Jones. It was greatly to his credit, that with no other influence than that of his character and abilities, he ſhould have been deemed worthy of being nominated a candidate to repreſent the Univerſity of Oxford, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed in the world for ſcience and virtue. His affectionate attachment to this ſeat of learning, and his reſpectful veneration for it, were known and admitted, as well as the ſpirit of independence which at all times, and under all circumſtances, marked his cha-

racter. His opinion reſpecting the effect of his Ode to Liberty, on the diſpoſition of ſome of the voters, countenances the ſuſpicions of his friend Schultens; it is certain, however, that if he had ſucceeded in his election he would have employed all the ſuperior talents which Schultens juſtly aſcribes to him with zeal and aſſiduity, in diſcharging the duties of a ſenator. To obtain it was his higheſt ambition, and he would have cheerfully ſacrificed to it (to repeat his own words) "not only an Indian Judgeſhip of ſix thouſand a year, but a Nabobſhip with as many millions."

Notwithſtanding the various occupations attending the Oxford election, Mr. Jones found time to publiſh a ſmall pamphlet, intitled, *An Enquiry into the legal Mode of ſuppreſſing Riots, with a conſtitutional Plan of future Defence.* This publication was ſuggeſted by the unfortunate neceſſity of calling in military aſſiſtance to ſuppreſs the riots, which, from the ſecond to the eighth of June of that year, had deſolated the capital. He

had unhappily been, as he obſerves, a vigilant and indignant ſpectator of thoſe abominable enormities: he had alſo ſeen, with a mixed ſenſation of anguiſh and joy, the vigorous and triumphant exertions of the executive power; and though he admitted the neceſſity of thoſe exertions, he deplored it.

Impreſſed with the fulleſt "conviction, "that the common ſtatute laws of the realm "then in force, give the civil ſtate in every "county a power, which, if it were perfect-"ly underſtood and continually prepared, "would effectually quell any riot or inſur-"rection, without aſſiſtance from the mili-"tary, and even without the modern Riot-"Act," he undertook to demonſtrate it; and the labour of leſs than a month, produced the occaſional tract which he publiſhed in July.

Of the plan which he then propoſed, it is ſufficient to ſay, that during late years the *principle* of it has been advantageouſly adopted; and that while the internal peace of the country has been preſerved, its defence againſt external aggreſſion has been no leſs

conſulted by the armed aſſociations which, under different names, have been legally eſtabliſhed in every county of Great Britain.

On the ninth of September of this year, Mr. Jones met the freeholders of Middleſex aſſembled for the purpoſe of nominating two repreſentatives in the new parliament. The circumſtances of the meeting afforded him no opportunity of addreſſing them on the general ſtate of the nation; but he amuſed himſelf with drawing up a diſcourſe, containing the purport of what he would have ſpoken, if an opportunity for this purpoſe had occurred.

This ſpeech is ſtrikingly characteriſtic of his principles and feelings; he condemns in unqualified terms the American war, and the conduct of the late parliament, in ſupporting it. He takes a ſummary review of the ſtate of the nation, and delivers his opinion upon it without reſerve, in that ſtrong language which was ſo often heard in the parliamentary debates of 1780, and read in the petitions from the aſſociated counties. I ſhall ſelect from it two paſſages only, which have

no reference to the political diſcuſſions of that period; one, in which Mr. Jones expreſſes his ſentiments on the African ſlave trade, and the ſecond containing an honourable declaration of that conduct which he would have purſued, if good fortune had placed him in the Houſe of Commons.

" I paſs with haſte by the coaſt of Africa, " whence my mind turns with indignation at "the abominable traffic in the human ſpe- " cies, from which a part of our countrymen " dare to derive their moſt inauſpicious " wealth. Sugar, it has been ſaid, would be " dear if it were not worked by *Blacks* in the " Weſtern iſlands; as if the moſt laborious, " the moſt dangerous works, were not carried " on in every country, but chiefly in England, " by *free* men; in fact they are ſo carried on " with infinitely more advantage, for there is " an alacrity in a conſciouſneſs of freedom, " and a gloomy ſullen indolence in a con- " ſciouſneſs of ſlavery; but let ſugar be as " dear as it may, it is better to eat none, to " eat honey, if ſweetneſs only be palatable;

" better to eat aloes or coloquintida than vio-
" late a primary law of nature, impreſſed on
" every heart not imbruted by avarice, than
" rob one human creature of thoſe eternal
" rights, of which no law upon earth can
" juſtly deprive him.

" Had it been my good or bad fortune, to
" have delivered in the great aſſembly of re-
" preſentatives the ſentiments which this
" boſom contains, I am ſenſible that my *pub-*
" *lic* courſe of ſpeaking and voting muſt
" have claſhed in a variety of inſtances with
" my private obligations; and the conflict of
" interfering duties conſtitutes, in my opi-
" nion, the niceſt part of morality, on which
" however I have completely formed my
" ſyſtem, and truſt that no views of intereſt
" will ever prevent my practice from coincid-
" ing with my theory."

Profeſſions of this nature are ſometimes made and forgotten, when the end, which they were meant to ſerve, has been attained; but ſincerity was ever a prominent feature in

the character of Mr. Jones, and he was more diſpoſed to overſtep the bounds of prudence by adhering to it, than to violate what he always deemed a primary law of morality.

In the autumn of this year, I find Mr. Jones at Paris. He had in the preceding ſummer made a ſhort excurſion to that capital; but the occurrences of theſe journeys are not of ſufficient importance to engage the reader's attention. I recollect to have heard him mention, in anſwer to a queſtion which I once put to him, whether he had ſeen Monſieur du Perron at Paris, that this gentleman ſtudiouſly avoided meeting him during his reſidence there.

The following letters written by Mr. Jones after his return to England are intereſting, as deſcriptive of his occupations and ſentiments, and as announcing his intention of writing an important hiſtorical work, which he never found time to execute.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

I thought myſelf peculiarly unfortunate laſt Friday in my way to London; at Chatham, where I had the pleaſure indeed of ſeeing Lady Rothes reſtored to perfect health, I ſought in vain for Mr. Langton among the new ravelines and counterſcarps; and at Dartford I had the mortification to find, that you, my dear Lord, were not in camp, where I was not without hope of paſſing an evening, which I am perſuaded would have been equally agreeable to us both. After a very tedious and uncomfortable paſſage, I arrived at Margate on Wedneſday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I ſpent at Paris. In this interval I have ſeen, not indeed ſo many men or ſo many cities as the hero of the Odyſſey, but a ſufficient number of both to have enlarged very conſiderably the ſphere of my knowledge. I have heard much and thought more; but the reſult of all I have heard and thought is, that the war, which I

have invariably and deliberately condemned as no leſs unjuſt than impolitic, will continue very long to deſolate the country of our brethren, and exhauſt our own. The principal object of my late excurſion has been completely anſwered; and I had more ſucceſs than I at firſt expected in one or two ſubordinate purſuits, profeſſional and literary. I attended ſome cauſes at the *palais*, and have brought with me the works of a moſt learned lawyer, whoſe name and merit I ſhall have the honour of making known to our countrymen. I obtained acceſs alſo to a fine manuſcript in the royal library, which has given me a more perfect acquaintance with the manners of the ancient Arabians; and how little ſoever I may value mere *philology*, conſidered apart from the knowledge to which it leads, yet I ſhall ever ſet a high price on thoſe branches of learning, which make us acquainted with the human ſpecies in all its varieties. Paris itſelf, and all the roads to it are ſo perfectly known to you, that an account of my journey would be ſuperfluous;

and as to politics, I would rather converſe than write on a ſubject ſo very ſerious; not that I have any apprehenſions, as you well know, of the leaſt danger, or even inconvenience, to myſelf; but many incidents happen to letters, and in times like theſe, the poſt is hardly to be truſted. This however I will ſay, that as it is my fixed deſign, if I live to ſee a peace, to write an impartial hiſtory of the war, I was deſirous in France to be acquainted with as many of the American leaders as I could meet with; and the ſame deſire would have carried me to Amſterdam, if the ſeaſon had not been ſo far advanced. All the intelligence that I collected, and all the obſervations that I made, you ſhould have heard on Friday evening had you been in camp, and ſhall hear in the courſe of converſation when we meet. I rejoice to hear ſince my return, that Lord Spencer is much better. Farewell, my dear Lord, you are more fully aſſured than formal words can expreſs, how ſincerely I am, &c.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 12, 1780.

You have ſo fully proved the favourable opinion, which you do me the honour to entertain of me, that I am perſuaded you acquit me of any culpable neglect in delaying for more than two months to anſwer your very obliging letter. The truth is, that I had but juſt received it when I found myſelf obliged to leave England on very preſſing buſineſs; and I have not long been returned from Paris. The hurry of preparing myſelf for ſo long a journey at ſuch a ſeaſon, left me no time for giving you my hearty thanks, which I now moſt ſincerely requeſt you to accept, both for your kind letter, and for the very elegant ſonnet*,

* SONNET.

To Sir WILLIAM JONES,

On his being a candidate to represent the University of Oxford in Parliament, 1780.

In Learning's field, diversified and wide,
The narrow beaten track is all we trace:
How few, like thee, of that unmeasur'd space
Can boast, and justly boast, no part untried!

with which you have rewarded me abundantly for my humble labours in the field of literature. I give you my word that your letters and verſes have greatly encouraged me in proceeding as expeditiouſly as I am able, to ſend abroad my *ſeven Arabian poets*; and I propoſe to ſpend next month at Cambridge, in order to finiſh my little work, and to make uſe of a rare manuſcript in the library of Trinity College; my own manuſcript, which was copied for me at Aleppo, is very beautiful, but unfortunately not very correct. You may depend on receiving a copy as ſoon as it can be printed.

How happy I ſhall be if I ſhould be able

Yet rest not here alone thy honest pride,
The pride that prompts thy literary chace;
With unremitting strength and rapid pace
'Tis thine to run, and scorn to be denied!
Thy early Genius, spurning Time's controul,
Had reach'd, ere others start, the distant goal.
Marking the bright career that thou hast run,
With due regard thy toils may Oxford see,
And, justly proud of her superior son,
Repay the honour that she boasts in thee.

Poems by Edmund Cartwright, M. A. 1803. *p.* 111.

to wait upon you in Leiceſterſhire, or to ſee you in London, and aſſure you in perſon that I am,

With the greateſt ſincerity, &c.

W. JONES.

From the public occurrences in which Mr. Jones was engaged, I now turn to a domeſtic calamity, the death of his mother, which involved him in the deepeſt affliction. If, as a parent, ſhe had the ſtrongeſt claims upon the gratitude and affection of her ſon, the obligations of filial duty were never more cheerfully and zealouſly diſcharged than by Mr. Jones. To her able inſtruction he was indebted for the firſt rudiments of literature; ſhe directed his early ſtudies, formed his habits and his taſte; and, by the cloſeſt attention to economy, was enabled to promote his progreſs in learning by ſupplying the funds for this purpoſe. From the period of his obtaining a fellowſhip, he had declined receiving any aſſiſtance from her purſe; and as his profeſſional profits increaſed, his own

was ever at her diſpoſal. During his reſidence at Oxford, the time which he did not employ in ſtudy or college duties, was devoted to her: his attention was equally the reſult of principle and affection. She was the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations, and he invariably conſulted her on all occaſions, where his more important intereſts were concerned. The kindneſs, as well as the ſincerity of his affection, was ſhewn in numberleſs inſtances, which never failed to attract the obſervation of his friends and aſſociates, although they are too minute to be particularized, and the ſatisfaction which he derived from the diſtinction to which his abilities had raiſed him, was redoubled from the conſideration that his mother participated in it. I regret that none of his letters to his mother have been preſerved, as they would have exhibited an amiable and ſtriking part of his character *.

* I transcribe the following memorandum from the hand-writing of Mr. Jones:

Anno Ætat: 33.

Resolved

The remaining correſpondence of this year between Mr. Jones and his friends, is not important: I ſelect from it only two letters, which cannot fail to pleaſe, although they may not be particularly intereſting.

Resolved to learn no more *rudiments* of any kind, but to *perfect* myself in,

First, 12 languages, as the *means* of acquiring accurate knowledge of the

I. HISTORY

of

1. Man. 2. Nature.

II. ARTS.

1. Rhetorick. 2. Poetry. 3. Painting. 4. Music.

III. SCIENCES,

1. Law. 2. Mathematics. 3. Dialectic.

N. B. Every species of *human* knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions. Even *law* belongs partly to the History of Man, partly as a science, to dialectic.

The 12 languages are,

Greek,
Latin,
Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese,
Hebrew, Arabic,
Perſian,
Turkiſh,
German, Engliſh.

1780.

Mr. JONES to the Biſhop of St. ASAPH.

MY LORD, *November* 23, 1780.

Had I not been prevented by particular buſineſs from writing to your lordſhip on Tueſday evening and yeſterday, I would have informed you before, that we had done ourſelves the honour (and a very great one we ſhall ever eſteem it) of electing your lordſhip a member of our club *. The election was of courſe unanimous, and it was carried with the ſincere approbation and eagerneſs of all preſent. I am ſorry to add, that Lord Camden and the Biſhop of Cheſter were rejected. When Biſhops and Chancellors honour us with offering to dine with us at a tavern, it ſeems very extraordinary that we ſhould ever reject ſuch an offer; but

* Generally known by the name of the *Turk's-Head Club*, held in Gerrard Street, Soho. The eſtabliſhment of this club was firſt propoſed by Sir Joſhua Reynolds to Burke and Johnſon, and the original members of it were the friends of theſe three. The number of members was gradually increaſed to forty, comprehending men of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters, and eminent for their learning, talents, and abilities.

there is no reaſoning on the caprice of men. Of our club I will only ſay, that there is no branch of human knowledge, on which ſome of our members are not capable of giving information, and I truſt that as the honour will be ours, ſo your lordſhip will receive ſome pleaſure from the company once a fortnight, of ſome of our firſt writers and critics, as well as our moſt virtuous ſenators and accompliſhed men. I think myſelf highly honoured in having been a member of this ſociety near ten years, and chiefly in having contributed to add ſuch names to the number of our friends as thoſe of your lordſhip and lord Althorp. I ſpoke yeſterday in Weſtminſter-Hall for two hours and a half, on a knotty point of law, and this morning for above an hour, on a very intereſting public queſtion; to-morrow I muſt argue a great cauſe, and am therefore obliged to conclude with aſſuring

Your lordſhip, that I am,
With the higheſt, &c.
W. JONES.

The Biſhop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *November* 27.

You was prevented by Sir Joſhua Reynolds in your kind intentions of giving me the earlieſt notice of the honour you have done me. I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to ſay, that the honour of being elected into the Turk's-Head Club is not inferior to that of being the repreſentative of Weſtminſter or Surry. The electors are certainly more diſintereſted, and I ſhould ſay they were much better judges of merit, if they had not rejected Lord Camden and choſen me. I flatter myſelf with the hopes of great pleaſure and improvement in ſuch a ſociety as you deſcribe, which indeed is the only club of which I ever wiſhed myſelf a member.

Though I am much flattered with hearing from you, I was delighted with the cauſe of your delaying to write. Your talents have found means, by their own weight, to open

the way to public notice and employment, which could not long be ſhut againſt them. Your pleadings for the *nephew* againſt the *daughter* promiſe ſomething very curious in the particulars of the caſe, which ſeems to call for great abilities to defend it.

I would not neglect the firſt opportunity of anſwering your very obliging letter, though it being early poſt day, I am forced to write in a greater hurry than I could wiſh.

I am, &c.

J. St. A.

After an interval of ſix years, we find Mr. Jones retracing his favourite haunts with the Arabian muſes. He devoted the leiſure hours of the winter of 1780-1 to complete his tranſlation of ſeven ancient poems of the higheſt repute in Arabia*. Literature, po-

* At the beginning of the ſeventh century, the Arabic language was brought to a high degree of perfection, by a ſort of poetical academy, that used to aſſemble at ſtated times in a place called Ocadh, where every poet produced his beſt compoſition, and was ſure to meet with the applauſe that it deſerved: the moſt excellent of theſe poems were tranſcribed in characters of gold upon

litics, profeſſional ſtudies and practice, all had a ſhare of his attention; but the principal object of his hopes and ambition was the vacant ſeat on the bench in India, to which he looked forward with increaſing anxiety. The marriage of Lord Althorp with Miſs Bingham, daughter of Lord Lucan, was too intereſting an event to paſs unnoticed by Mr.

Egyptian paper, and hung up in the Temple of Mecca, whence they were named Mozahebat, or *golden*, and Moallakat, or *suspended:* the poems of this sort were called Casseidas or Eclogues, seven of which are preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that were written before the time of Mohammed.

Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern nations.
Works, vol. x. p. 341.

It may be satisfactory to the reader who does not possess the works of Sir Wm. Jones, to read his metrical imitation of a passage in the 4th Eclogue.

But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play,
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;
Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
We sipp'd till morning purpled every plain;
The damsels slumber'd, but we sipp'd again;
The waking birds, that sung on every tree
Their early notes, were not so blythe as we.

Jones; and he celebrated the nuptials of his friend in a very poetical ode, under the title of the *Muſe recalled**. This compoſition, the dictate of friendſhip, and offspring of genius, was written in the courſe of a few hours. His poetic talents were alſo exerted in a cauſe ever neareſt to his heart, that of liberty: he reſtrung the lyre of Alcæus, and produced a ſhort ode† in the genuine ſpirit of the patriot and poet, whom he imitated. Theſe were his amuſements. The reſult of his profeſſional ſtudies was an Eſſay on the Law of Bailments. He divided and treated the ſubject under the diſtinct heads of analyſis, hiſtory, and syntheſis; and intimates an intention, if the method uſed in this tract ſhould be approved, and on the ſuppoſition of future leiſure, to diſcuſs in the ſame form every branch of Engliſh law, civil and criminal, private and public; and he concludes the Eſſay with the following juſt and elegant reflections.

* Works, vol. x. p. 381. † Works, vol. x. p. 389.

" The great ſyſtem of juriſprudence, like " that of the Univerſe, conſiſts of many ſub- " ordinate ſyſtems, all of which are con- " nected by nice links and beautiful depen- " dencies; and each of them, as I have fully " perſuaded myſelf, is reducible to a few " plain *elements*, either the wiſe *maxims* of " national policy and general convenience, " or the *poſitive* rules of our forefathers, " which are ſeldom deficient in wiſdom or " utility; if LAW be a *ſcience*, and really " deſerve ſo ſublime a name, it muſt be " founded on principle, and claim an ex- " alted rank in the empire of *reaſon*; but if " it be *merely* an unconnected ſeries of de- " crees and ordinances, its uſe may remain, " though its dignity be leſſened; and he will " become the greateſt lawyer who has the " ſtrongeſt habitual, or artificial *memory*. In " practice, law certainly employs *two* of the " mental faculties; *reaſon* in the primary " inveſtigation of points *entirely new*, and " *memory*, in tranſmitting the reaſon of ſage " and learned men, to which our own ought

" invariably to yield, if not from a becoming " modeſty, at leaſt from a juſt attention to " that object, for which all laws are framed, " and all ſocieties inſtituted, THE GOOD OF " MANKIND."

Nothing can more ſtrongly evince the predilection of Mr. Jones for his profeſſional ſtudies, and his anxiety to acquire a knowledge of the general principles and practice of law, than a work which he undertook about this period, the tranſlation of an Arabian poem on the Mohammedan law of ſucceſſion to the property of inteſtates*. The ſubject of the original is dry, the diction obſcure; it exhibits no rhetorical flowers, no poetical ornament; and even the partiality of Mr. Jones for Eaſtern literature could never have induced him to engage in a work of this nature, if he had not thought it connected with objects of information and utility. In the expectation of obtaining the ſituation of an Indian judge, this law tract probably recommended itſelf to his notice,

* Works, vol. viii. p. 183.

as he could not but foreſee that a knowledge of Mohammedan law would be eſſential to the performance of the duties of that ſtation.

The reader will recollect how much the public attention was occupied in the year 1782, with the attempts to procure, by conſtitutional means, a reformation of parliament. It would have been ſurpriſing if Mr. Jones had remained an idle ſpectator on an occaſion, which of all others was moſt intereſting to his feelings. Led by his profeſſional ſtudies to an enthuſiaſtic veneration for the principles of the conſtitution of his country, he was anxious that the form of it ſhould in all reſpects correſpond with them; "but, as the "form in a courſe of years is apt to deviate "widely from the ſpirit, it became (in his "opinion) expedient almoſt every century "to reſtore its genuine purity and lovelineſs." Theſe ſentiments he expreſſed in a ſpeech to the inhabitants of the counties of Middleſex and Surry, the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and the borough of Southwark, aſ-

ſembled at the London Tavern on the 28th of May, 1782, to conſider on the means of procuring a reformation of parliament. The firſt reſolution adopted by the meeting, and in which he expreſſed his moſt ſincere concurrence, was, that petitions ought to be prepared for a more complete repreſentation of the people; and the poſition which he endeavoured to impreſs upon the minds of his audience was this, that the ſpirit of our conſtitution requires a repreſentation of the people, nearly equal, and nearly univerſal. This ſpeech has long been before the public, and I ſhall therefore only notice his declaration in the advertiſement prefixed to it, that, "what offence the publication might give, "either in part, or in the whole, was the "laſt and leaſt of his cares: his firſt and "greateſt was to ſpeak on all occaſions what "he conceived to be juſt and true;" and the concluſion, in which he tells his audience that "the people of England can only expect "to be happy, and moſt glorious, while they "are the freeſt, and can only become the

"freeſt, when they ſhall be the moſt vir-
"tuous and moſt enlightened of nations."
It was about the ſame period that he compoſed a very ſpirited ode, in imitation of Calliſtratus, which has appeared in a variety of periodical publications, and is publiſhed in his works*.

In the ſummer of this year, Mr. Jones again viſited France, in the intention of proceeding thence to America. The object of this journey was profeſſional, to procure the reſtitution of a very large eſtate of a client and friend, which had been attached by an order of the States, who had threatened the confiſcation of the property, unleſs the owner appeared in perſon to claim it. This object is mentioned by Mr. Jones in his correſpondence, and his own evidence will be concluſive againſt ſome ſurmiſes and inſinuations, which were propagated reſpecting the motives of his intended journey. The irreſolution of his friend, increaſed by indiſpoſition, prevented the execution of the plan; and

* Vol. x. p. 391.

Mr. Jones, after having procured a paſſport from Franklin, the American miniſter at the court of France, returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

For other details relating to his life, during the years 1781 and 1782, I refer to his correſpondence.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *May* 1, 1781.

I take the liberty to ſend you (as my *Arabian* poets are not yet ready to wait upon you) a paraphraſe of a Greek fragment, which came into my head this ſpring in my way to Wales*. I make no

* In his journey through life, Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying, for the entertainment of his friends, the stores which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour. Of these a few have been preserved, and amongst them the following elegant song, the offspring of genius and innocent gaiety. It was written by Mr. Jones, some years before the period of his life at which I am now arrived, when he was a very young man, during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung

doubt of your continuing to cultivate the Muſes, by whom you are ſo highly favoured,

at a kind of fête champêtre, which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye.

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *prospects* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant * fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith† auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent; be just to his merit;
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *muses* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.
† The seat of Thos. Lloyd, Esq.

and hope you will from time to time transmit the fruit of their favours to, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran* o'erhangs the brown dale;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatham or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey-bearded sages;
Be nature and love, and fair woman, our book;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor†, Slebeck‡, and Coidsmore‖ were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivy.
† Seat of Lord Dinevor's, near Landelo, in Carmarthen.
‡ Seat of —— Philips, Esq. near Haverford West.
‖ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

From the Biſhop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *May* 28, 1781.

You have my beſt and earlieſt thanks for your ode in the true Grecian taſte and ſpirit. I remember to have ſeen a fragment of Alcæus, but I cannot find it in Ariſtides, of whom I have only Cantern's ſmall edition. The ſeed you found there you have quickened by the warmth of true genius into a noble production. I cannot help obſerving that Alcæus, like other good poets and patriots, was condemned for life to be in the minority. I am, &c.

J. ST. ASAPH.

Or say, that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red;
And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honours* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

I hope you will not forget, that when you have leiſure, your friends at Twyford will be very happy to ſee you.

Mr. BURKE to Mr. JONES.

I do not know how I can juſtify myſelf in the liberty I take with you, but confiding in your humanity and condeſcenſion, I beg, if you have leiſure for it, that you would be ſo kind as to breakfaſt with me, and aſſiſt me with your opinion and advice on the conduct of the Bengal Bill. The natives of the Eaſt, to whoſe literature you have done ſo much juſtice, are particularly under your protection for their rights. I have the honour to be, with the higheſt eſteem and regard, dear Sir,

Your moſt faithful and obedient
humble ſervant,

EDMUND BURKE.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

June, 1781.

You are not ignorant of my ſentiments on this moſt abominable war; the encloſed imitation of an ode of Alcæus will clearly prove my deteſtation of tyranny, my zeal and exertions in the cauſe of liberty. Literature, which is, and ought to be, ever connected with humanity, will never, I truſt, be degraded by a fratricidal war between the learned, particularly thoſe who purſue the ſame ſtudies. Do you therefore, though a native of Holland, preſerve that affection for me, which I, an Engliſhman, have, and ſhall ever retain for you.

I have tranſlated into Engliſh, without the omiſſion of a ſingle line, the ſeven *ſuſpended* poems of our Arabs, and mean to publiſh the whole with notes, and a diſſertation on the ancient monuments of Arabia, in the next ſummer vacation.

I poſſeſs the Commentary of Tabrizi; and

* Appendix, No. 37.

I have been obligingly furniſhed from Trinity College, Cambridge, with the Paraphraſe of Zouzini, and his ſhort and excellent notes. At Oxford, we have the notes and Perſic verſion of Sadi, the Scholia of Anſari, and the fine edition of Obeidolla; but I am anxious to inſpect all editions and commentaries. Your illuſtrious grandfather, for whoſe memory, as in duty bound, I preſerve the greateſt reſpect, pronounces theſe poems worthy of immortality, and ſays, if I do not miſtake, that he tranſcribed the manuſcript of Nahaſi, at Leyden, for his own uſe. I alſo obſerved in the copious catalogue of the Schultenſian library, (one copy of which I delivered to my friend Hunter) theſe words, "6990. The ſeven Moallakat "Arabic, moſt beautifully written." Has this been purchaſed by any one? at what price will it be diſpoſed of? I lament that I did not buy it, but being *tied up* at that time myſelf, by various important occupations, I could not beſtow a thought on the *ſuſpended* poems.

Assist me, I beseech you, in the name of the Muses, with materials for perfecting my work; collect from your stores any notes, or various readings which you may possess, and communicate them to me. I have mentioned in my preliminary discourse, your Philarabic family*, and have more to say about it both

* Albert Schultens the grandfather, and J. J. Schultens, the father of the person to whom this letter is addressed, were both distinguished for their knowledge of Oriental, particularly Arabic, literature. The former was a German divine, born at Groningen, and taught Hebrew and the Oriental languages at Leyden, with great reputation for many years before his death, which happened in 1741. He composed many works which shew profound learning and just criticism. *Biog. Brit.* He translated and explained the fifty dissertations of Hariri, although he sent abroad but few of them, and published Ancient Memorials of Arabia, which Sir William Jones notices in an anniversary discourse delivered before the Asiatic society, in Calcutta, as the most pleasing of all his works. Of J. J. Schultens his son, I have little information. In Reiske's correspondence, published by his widow, there is one letter from him dated Herborn, 1748, which manifests no ordinary zeal in the writer for the promotion of Arabic literature. I have no account of any publications by him, excepting two academical dissertations. The learning and labours of H. A. Schultens, are sufficiently apparent from his own letters and those of Mr. Jones.

true and honourable. I wiſh particularly to know whether any of the ſeven poems, excepting thoſe of Amr'olkais and Tarafa, will be publiſhed in Holland. You ſhall receive my book, which will be elegantly bound by Baumgarten.

My mother, whom I moſt tenderly loved, was ever in my opinion the beſt of women; I truſt ſhe is now the happieſt. But my affliction for her loſs is inconſolable. I ſhall be moſt happy to hear that you and your wife are well, and the early gratification of my wiſhes will be an additional pleaſure.

Mr. JONES to Mr. GIBBON.

Lamb's Buildings, June 30th, 1781.

DEAR SIR,

I have more than once ſought, without having been ſo fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very ſincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

My *Seven Arabian Poets* will ſee the light

before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their Engliſh dreſs. Their wild productions will, I flatter myſelf, be thought intereſting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

In the mean while, let me requeſt you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet publiſhed: the ſubject is ſo generally important, that I make no apology for ſending you a profeſſional work.

You muſt pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, baſely ſurnamed Auguſtus. I feel myſelf unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Beſides, even Mecænas knew the cruelty of his diſpoſition, and ventured to reproach him with it. In ſhort, I have not *Chriſtian* charity for him.

With regard to Aſiatic letters, a neceſſary attention to my profeſſion will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unleſs* Lord North (to whom I am already under no ſmall obligation) ſhould think me worthy to concur

in the *improved* adminiſtration of juſtice in Bengal, and ſhould appoint me to ſupply the vacancy on the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I ſhould probably travel, for ſpeed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, and ſhould be able, in my way, to procure many Eaſtern tracts of literature and juriſprudence. I might become a good *Mahomedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, ſhould find leiſure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Perſians, and Turks, have written on ſcience, hiſtory, and the fine arts.

My happineſs by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in eaſy circumſtances without my profeſſion, and have flattering proſpects in it; but if the preſent ſummer and the enſuing autumn elapſe without my receiving any anſwer, favourable or unfavourable, I ſhall be forced to conſider that ſilence as a polite refuſal, and, having given ſincere thanks for paſt favours, ſhall entirely drop all thoughts of *Aſia*, and,

" deep as ever plummet ſounded, ſhall drown " my *Perſian* books." If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in miniſters to tell me ſo. I ſhall never be *perſonally* hoſtile to them, nor enliſt under party banners of any colour; but I will never reſign my opinions for *intereſt*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reaſon, ſuch as it is, can only be controlled by better reaſon, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, ſpeech, and action, I ſhall ever ſay what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, " Dieu me l'a donnee; le diable ne me l'otera pas." But the fair anſwer to this objection is, that my ſyſtem is purely ſpeculative, and has no relation to my ſeat on the bench in India, where I ſhould hardly think of inſtructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I ſhould not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in parliament might deprive me of the pleaſure of meeting you at the club next Tueſday; and I ſhall go to Oxford a few

days after. At all times, and in all places, I ſhall ever be, with undiſſembled regard, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful ſervant,

W. JONES.

The Biſhop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR; *Nov.* 3, 1781.

A letter from you is always welcome, come ſooner or later; yet I cannot help rejoicing at that ceaſeleſs hurry of buſineſs, which occaſioned your delay in writing, and made me loſe a very valuable viſit. Riches and reputation, after ſhewing a little coyneſs at firſt, are now making their advances at a very great rate, and will ſoon be as laviſh of their charms as you could wiſh; yet I know you think too liberally, to let either your friends or your liberty ſuffer by their engroſſing you too much.

I thank you for the nuptial ode, which, notwithſtanding its incorrectneſs, which you need not complain of, is the moſt genuine

imitation of Pindar I have ever ſeen. I don't know whether I can aſſent to your criticiſm on the word *replete*, that it is never uſed in a good ſenſe. Were it left to me, I would uſe it in no ſenſe. It has but little meaning. It was never naturalized in converſation, or in proſe, and I think makes no figure in verſe.

I have another preſent of value to thank you for,—your eſſay on the Law of Bailments. To own the truth, your name to the advertiſement made me impatient, and I had ſent for it and read it before. It appears to me to be clear, juſt, and accurate, I mean as clear as the ſubject will permit. My want of law language, and perhaps of a legal underſtanding, made me feel great difficulty in following you through your very ingenious diſtinctions and conſequences, of which I thought I could perceive the ſolidity. I foretell that this will be your laſt work. For the future your buſineſs and the public will allow you to write no more.

Though I fear it will not be conſiſtent

with your employment in Weſtminſter-Hall, I cannot help telling you, that for as many days as you can ſpare between this time and the meeting of parliament you will find a warm bed, and a hearty welcome at Chilbolton. Mrs. Shipley and her daughters deſire their compliments, and join in the invitation. I am, &c.

J. St. Asaph.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR; *Dec.* 20, 1781.

Since I received your obliging letter an interval of ſix months has elapſed, but in all that interval, I have either been deeply engaged in profeſſional labours, or confined by illneſs: I have enjoyed no reſt. At this moment I am ſlowly recovering from a ſevere inflammatory diſorder; yet your letter and your fine ſonnets have remained conſtantly on my mind, and I now take up my pen to thank you moſt warmly for the pleaſure which they have given me. I hope my friend Watſon has ſeen the noble wreath of

laurel which your animated muſe has woven for him. I entreat you to ſend me the two others, which I long to ſee. The few copies which were printed of the Latin ode are ſo diſperſed, that I have not one for myſelf, and would print a few more, if a learned friend of mine had not engaged to publiſh it with notes, hiſtorical and critical, for want of which, it is in ſome parts obſcure. You may depend on receiving one of the firſt copies that can ſee the light, and my ſeven *Arabian* poets will wait upon you as ſoon as the European dreſſes are finiſhed. I take the liberty to encloſe an ode compoſed without preparation, and almoſt without any premeditation: it is the work of a few hours. In truth, when I attended the wedding, I had no thought of writing, but the young ladies would not hear of an excuſe: you muſt therefore make all due allowance for poetry by compulſion.

I am, &c.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

January 5, 1782.

O la bella coſa il far niente! This was my exclamation, my dear Lord, on the 12th of laſt month, when I found myſelf, as I thought, at liberty to be a rambler, or an idler, or any thing I pleaſed: but my *mal di gola* took ample revenge for my abuſe and contempt of it, when I wrote to you, by confining me twelve days with a fever and quinſey: and I am now ſo cramped by the approaching ſeſſion at Oxford, that I cannot make any long excurſion. I encloſe my tragical ſong of "a ſhepherdeſs going," with Mazzanti's muſic, of which my opinion at preſent is, that the modulation is very artificial, and the harmony good, but that Pergoleſi (whom the modern Italians are ſuch puppies as to undervalue) would have made it more pathetic and *heart-rending*, if I may compoſe ſuch a word. I long to hear it ſung by Mrs. Poyntz. Pray preſent the encloſed, in my name, to Lady Althorp. I

hope that I ſhall in a ſhort time be able to think of you, when I read theſe charming lines of Catullus*:

> And soon to be completely blest,
> Soon may a young Torquatus rise;
> Who, hanging on his mother's breast,
> To his known sire shall turn his eyes,
> Out-stretch his infant arms awhile,
> Half ope his little lips and smile.
>
> *(Printed Translation.)*

What a beautiful picture! can Dominichino equal it? How weak are all arts in compariſon of poetry and rhetoric! Inſtead however of *Torquatus*, I would read Spencerus. Do you not think that I have diſcovered the true uſe of the fine arts, namely, in relaxing the mind after toil? Man was born for *labour*; his configuration, his paſſions, his reſtleſsneſs, all prove it; but labour would wear him out, and the purpoſe of it

* The original is quoted by Mr. Jones:—

> Torquatus volo parvulus,
> Matris è gremio suæ
> Porrigens teneras manus,
> Dulce rideat ad patrem,
> Semi-hiante labello.

be defeated, if he had not intervals of *pleaſure*; and unleſs that pleaſure be *innocent*, both he and ſociety muſt ſuffer. Now what pleaſures are more harmleſs, if they be nothing elſe, than thoſe afforded by polite arts and polite literature? Love was given us by the Author of our being as the reward of virtue, and the ſolace of care; but the baſe and ſordid forms of *artificial*, (which I oppoſe to *natural*,) ſociety in which we live, have encircled that heavenly roſe with ſo many thorns, that the wealthy alone can gather it with prudence. On the other hand, mere pleaſure, to which the idle are not juſtly entitled, ſoon ſatiates, and leaves a vacuity in the mind more unpleaſant than actual pain. A juſt mixture, or interchange of labour and pleaſures, appears alone conducive to ſuch happineſs as this life affords. Farewell. I have no room to add my uſeleſs name, and ſtill more uſeleſs profeſſions of friendſhip.

* * * * * *

The ſentiments expreſſed in this letter do

credit to the heart and underſtanding of Mr. Jones; they exhibit the pure feelings of an uncorrupted mind; but in giving them to the public, I deem it a duty to obſerve, that though a juſt mixture of labours and pleaſures, (ſuch innocent pleaſures as Mr. Jones deſcribes, and ſuch only as he ever enjoyed,) is greatly conducive to the happineſs of this life, the true foundation of real happineſs muſt be ſought in a higher ſource. In the unpremeditated effuſions of friendly correſpondence, expreſſions are not to be ſcrupulouſly weighed, nor rigorouſly criticiſed; but I feel a confidence, which the reader, if he peruſes the whole of theſe memoirs, will participate with me, that Mr. Jones would have himſelf approved the obſervation which I have made upon his letter.

In March of this year, a propoſal was made to Mr. Jones, to become a member of the ſociety for conſtitutional information, and it appears from a letter which he wrote to the ſecretary of the ſociety, in reply, that he readily accepted it. To prove that he was

not regardleſs of the objects of the ſociety's inſtitution, a ſhort time afterwards he addreſſed a ſecond letter to the ſecretary, for the expreſs purpoſe of confuting ſome doctrines in the writings of the celebrated Fielding, which he thought dangerous to the conſtitution of England; I inſert both from a periodical publication of 1787, in which they have been preſerved.

Mr. JONES to Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

SIR; *Lamb's Buildings, April* 25, 1782.

It was not till within theſe very few days that I received, on my return from the circuit, your obliging letter, dated the 18th of March, which, had I been ſo fortunate as to receive earlier, I ſhould have made a point of anſwering immediately. The ſociety for conſtitutional information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour which I am wholly unconſcious of deſerving, but which is ſo flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleaſure and gratitude. I ſhould indeed long

ago have teſtified my regard for ſo uſeful an inſtitution by an offer of my humble ſervice in promoting it, if I had not really deſpaired in my preſent ſituation of being able to attend your meetings as often as I ſhould ardently wiſh.

My future life ſhall certainly be devoted to the ſupport of that excellent conſtitution, which it is the object of your ſociety to unfold and elucidate; and from this reſolution long and deliberately made, no proſpects, no connections, no ſtation here or abroad, no fear of danger, or hope of advantage to myſelf, ſhall ever deter or allure me.

A form of government ſo apparently conducive to the true happineſs of the Community, muſt be admired as ſoon as it is underſtood, and if reaſon and virtue have any influence in human breaſts, ought to be preſerved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care muſt now be taken, leſt by reducing the regal power to its juſt level, we raiſe the ariſtocratical to a dangerous height; ſince it is from the people that we can deduce the

obligation of our laws, and the authority of magiſtrates.

On the people depend the welfare, the ſecurity, and the permanence of every legal government; in the people muſt reſide all ſubſtantial power; and to the people muſt all thoſe, in whoſe ability and knowledge we ſometimes wiſely, often imprudently confide, be always accountable for the due exerciſe of that power with which they are for a time entruſted.

If the properties of all good government be conſidered as duly diſtributed in the different parts of our limited republic, goodneſs ought to be the diſtinguiſhed attribute of the crown, wiſdom of the ariſtocracy, but power and fortitude of the poople.

May juſtice and humanity prevail in them all!

I am, Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient ſervant,

W. JONES.

Mr. JONES to Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, June 7, 1782.

SIR,

I lately met with ſome dangerous doctrine concerning the conſtitution of England, in the works of an admired Engliſh writer; the doctrine ſo dangerous, that an immediate confutation of it ſeems highly neceſſary, and the writer ſo admired, that his opinions, good or bad, muſt naturally have a very general influence. It was the opinion, in ſhort, of the late ingenious Henry Fielding, that "the conſtitution of this "iſland was nothing fixed, but juſt as vari-"able as its weather," and he treats the contrary notion as a ridiculous error: now if this doctrine be well founded, our ſociety will ſoon, I imagine, think it wiſe to diſſolve themſelves, ſince it is hardly conſiſtent with the gravity of ſenſible men to collect and impart information like the makers of almanacks, upon any thing ſo uncertain as the weather; if on the other hand, the error be palpably on the ſide of Mr. Fielding, you

will not only proceed with aſſiduity in your laudable deſign of rendering our conſtitution univerſally known, but will be at leaſt equal in uſefulneſs and true dignity to any ſociety that ever was formed. His words are theſe, in the preface to his tract, "On the Increaſe "of Robberies," dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: "There is nothing ſo "much talked of and ſo little underſtood in "this country, as the conſtitution. It is a "word in the mouth of every man; and "yet when we come to diſcourſe of the mat-"ter, there is no ſubject on which our ideas "are more confuſed and perplexed. Some, "when they ſpeak of the conſtitution, con-"fine their notions to the law; others to the "legiſlature; others, again, to the govern-"ing or executive part; and many there "are who jumble all theſe together in one "idea. One error however is common to "them all; for all ſeem to have the concep-"tion of ſomething uniform and permanent, "as if the conſtitution of England partook "rather of the nature of the ſoil than of the

" climate, and was as fixed and conſtant as " the former, not as changing and variable " as the latter. Now in this word, the con- " ſtitution, are included the original and " fundamental law of the kingdom, from " whence all powers are derived, and by " which they are circumſcribed; all legiſla- " tive and executive authority, all thoſe mu- " nicipal proviſions, which are commonly " called laws; and laſtly, the cuſtoms, man- " ners, and habits of the people. Theſe " joined together do, I apprehend, form the " political, as the ſeveral members of the " body, the animal economy, with the hu- " mours and habit, compoſe that which is " called the natural conſtitution."

He adds a paragraph or two of elegant, but idle alluſions to the Platonic philoſophy, as if we lived under the polity of Plato, not in the days of William the Norman. Now of all words eaſy to be comprehended, the eaſieſt, in my humble opinion, is the word conſtitution; it is the great ſyſtem of public in contra-diſtinction to private and criminal

law, and compriſes all thoſe articles which Blackſtone arranges in his firſt volume, under the rights of perſons, and of which he gives a perſpicuous analyſis. Whatever then relates to the rights of perſons, either abſolute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, ſecurity, and property, or relative, that is in the public relations of magiſtrates and people, makes a part of that majeſtic whole, which we properly call the conſtitution. Of thoſe magiſtrates ſome are ſubordinate, and ſome ſupreme; as the legiſlative or parliament, which ought to conſiſt of delegates from every independent voice in the nation; and the executive or the king, whoſe legal rights for the general good are called prerogative. The people are the aggregate body or community, and are in an eccleſiaſtical, civil, military, or maritime ſtate.

This conſtitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial uſage, and partly written or enacted by the legiſlative power, but the unwritten or common law contains the true ſpirit of our con-

ſtitution: the written has often moſt unjuſtifiably altered the form of it: the common law is the collected wiſdom of many centuries, having been uſed and approved by ſucceſſive generations, but the ſtatutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men; and ſometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them; laſtly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the written generally hoſtile to the abſolute rights of perſons.

But though this ineſtimable law be called unwritten, yet the only evidence of it is in writing preſerved in the public records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Poſitive acts of the legiſlature may indeed change the form of the conſtitution; but as in the ſyſtem of private law, the narrowneſs or rigour of our forenſic rules may be enlarged or ſoftened by the interpoſition of parliament, (for our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature,) ſo all legiſlative proviſions, which oppoſe the ſpirit of the

conſtitution, may be corrected agreeable to that very ſpirit, by the people or nation at large, who form as it were, the high court of appeal in caſes of conſtitutional equity; and their ſenſe muſt be collected from the petitions which they preſent, expreſſed with moderation and reſpect, yet with all the firmneſs which their cauſe juſtifies, and all the dignity which truly becomes them.

I am, Sir,

Your very faithful humble ſervant,

W. JONES.

Mr. JONES to the Biſhop of St. ASAPH.

Wimbledon Park, Sept. 13, 1782.

MY LORD,

If your Lordſhip received my letter from Calais, you will not be much ſurpriſed to ſee the date of this, and the place where I now am writing, while Lady Spencer is making morning viſits. Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz have this inſtant left us. Lord Althorp being in Northamptonſhire, I muſt give myſelf ſome conſolation for my diſap-

pointment in miſſing him, by ſcribbling a few lines to him, as ſoon as I have finiſhed theſe with which I now trouble your lordſhip. My excurſion to the United *Provinces* (which has been the ſubſtitute for my intended expedition to the United *States*) was extremely pleaſing and improving to me. I returned laſt Monday, and finding all my friends diſperſed in various parts of England, am going for a few days into Buckinghamſhire, whence I ſhall go to Oxford, and muſt continue there till the Seſſions. Should your lordſhip be in Hampſhire any time in October, and ſhould it be in all reſpects convenient to you, I will accept this year, with great pleaſure, the obliging invitation to Chilbolton, which I was unfortunately prevented from accepting laſt year. I lament the unhappy diſſentions among our great men, and clearly ſee the vanity of my anxious wiſh, that they would have played in tune ſome time longer in the political concert.

The delays about the India judgeſhip have,

it is true, greatly injured me; but with my patience and aſſiduity, I could eaſily recover my loſt ground. I muſt however take the liberty here to allude to a moſt obliging letter of your lordſhip from Chilbolton, which I received ſo long ago as laſt November, but was prevented from anſwering till you came to town. It was inexpreſſibly flattering to me, but my intimate knowledge of the nature of my profeſſion, obliges me to aſſure you, that it requires the *whole man*, and admits of no concurrent purſuits; that, conſequently, I muſt either give it up, or it will engroſs me ſo much, that I ſhall not for ſome years be *able to enjoy the ſociety of my friends, or the ſweets of liberty*. Whether it be a wiſe part to live uncomfortably, in order to die wealthy, is another queſtion; but this I know by experience, and have heard old practitioners make the ſame obſervation, that a lawyer who is in earneſt, muſt be chained to his chambers and the bar for ten or twelve years together. In regard to your lordſhip's indulgent and flattering prediction, that my

Eſſay on Bailment would be my laſt work, and that for the future, buſineſs and the public would allow me to write no more, I doubt whether it will be accompliſhed, whatever may be my practice or ſituation; for I have already prepared many tracts on juriſprudence; and when I ſee the volumes written by Lord Coke, whoſe annual gains were twelve or fourteen thouſand pounds, by Lord Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, and a number of judges and chancellors, I cannot think that I ſhould be hurt in my profeſſional career, by publiſhing now and then a law tract upon ſome intereſting branch of the ſcience; and the ſcience itſelf is indeed ſo complex, that, without *writing*, which is *the chain of memory*, it is impoſſible to remember a thouſandth part of what we read or hear. Since it is my wiſh therefore to become in time as great a lawyer as Sulpicius, I ſhall probably leave as many volumes of my works, as he is ſaid to have written. As to politics, I begin to think, that the natural propenſity of men to diſſent from one another, will pre-

vent them, in a corrupt age, from uniting in any laudable deſign; and at preſent I have nothing to do but to *reſt on my oars*, which the Greek philoſophers, I believe, called ἐπέχειν, a word which Cicero applies in one of his letters to the ſame ſubject.

My beſt reſpects to the ladies, for whom I would certainly have brought ſome Virginia nightingales, if my weſtern expedition had taken place, ſince I was informed by the captain, with whom I ſhould have ſailed, that they might have been kept in the cabin without any danger.

Mr. JONES to Mr. Baron EYRE.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 2, 1782.

I have been in England about a fortnight, and was made happyby learning in John Street, that you had long been reſtored to health from the illneſs which confined you, to my inexpreſſible concern, at the time when I ſet out for the Continent. The cauſe of my return is, in few words, this; I ought to have foreſeen, what I never-

theleſs did not expect, that the ſame timidity or imbecility, which made my unhappy friend declare, that he neither could nor would go to Virginia without me, would make him declare, when he ſaw the ſails and the waves, that he neither would nor could go at all. A dread of ſome imaginary danger ſo enervated him, that he kept his bed, and wrote me word, that if he ſtaid a week longer at Nantes, he ſhould loſe his reaſon or his life. My expoſtulations had ſome little effect, but there was no dependence, I found, on a man who had none, he confeſſed, upon himſelf; and when I diſcovered that no ſhip, with even tolerable accommodation, would ſail till September, ſo that I could not keep my word with my friends in England, by returning from America before the new year, I came back through Normandy about the middle of Auguſt, and having a few weeks to ſpare, made a very pleaſant and improving excurſion into Holland, which I traverſed from South to North. The detail of my expedition may not perhaps be

unentertaining to you, when I have the pleaſure of converſing with you at leiſure; and I am not without hope of enjoying that pleaſure, if you continue at Ruſcombe, before the term begins. I ſtay here till the Seſſions are over, and would immediately after take my chance of finding you in Berkſhire, but am called upon to keep an old promiſe of viſiting the Biſhop of St. Aſaph near Andover, and muſt ſpend a day or two with my friend Poyntz. I can eaſily conceive how little time you can have to write letters, yet if you could find a moment to let me know how long you propoſe to remain in the country, I would not be in your neighbourhood without paying my reſpects to you, and I would indeed have taken Ruſcombe in my way to Oxford, if I had not been engaged to make a viſit in Buckinghamſhire. As to myſelf, I find ſuch diſtraction among my political friends, that I ſhould be glad (if I had no other motive) to be fixed in India, at the diſtance of 16,000 miles from all their animoſities, but I am unhappily

more unſettled than ever; for **** writes me word, that he has nothing more at heart than *to open ſome* ſituation for me in India. What this means I know not, but it looks like ſome new plan, which may probably hang undecided from ſeſſion to ſeſſion. On the whole I greatly fear, that it would have been happy for me, and perhaps for millions, if India had never exiſted, or if we had known as little of it as of Japan.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORP.

MY DEAR LORD, *Oct.* 5, 1782.

Your friendly letter caught me in Buckinghamſhire, before I came to college, where I have been for ſome days ſole governor, and almoſt ſole inhabitant of Alfred's peaceful manſion, till Mr. Windham ſurpriſed me agreeably, by coming with a deſign of paſſing ſome time in this academical retreat. You, in the mean while, are taking healthful and pleaſing exerciſe in Norfolk, where Mr. Fox, I underſtand, is alſo ſhooting partridges; and you are both ready.

no doubt, to turn your firelocks againſt the Dutch, ſhould they make their appearance in your fields: when I was in Zealand they expected us, and if they ſtand upon the ceremony of the firſt viſit, we ſhall not, I imagine, meet very ſoon.

In regard to my expectation of ſeeing a little good attained for our miſerable country, I am not apt to be ſanguine, but rather inclined to fear the worſt than to expect the beſt. I rejoice, however, at the *diſtruſt* conceived by many honeſt men of thoſe now in power; my opinion is, that *power* ſhould always be *diſtruſted*, in whatever hands it is placed. As to America, I know not what ***** thinks: but this I know, that the ſturdy tranſatlantic yeomanry will neither be dragooned nor bamboozled out of their liberty. His principles in regard to our internal government are, unleſs I am deluded by his profeſſions, ſuch as my reaſon approves, and which is better, ſuch as I know to be approved in clear terms by our *recorded* conſtitution. The friends of ***** were too monarchical, and thoſe of

**** far too ariſtocratical for me; and if it were poſſible to ſee an adminiſtration too democratical, I ſhould equally diſlike it. There muſt be a mixture of all the powers, in due proportions weighed and meaſured by the laws, or the nation cannot exiſt without miſery or ſhame. I may write all this conſiſtently with good manners and with friendſhip, becauſe I know the excellence of your underſtanding and ſoundneſs of your principles; and independently of my preſumption that all your actions muſt be wiſe and juſt, I ſee and applaud the motive which muſt have induced you to reſign an office, which you were not at firſt much inclined to accept. I am confident alſo, that you would as little endure a Swediſh *monarchy*, as a Venetian *ariſtocracy*. I encloſe a little *jeu d'eſprit* * which I wrote at Paris. It was

* The *jeu d'esprit* mentioned here, is the dialogue between a Farmer and Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government. In Dr. Towers' Tract on the Rights of Juries, the following passage relating to it occurs:

"After a Bill of Indictment had been found against "the Dean of St. Asaph, for the publication of the

printed here by a ſociety, who, if they will ſteer clear of party, will do more good to Britain, than all the philoſophers and antiquaries of Somerſet Houſe. But to ſpeak the truth, I greatly doubt, whether they, or any other men in this country, can do it ſubſtantial good. The nation, as Demoſthenes ſaid, will be fed like a conſumptive patient, with chicken-broth and panada, which will neither ſuffer him to expire, nor keep him wholly alive. As to myſelf, if my friends are reſolved to aſſail one another, inſtead of concurring in any great and laudable effort for the general ſafety, I have no courſe left, but to act and ſpeak rightly to the beſt of my underſtanding; but I have an additional motive for wiſhing to obtain an office in India, where I might have ſome proſpect of contributing to the happineſs of millions, or

" edition which was printed in Wales, Sir William
" Jones ſent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then Chief Jus-
" tice of Chester, in which he avowed himself to be the
" author of the dialogue, and maintained that every po-
" ſition in it was ſtrictly conformable to the laws and
" conſtitution of England." p. 117.

at leaſt of alleviating their miſery, and ſerving my country eſſentially, whilſt I benefited my fellow-creatures.

When the ſeſſions are over, I ſhall haſten to Chilbolton, and perform an old promiſe of paſſing a few days with the beſt of Biſhops; after which I ſhall take Midgham, and Baron Eyre's at Ruſcombe, in my way to London, where I muſt be at the beginning of the term. A Perſian book is juſt printed here, ſaid to have been compoſed by Tamerlane, who confeſſes, that he governed men by four great arts, bribing, dividing, *amuſing*, and *keeping in ſuſpence*. How far it may be an object with modern Tamerlanes, or ſultans of India, to govern me, I cannot tell; but as I cannot be *bribed*, without loſing my ſenſes, nor divided, without loſing my life, I will neither be *amuſed*, nor *kept* long *in ſuſpence*; and indeed, I have ſo high an opinion of Lord Aſhburton, who never profeſſes more than he means, that I do not ſuſpect any artifice in that buſineſs.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM, *Chilbolton, Oct.* 21, 1782.

Though I wrote ſo lately to your Ladyſhip, and cannot hope by any thing I can now ſay to make amends for the dulneſs of my laſt letter; yet, as ſome of the ladies here are this moment writing to St. James's Place, I cannot prevail on myſelf to decline joining ſo agreeable a party, eſpecially as the very favourable accounts which were laſt night received of Lord Spencer's health have given me ſpirits, and made me eager to offer my ſincere congratulations. Yes; I rejoice with the trueſt ſincerity, that his Lordſhip's health is ſo likely to be reeſtabliſhed, for I cannot name a man of rank in the nation, in whoſe health the public and all mankind, as well as his family and friends, are more truly intereſted. I have paſſed my time at Chilbolton ſo agreeably, that ten days have appeared like one; and it gives me concern that the near approach of the term will oblige me to leave ſo charming and im-

proving a ſociety at the end of this week: after which I ſhall hope to find my friends at Midgham in perfect health; and then farewell, a long farewell to all my rational and intereſting pleaſures, which muſt be ſucceeded by the drudgery of drawing bills in equity, the toil of anſwering caſes, the ſquabbles of the bar, and the more vexatious diſſentions and conflicts of the political world, which I vainly deprecated, and now as vainly deplore. How happy would it be, if ſtateſmen had more *muſic in their ſouls*, and could bring themſelves to conſider, that what harmony is in a concert, ſuch is union in a ſtate; but in the great orcheſtra of politics, I find ſo many muſicians out of humour, and inſtruments out of tune, that I am more tormented by ſuch diſſonance than the man in Hogarth's print, and am more deſirous than ever of being tranſported to the diſtance of five thouſand leagues from all this fatal diſcord. Without a metaphor, I lament with anguiſh the bitterneſs and animoſity with which ſome of my friends have been aſſailing

others; as if empty altercation could be the means of procuring any good to this afflicted country. I find myſelf in more inſtances than one, like poor Petrarch, wiſhing to paſs my days

> Fra' magnanimi pochi; à chi 'l ben piace,
> Di lor chi m' assecura?
> Io vo gridando *pace, pace, pace.*

—but I ſhall not be heard, and muſt conſole myſelf with the pleaſing hope, that your Ladyſhip, and the few friends of virtue and humanity, will agree in this ſentiment with, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

From the Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE to Mr. JONES.

Plimton, Oct. 28, 1782.

MY DEAR MR. JONES,

I am very happy that the fear of loſing a privilege, which you are ſo good as to ſay is precious to you, has induced you to write to me, for I aſſure you, that your letters give me very great pleaſure, and

that they, as well as the few times in which we meet, make me regret very much, that the turn of your public engagements take you ſo much from ſocieties where you are wiſhed for.

I agree with you, that the political world is ſtrangely torn. If you had been in parliament at this criſis, you would have felt yourſelf in an uncomfortable ſituation, I confeſs; but I cannot think, that with the good Whig principles you are bleſſed with, private friendſhips or connections would have prevailed on you to remain ſilent or inactive.

Chi vuol Catone amico,
Facilmente l'avrà: Sia fido a Roma.

This I think would have been the teſt of your political friendſhip.

I am rejoiced that there is a chance of your returning to poetry. I had a very valuable preſent made me by Dr. Blagden, phyſician to the camp, of your ode in imitation of Calliſtratus. I wiſh I underſtood Greek, that I might read ſomething Mr. Pa-

radiſe has written at the top of it. I will attempt to copy it; and after the various characters I have, *in days of yore*, ſeen you decipher, I will not deſpair of your making out Greek, though written by me.

Αἱ Χαρίτες, τέμενος πι λαβεῖν ὅπερ ἐχι πεσείη
Ζητῆσαι, ψυχὴν εὗρον Ἰωνιονς*.

I ſhall expect to ſee the poem ſomething ſooner than the reſt of your friends; and I aſſure you, the having ſo ſeldom the pleaſure of meeting you, does not diminiſh the ſincerity, with which I ſhall ever retain that title.—If you are ſtill at Chilbolton, pray give my love to the family there, and tell Miſs Shipley to write to me.

My ſeal is a taliſman, which if you can ſend me the explanation of, I ſhall be much obliged to you.

* * * * * *

In the beginning of 1783, Mr. Jones publiſhed his tranſlation of the ſeven Arabian

* The Graces, ſeeking a ſhrine that would never decay, found the ſoul of Jones.

poems, which he had finiſhed in 1781. It was his intention to have prefixed to this work, a diſcourſe on the antiquity of the Arabian language and characters, on the manners of the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of Mohammed, and other intereſting information reſpecting the poems, and the lives of the authors, with a critical hiſtory of their works; but he could not command ſufficient leiſure for the execution of it. Some of the ſubjects intended for this diſſertation, appeared in a diſcourſe on the Arabs, which he compoſed ſome years afterwards, and from the manner in which it was written, it is impoſſible not to regret the irrecoverable loſs of the larger diſcuſſion which he originally propoſed. The poems preſent us with a curious ſpecimen of the manners of the natives of Arabia, and on this account, muſt be particularly intereſting to thoſe, who conſider the ſtudy of human nature in all its varieties, as an inſtructive ſubject of contemplation. "They exhibit (to uſe the words of Mr. Jones) "an exact picture of the vir-

" tues and vices of the Arabs in the age of " the ſeven poets, their wiſdom and their " folly, and ſhew what may be conſtantly " expected from men of open hearts, and " boiling paſſions, with no law to control, " and little religion to reſtrain them."

The period was now arrived, when Mr. Jones had the happineſs to gain the accompliſhment of his moſt anxious wiſhes. In March 1783, during the adminiſtration of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed a judge of the ſupreme court of judicature at Fort-william at Bengal, on which occaſion the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldeſt daughter of the Biſhop of St. Aſaph. I have remarked the early impreſſion made upon the affections of Sir William Jones by this lady, and the honourable determination which he formed upon that occaſion, and if I ſhould have ſucceeded in imparting to my readers any portion of that intereſt, which I feel in his perſonal concerns, they will ſee him with pleaſure

receiving the rewards of principle and affection.

The Biſhop of St. Aſaph, of whoſe reſpectable character and highly literary reputation it is unneceſſary to remind the public, poſſeſſed too enlightened an underſtanding not to appreciate the early diſtinguiſhed talents and virtues of Sir William Jones, and their friendſhip was cemented by an union of political principles, and the zealous admiration each felt for the conſtitution of their country. The Biſhop, in the choice of a ſon-in-law, had every reaſon to indulge the pleaſing hope that he had conſulted, as far as human foreſight can extend, the happineſs of his beloved daughter; nor were his expectations diſappointed.

For his appointment to India, Mr. Jones was indebted to the friendſhip of Lord Aſhburton: in October 1782, I find a letter from his Lordſhip to Mr. Jones, with the following words: "You will give me credit "for not being indifferent about the import-"ant ſtake ſtill left in India, or your parti-

" cular intereſt in it, in which I conſider " that of the public ſo materially involved." The intelligence of his ſucceſs was communicated to Mr. Jones, in the following letter of congratulation, to which I ſubjoin one from the celebrated Franklin on the ſame occaſion.

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 3, 1783.

It is with little leſs ſatisfaction to myſelf than it can give you, that I ſend you the incloſed, and I do aſſure you there are few events, in which I could have felt ſo ſenſible a mortification, as in that of your finally miſſing this favourite object. The weather ſuggeſts to me as no ſlight topic of congratulation, your being relieved from ſuch a journey, and under ſuch circumſtances, as your laſt favour intimates you had in contemplation for Wedneſday; but when I conſider this appointment as ſecuring to you at once, two of the firſt objects of human purſuit, thoſe of ambition and love, I feel it a ſubject of very ſerious and cordial congratula-

tion, which I desire you to accept, and to convey accordingly.

I am, with every good wish, dear Sir,
Your faithful humble servant,
ASHBURTON.

DEAR FRIEND,

Passy, March 17, 1783.

I duly received your obliging letter of Nov. 15. You will have since learnt how much I was then and have been continually engaged in public affairs, and your goodness will excuse my not having answered it sooner. You announced your intended marriage with my much respected friend Miss Anna Maria, which I assure you gave me great pleasure, as I cannot conceive a match more likely to be happy, from the amiable qualities each of you possess so plentifully. You mention its taking place as soon as a prudent attention to worldly interests would permit. I just now learn from Mr. Hodgson, that you are appointed to an honourable and profitable place in the Indies;

ſo I expect now ſoon to hear of the wedding, and to receive the profile. With the good Biſhop's permiſſion, I will join my bleſſing with his; adding my wiſhes that you may return from that corrupting country, with a great deal of money honeſtly acquired, and with full as much virtue as you carry out with you.

The engraving of my medal, which you know was projected before the peace, is but juſt finiſhed. None are yet ſtruck in hard metal, but will in a few days. In the mean time, having this good opportunity by Mr. Penn, I find you one of the Epreuves. You will ſee that I have profited by ſome of your ideas, and adopted the mottos you were ſo kind as to furniſh.

I am at preſent quite recovered from my late illneſs, and flatter myſelf that I may in the enſuing ſummer be able to undertake a trip to England, for the pleaſure of ſeeing once more my dear friends there, among whom the Biſhop and his family ſtand foremoſt in my eſtimation and affection.

I thank you for your good wiſhes reſpecting me. Mine for your welfare and proſperity are not leſs earneſt and ſincere; being with great truth, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

* * * * * *

I have mentioned the literary productions of Sir William Jones in the order in which they were publiſhed. I obſerve however two compoſitions which had eſcaped my attention; an abridged Hiſtory of the Life of Nadir Shah, in Engliſh, and a Hiſtory of the Perſian Language, intended to be prefixed to the firſt edition of his Perſian Grammar*.

* The reader will peruse with pleasure the following lines from the Arabic, written by Sir William Jones, in 1783, and addressed to Lady Jones.

While sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my lab'ring breast.

A long liſt might be formed of works which he meditated at different periods. He had projected a Treatiſe on Maritime Contracts; and with a view to the completion of this work, he commiſſioned a friend to purchaſe for him the Collections of Heineccius, containing the Diſſertations of Stypman and Kerrick, with any other works that could be procured on the ſame ſubject. It was alſo his intention to republiſh Lyttleton's Treatiſe on Tenures, from the firſt edition of 1482, with a new tranſlation, explanatory notes, and a commentary; and to prefix an Introductory Diſcourſe on the Laws of

My heart, which ardent love conſumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meſhes caught.

There ſhe, with unavailing ſtrain,
Pours thro' the night her warbled grief:
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
Their thrilling ſorrows to appeaſe:
She comes—ah! no: the ſound they heard
Was but a whiſper of the breeze.

England. He had made a conſiderable progreſs towards the completion of this work, which ſtill exiſts, but not in a ſufficient degree of advancement for publication.

I have remarked the extraordinary avidity with which he availed himſelf of every opportunity to acquire knowledge: but I have omitted to mention his attendance during a courſe of anatomical lectures, by the celebrated Hunter: and amongſt other ſciences which he diligently and ſucceſsfully cultivated, I have ſtill to mention the Mathematics, in which he had advanced ſo far, as to read and underſtand Newton's Principia.

The review of the various acquiſitions of Sir William Jones in ſcience and literature, will be introduced in another place; and having brought to a cloſe that portion of his life, which was paſſed in England, I muſt now prepare the reader to tranſport himſelf with him to Hinduſtan.

END OF VOL. I.